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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE WAR NOT OVER

TWENTY-THREE WARS are still in progress, according to a member of the British Cabinet, and the seeds of yet others, perhaps greater, are seen by some in the very Peace Treaty itself. "There are smoke and flame on every horizon," says the *Chicago Tribune*. Throughout the Napoleonic wars a general peace was signed every few years, only to be broken again and again by the thunder of artillery. Are we facing a similar prospect? "If a single nation or people is thoroughly or even approximately satisfied" with the Treaty, the editor of the *Adrian Telegram* does not know its name, for he sees everywhere "a division of opinion, one element condemning the settlement as weak and ineffective against Germany, while the opposite wing declares it an act of vengeance and a war-breeder." This writer admits that it is a war-breeder, since "any peace with Germany is a war-breeder unless it is a 'German peace,'" and since "no matter what terms might have been imposed on Germany the very fact that they were imposed upon her would make her resentful." He believes that today Germany's "one idea is vengeance" and her one ambition "is to pick up her brigand's trail exactly where she was thrown off from it and follow it to success." The *Syracuse Post-Standard* agrees that the Germans have signed the Treaty "with the avowed intention of violating their agreement if they get a chance." This is "unfortunate" because—

"There can be no peace in the world until the Germans are reconciled, seeking the friendship of their former enemies, not devising means for a new war upon them. In assuming this sullenly hostile position the Germans are apparently as united as they were in declaring war, and they have more sympathy from neighboring neutrals. The antagonisms of war can be eradicated only by time. It will be a generation before the suspicion and distrust with which Germany is regarded dies out, before the hatred of Germany at being compelled to pay the price of defeat disappears."

Then, "while Germany accepts peace with a scowl," continues the *Syracuse paper*, "all is not serene with the rest of the

world." "Russia, the blind giant, is still dangerous"; China has repudiated the Peace Treaty, and "Italy is dissatisfied." In the readjustment of Europe "there is and there will remain the peril of a renewed outbreak. Because nationalities long hostile are independent instead of oppressed does not mitigate the danger." This is a "peace that passeth all understanding," comments the Socialist *New York Call*, with almost savage irony; "accept it, children, with faith and resignation—and prepare for the next Armageddon." To-day, declares *The Call* in another editorial, "there is no peace in the world, but the unnamable horrors of war."

When Mr. Andrew Bonar Law told the British House of Commons a few days before the signing of peace that twenty-three different wars were still in progress, he set the newspaper editors to figuring out for themselves what contests were on his list. Mr. Frederick Boyd Stevenson presents in the *Brooklyn Eagle* this list of wars "still raging":

- 1.—Jugo-Slavs against Italians.
- 2.—Allies against Hungarians.
- 3.—Germans against Letts.
- 4.—Poles against Ukrainians.
- 5.—Poles against Ruthenians.
- 6.—Poles against Germans.
- 7.—Poles against Bolsheviks.
- 8.—Poles against Lithuanians.
- 9.—Poles against Czechoslovaks.
- 10.—Austrians against Jugo-Slavs.
- 11.—Finns against Bolsheviks.
- 12.—Allies against Bolsheviks.
- 13.—Kolchak against Bolsheviks.
- 14.—Japanese against Koreans.
- 15.—Afghans against British.
- 16.—Egyptians against British.
- 17.—Greeks against Turks.
- 18.—Roumanians against Bolsheviks.
- 19.—Bulgar Reds against Bulgar Royalists.
- 20.—Letts against Bolsheviks.
- 21.—Esthonians against Bolsheviks.
- 22.—Villa against Carranza.
- 23.—United States against Villa.

The Great War itself is of course not yet really over, for it may be months before the Peace Conference can finish up its work. As we read in the *New York Tribune*:

"The Versailles Treaty has yet to be ratified by the governments represented at the Conference. It is not to go into effect until it has been ratified by Germany and by three of the 'principal Allied Powers'—France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the



COMING ASHORE.

—Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

United States. And then it is not to go into effect generally, but only so far as the ratifying nations are concerned.

"Treaties with Austria and Hungary, the two remaining enemy fragments of the Dual Monarchy, have not been finished. Negotiations with Hungary have not yet been started. All the Allied nations are in a state of war with Austria and Hungary.



"CHUST SEE IF I DON'D GET OUDT OF IT YET!"

—Evans in the Baltimore American.

Most of them (the United States not included) are also in a state of war with Bulgaria and Turkey. It is, therefore, a stretch of rhetorical license to hold that the world-war was 'ended' by the ceremonial at Versailles. That high function merely marked the end of a second stage in the progress toward peace.

"War-activities and war-legislation can not be terminated in this country until a peace status is reestablished between the United States on the one hand and Germany, Austria and Hungary on the other. This status will return when peace treaties with these three countries are ratified, or when Congress passes and the President signs a resolution declaring the war at an end, pending the ratification of treaties."

The mass of work still before the Peace Conference, says the *New York World*, is "greater in volume if less in importance than that already done." There are the national claims to be estimated—"Montenegrin, Croat, Albanian, Epirote, Roumanian, Pontouxine, Syrian, Georgian, besides those of many clashing regions into which Russia is shattered." Then "what shall be done with Bulgaria?" "What about Russia?" And what "is to become of Armenia?" Before a hundred questions like these can be settled, concludes *The World*, "the missions in Paris must toil for weary months. Those who carry the world upon their shoulders, like Atlas of old, must bend their backs."

Not only does the signing of the Peace Treaty leave the world with many actual and technical wars on its hands, but the Treaty itself, in the opinion of many observers, is incompatible with the peace of the future. Some day there will be peace in Europe. But it seems to *The New Republic* that if the elements of that peace lie hidden in the Treaty of Versailles they are deeply hidden. In the opinion of this weekly the Treaty "is full of peril and obscure obligation." *The Nation* (New York) sees such "possibilities of evil" both in the Treaty and in "the sham League" that it wants both rejected by Congress. Denouncing

the pact as wicked, imperialistic, land-grabbing, and noting that there are twenty-three wars now going on "as a result of the war to end war," Mr. Villard's paper cries out in holy horror:

"And this is the final reply; this the final proof to the world of the unselfishness, of the love of justice of the Allies; the final proof that this was a war for liberty and humanity, for the rights of nations, for the freedom of the seas; the final proof that this was a war to make democracy safe and to end war itself."

In *The World To-morrow*, Mr. Louis P. Lochner quotes statements which seem to him to prove that the labor movement of the world, except for our Federation, sees little good in what he calls "the shame of Versailles." For instance, the Committee of Action of the Bern Labor Conference "is disturbed to find in the peace terms so much that is menacing to the future peace of the world." The National Committee of the British Labor party denounce the Treaty as "defective from the standpoint of world peace." The radical wing of the British labor movement declares that this "document misnamed a peace treaty" does not give the world peace, "but the certainty of other and more calamitous wars." Our own Socialist party has called it a "sinister peace treaty" which "can only lead the masses of the world into new conflicts more exhausting than the one just ended." And according to Mr. Lochner, the Treaty has been received in neutral countries with "universal indignation."

The spirit in which Germany signed the Peace Treaty is one which the *Springfield Republican* thinks must give rise to misgivings in the minds of those "who are looking for a lasting peace and a better world order." *The Republican* appeals to recent history to support this statement:

"At Brest-Litovsk the Russians signed what they called 'a peace of violence,' and went away 'with war in their hearts.' In that treaty, as Mr. Asquith declared, there were no elements of reconciliation and durable peace; Russia signed because it was helpless, but with reservations none the less real for not being written into the dictated treaty. This is but one case of many to show that it is far from being a matter of indifference whether a beaten Power signs the terms of peace willingly or under duress."

Other newspapers agree that Germany has signed the Treaty



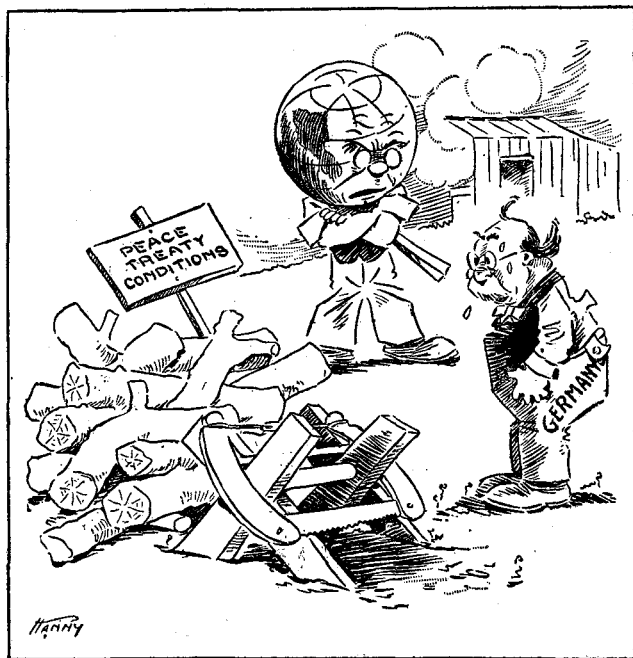
TOWSER'LL SEE HE STAYS PUT.

—Pease in the Newark News.

without any feeling of repentance, and President Poincaré of France has told how necessary it will be for the Allies to remain together to enforce the observance of the Treaty. The disposition shown by Germany in the week previous to signing, he says,

"makes it our duty to watch carefully to see that criminal hands do not rekindle sooner or later the conflagration which we have smothered."

But it is just in the fact that it makes Germany relatively powerless that so many of our editors find the Treaty justified,



"THE SOONER YOU START THE SOONER YOU'RE THROUGH."

—Hanny in the St. Joseph News-Press.

even tho they agree with the Springfield Republican that it is not a "peace of reconciliation." It is folly, remarks the Baltimore American, "to say that the peace of force is not also a peace of justice." It is severe, but "not severe enough," in the New York Commercial's opinion. Similarly the Atlanta Constitution, perhaps remembering the ancient days when a defeated nation had its cities razed and its population carried into captivity by the victor, declares that "Germany has fared surprizingly well." The Germans, it says, "instead of bewailing the fact that they must consign themselves to the mercies of God, should be thanking God that they got off so lightly." It is a severe treaty, declares the Boston News Bureau, but "only because the wrong it had impaired was so grievous." The Philadelphia Evening Ledger argues that such a stern and just settlement is the best guaranty of permanent peace:

"It has been said that the whole order of German civilization must decline into paralysis because the Allies have denied to the conquered people the essential impulses of hope. Even that may be true. But if hope declines in Germany it will rise elsewhere, in greater areas, where it could never survive while millions of people lived in sick dread of the impacts that they knew to be inevitable so long as the trampling egotism of the German nations was left unchecked. If the roots of the Berlin philosophy are still alive in Germany, then nothing that the Allied nations may do to kill them may be considered excessive or harsh. If Germany can be made safe only by hunger and torment and relative poverty, then it is better for the rest of the world that she be made to endure hunger and torment and poverty."

After all, reflects the editor of that small but carefully edited weekly, The Villager (Katonah, N. Y.), the one desire of "plain men everywhere" for a peace of justice has been met. "The one desire which made us all akin, which ran under every other desire, was to have Germany condemned for her misdeeds." In other words, "it is a good punishment; how good a peace it is only the years can apprise us." The task of chastising Germany was well done. For the rest,

"We shall know more of what is of first importance to the peace of the world when the Austrian treaty is published: the

war began in the Balkans and it will end in the Balkans. Meanwhile there is Russia, which none of the treaties will have approached; there is Poland, already proving the impossibility of the thing which Paris calls a 'solution'; and there is Italy, who turns from what she considers her betrayal by the Allies to contemplate Erzberger, waving to her with a friendly copy of Germania.

"But we did not ask the guaranty of eternal peace; we asked for justice, and we can be profoundly grateful for a treaty which is right about the only thing it must with certainty have been right about. That the Paris Conference subordinated all else to 'exemplary retribution' will mitigate much of that wherein it has only done the best it could."

We find the same reasoning in the New York Evening Post. The fact that the Treaty does justice, the fact that "the punishment fits the crime," is, in its opinion, a great fact. As The Evening Post puts it:

"If such heaven-defying crimes as the invasion of Belgium and the horrible atrocities committed by the Germans could go forever unwhipt, then the pillared firmament was rottenness and earth's base built on stubble. But the day of judgment has come at last to restore confidence in the moral order of the universe."

The Treaty of Versailles may usher in permanent peace, says the New York Tribune, because it "holds open the door to peace on the all-of-us principle, but it also, by disarming Germany and tracing new frontiers, secures the world against attack if Germany continues unaltered. The Treaty adds practicalities to a scrap of paper."

To a number of editors the final guaranty of the permanence of peace is contained in the covenant of the League of Nations, which is an integral part of the Versailles Treaty. Previous treaties may have planted the seeds of new wars, but this, says the New York World, "need not be true of the Treaty of Versailles, notwithstanding its defects" if the League remains part of the Treaty. For—

"The League of Nations underwrites this peace, and more.



DER TAG.

—Williams in the Indianapolis News.

It is the high court in which any aggrieved nation, even Germany, may plead its case. If there are seeds of new wars in the Treaty proclaimed to-day, the League of Nations is empowered to uproot them. If Versailles has not been true to its ideal in all instances, there is still the ideal of Geneva. In some form it will endure."

The Newark News calls the League "our only peace-time

defense against Germany's machinations." The New York *Globe*, in an editorial entitled, "Is the War Over?" says that with Germany in its present spirit "any candid observer must admit that on the moral side if the world were to end to-morrow the judgment of the angels must be that the last five years have been all in vain." But, *The Globe* concludes—

"There is one fact which throws this picture out of focus and brings into view another and a greater reality. Out of the war has come the concept of the League of Nations, the proposal for organized machinery to prevent the appeal to arms, the world's first effort to apply internationally the standards of decency and right which hold good in individual intercourse among civilized beings. If the League endures, then all that Germany now says is but the ravings of the culprit before the bar of even-handed justice, since the League will be the instrumentality which will carry out the punishment. If the League does not endure, then civilization has embarked upon a mad orgy of hatred which may become the easy descent into Avernus."

General Smuts, who protested against some of the terms of the Treaty at the time of signing, afterward stated his conviction that "the real work of making peace" is just beginning, and that "a real peace of peoples ought to follow, complete, and amend the peace of statesmen." But, he added, "two achievements of far-reaching importance for the world" have been definitely recorded:

"One is the destruction of Prussian militarism; the other is the institution of the League of Nations. I am confident the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought by this war, but the League as yet is only the form. It still requires quickening life, which can come only from the active interest and vitalizing contact of the peoples themselves."

"A new creative spirit, which is once more moving among the peoples in their anguish, must fill the institution with life and with the inspiration of pacific ideals born of this war, and so convert it into a real instrument of progress. In that way, abolition of militarism—in this treaty, unfortunately, confined to the enemy—may soon come as a blessing and relief to the Allied peoples as well, and enemy peoples should at the earliest possible date join the League. Not in selfish domination, but in the common service for the great human cause lies the true path of national progress. This joint collaboration is especially necessary to-day for the reconstruction of a ruined and broken world."

Because of the League of Nations covenant and the provision for freedom for small peoples, and because Germany is being dealt with firmly and justly, because of what seems to them a new spirit in the world, a number of editors agree with President Wilson that the Treaty signed at Versailles gives ground for "deep satisfaction, universal reassurance, and confident hope." The Philadelphia *Record* confidently predicts that while there may be another war "there will never be another war precipitated in cold blood for national prestige and dynastic glory." In the Los Angeles *Times* we find the calm assertion that there is now "an end of great and considerable wars—most certainly at least an end to war anywhere near approaching the magnitude of the war just ended." And *The Wall Street Journal* tells those who are insisting that the clash of resounding arms is still to be heard in many places that "in a large and serious sense the world is now at peace."

"2.75 PER CENT. ALCOHOL"

THE DISTRESS OF THE DRINKERS who have to swallow 97.25 per cent. of something else to get 2.75 per cent. alcohol, with no certainty that they will have even that much very long, is now fixing the attention of the country. This distress is quite sharply localized, for when Congress passed the Eighteenth Amendment, three-quarters of the United States was already dry territory. Of the forty-eight States, thirty-two were "bone dry," without any Federal law, having brought that condition upon themselves, and local option had dried up more than three-quarters of the remaining territory and forced temperance or out-and-out abstinence upon more than half the population. In so far as it reflects the popular will, it is significant that three-fourths of the present Congress

favor prohibition. However, the territory that remained "wet" until July 1, and watches with passionate concern the somewhat dubious fortunes of wine, and especially of 2.75 per cent. beer, is by no means a negligible patch of ground. Among other important things, it contains the largest cities in America, one of which is now the largest city in the world. New York, with its immense foreign-born population, seemingly has no flaming desire to go bone dry. Throughout its first "dry" day, nine-tenths of New York's bars kept open, with appearance of "business as usual," tho generally dispensing only light wines and beer. Said the New York *Times* next morning:

"Just as the public had been unaware definitely whether prohibition would really come, so were enforcement officials, with

aridity a reality, entirely at sea as to how to cope with the situation, since 2.75 per cent. beer has not yet been determined to be an intoxicant or a non-intoxicant. One thing about war-beer which was rather evident last night was that the beverage isn't popular."

In Washington, meanwhile, "dry" Congressmen were preparing to rush the enactment of Title I of the War Time and National Prohibition Enforcement Bill. This bill, known as the Volstead Bill, provides that "the words 'beer, wine, or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquors' in the war-prohibition act shall be construed to mean any liquors which contain more than one-half of one per centum of alcohol by volume."

Why, we can not but wonder, have both the war-time prohibition act and the "dry" amendment to the Constitution failed to declare definitely when, if ever, an intoxicant is not an intoxicant? As the New York *World* observes:

"Congress was no doubt competent to define just what an intoxicating beverage is, but it did not do so. Even the Prohibition Amendment leaves this question open to definition by Federal or State legislation. And perhaps the legislative power can go so far as to declare a beverage intoxicating which, in fact, can never be intoxicating."

On the other hand, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks:

"Many decisions of courts may be cited to support the theory that statutes forbidding 'wine, beer, whisky, brandy, or other intoxicating liquors' bar wines and beers, whether intoxicating or not. Such decisions have always done violence to the structure of the English language—for the 'or other intoxicating liquors,' construed as English, would attach the qualification



SURVIVORS?

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

of intoxicating to all the preceding specified liquids. Administrative exigencies have been responsible for these really legislative decisions. In dry sections it was found difficult to prevent actual intoxicants from being mingled with the non-intoxicants, when bearing a resemblance in color and when contained in like bottles. The loss or even the substitution of labels added to the opportunities of evading detection by enforcement officers. The war-prohibition act is similar in language, but with a notable distinction in the matter of enforcement. No intoxicants of any kind can be lawfully made or lawfully disposed of at wholesale or retail except under the most drastic Federal regulations. Hence there will be no surreptitious source of supply of actual intoxicants to be employed in the manner described. So the administrative problem need not enter in the construction of even the war-prohibition act.

"The constitutional amendment is differently worded. It prohibits 'the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the transportation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes.' No kinds of liquor are specified. Nothing is said about alcohol. The ban is on 'intoxicating liquors' for beverage purposes. All the powers of the nation and concurrent power of the States to legislate in enforcement of this amendment are given. The lawful manufacture will be hedged with every provision official ingenuity can devise to prevent the product being used in violation of law. There will, consequently, be no administrative necessity for overturning the clear language of the amendment. All States and all counties will be legally dry and all importation of imports stopt. It seems impossible that the Supreme Court can hold that a purely arbitrary fixing of the maximum of alcoholic content can be upheld under the amendment. Some definition—and preferably one uniform throughout the United States—must be made, but it should conform to actual facts. This would show respect for the Constitution, would accomplish the aims of the amendment, would not further embitter the people that are discontented with the new law, and would put the nation on a sober basis in the shortest time, with the least friction."

As concerns the brewers' determination to defend 2.75 per cent. beer to the last gasp, the *Grand Rapids Press* suspects it is partly because they "would be able to dispose of a good deal more of the mild 2¾ per cent. beer than of the old heavy variety, for most men drink beer for its stimulating qualities and they would have to absorb more to get the old-time exhilaration."

Perhaps the *Pottsville (Pa.) Journal* would indorse this explanation, tho it has an additional one of its own, and says:

"The brewers are untiring in their effort to convince the public that the working people of the nation favor, to a point of demanding, the brewing of beer containing 2.75 per cent. alcohol.

"It is contended that 2.75 per cent. beer does not intoxicate, that it is highly beneficial—in fact, the more persistent advocates insist that it is highly essential for the bodily welfare of mankind.

"All of which sounds very well.

"But—go among the working people and get their opinion of 2.75 per cent. beer. They will tell you that they do not like it, that it is 'stuff,' and that they do not propose drinking it.

"Are the brewers honest in their contention that if permitted they will not produce a beer containing more than 2.75 per cent. alcohol, knowing as they so surely do that it is not a popular drink, and would not likely become a popular drink?

"Is it not a fact that it is their thought that if beer is allowed to be brewed they would eventually be able with their legal and legislative propagandists to increase the alcoholic percentage to where it was before the war?"

END OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

IF SHADES CAN LAUGH, the spirits of Peter the Hermit, Louis IX., and Richard the Lion-Hearted may have joined in an outburst of sardonic mirth the other day when the empire ten crusades failed for three centuries to vanquish sent its Grand Vizier to Paris, and a delegation of Turkish notables along with him. On their way to and from the sessions of the Council of Ten of the Peace Conference in the cloak-room of the Quai d'Orsay, they were required to enter and depart through different doors from those used by the members. As the *Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post* remarks: "These smooth-speaking gentlemen from the Golden Horn were not envoys of an empire, for it is not yet quite determined whether Turkey is to be considered as still having a national entity." They visited

Paris simply as experts from whom the Council of Ten might obtain information regarding Turkish affairs. While there, they sought to exonerate the Sultan from all responsibility for the war, obtain for him the right to remain in Constantinople, and present the views of the Moslem population, which "desires with equal earnestness the maintenance, on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*, of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, which during the last forty years has been reduced to the least possible limits."

After an interval, remarkable for brevity, as these things go, the Council of Ten advised the emissaries from the Sublime Porte to return thither—which they did, not excepting Grand Vizier Damad Ferid Pasha himself. Nevertheless, the Council had the goodness to answer their petition, and they have carried

home a note, in the course of which Mr. Clemenceau says to the Sultan's chief representative:

"The Council is anxious not to enter into unnecessary controversy, or to inflict needless pain on your Excellency and the delegates who accompany you. It wishes well to the Turkish people and admires their excellent qualities. But it can not admit that among those qualities are to be counted capacity to rule over alien races. The experiment has been tried too long and too often for there to be the least doubt as to its result."

Further to justify this position, the Council of Ten cites the incontrovertible facts of history, and, in a paragraph damning in substance while mild enough in verbiage, declares:

"There is no case to be found, either in Europe or Asia or Africa, in which the establishment of Turkish rule in any country has not been followed by a diminution of material prosperity and a fall in the level of culture. Nor is there any case to be found where the withdrawal of Turkish rule has not been followed by a growth in material prosperity and a rise in the level of culture. Neither among the Christians of Europe nor among the Moslems of Syria, Arabia, and Africa has the Turk done other than destroy wherever he has conquered. Never has he shown himself able to develop in peace what he has won by war. Not in this direction do his talents lie."

Accordingly, as the *New York World* observes,

"If the Turks have cherished any hope of the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire they may dismiss it for good. The determination of the Allies to place them under restraint, so that no more shall they misrule and massacre alien



ESCAPED!

—Pease in the *Newark News*.

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racess, is unalterable. In passing sentence upon them a decent regard for the dictates of humanity leaves no room for granting them freedom to resume their crimes. Armenia and Macedonia must be forever closed to them. With the approval of the civilized world, Turkey will be stripped of territories that it has not known how to govern—in the words of the peasant saying, 'The grass never grows where the Turkish hoof has trod.' With this knowledge the Peace Treaty will be drawn, and in this knowledge it will be enforced against Turkey in the full severity of its terms."

To be sure, the Turks can truthfully argue that they were booted into the war by their overlords, the Germans, but to this contention the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* retorts:

"While the full measure of responsibility is to be laid at the door of Germany, Turkey during the war has been doing to the subject races in her domain just what she did before the war. In 1895-96 the streets of Constantinople ran red with the blood of the martyred innocents of Armenia, even as Asia Minor is now whitened with their bleaching bones. The one consistent policy toward Armenia has been that of getting rid of the Armenian question by exterminating the Armenians."

"That there will still be a Turkish state of some sort, perhaps under a protectorate or mandate," is the belief of the New York *Times*, which adds, however, that "the empire won by Murad and Mohammed II. is at an end. At last the civilized world has gathered the courage to put an end to a scandal and a curse that had lasted centuries too long." But will Constantinople remain Turkish? "That Constantinople will some day be one of the great commercial centers of the world is quite probable," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "but that consummation depends upon its release from Turkish control. The polite persons who are so sorry that they backed the losing horse are unlikely to have any great influence after the peace settlement. The future of the historic seat of the Byzantine Empire will rest in other hands." Cabling to the New York *Tribune*, a Paris correspondent informs us that—

"While the ultimate fate of Constantinople is not yet decided, practical agreement has been reached that it will not be turned over to the Turks, who must content themselves with Anatolia, where the Sultan will rule under some sort of supervision and directorship by one of the Great Powers, presumably Great Britain."

Often the American sympathies have been aroused in behalf of Turkey's victims, the present situation is the first to give us a legal right to interfere, for, as *The Tribune's* correspondent tells us, "the United States will be a party to both the Turkish and Bulgarian treaties, because of the inclusion in them of the covenant of the League of Nations." Meanwhile the New York *Evening Post* prints a dispatch from Washington reporting that—

"Senator King, of Utah, has gone so far as to introduce a resolution which would put the Senate on record as favoring the exclusion of the former Ottoman Empire from any and all authority, recommending that the territories be governed by mandataries."

Not a lament for its fate appears in any of the innumerable press comments on the downfall of Turkey. The prevailing opinion is pretty much that of the Philadelphia *Record*, which says:

"For five centuries the Turk has been in Europe, and has remained at heart a Turcoman from the interior of Asia. He makes no progress; he does not improve; he may apply a little occidental veneer to himself, but it is very thin and comes off at the least disturbance. The civilized world has tried to teach him something, to inculcate civilization in him, and to maintain his political power because Western Europe was afraid of Russia. But it is all in vain. A century of coddling and encouragement produced 'Abdul the Damned,' and after him came the Young Turks, who actually made Abdul seem respectable, and whose régime culminated in the acceptance of German bribes and in the Greek and Armenian massacres. There is no hope of his improvement."

"There is a proverb among the Turks: 'Allah, send us men to rule over us, for we can not rule ourselves.'"

IRELAND ASKS OUR AID AND MONEY

THE BRITISH are said to pronounce the name of President Eamon de Valera of [the "Irish Republic" as "devil-era," tho the infant republic has not yet been able to raise enough of that sort of thing to shake the British hold on their island. A necessary preliminary to raising a worth-while disturbance in these days of "h. c. l." is to raise the money, and President de Valera is now visiting our Republic, formerly a British possession, to raise \$5,000,000 to help Ireland follow our example of 1776. The daily press tell of great mass-meetings that roar him welcome. The United States Senate and House of Representatives have passed resolutions practically favoring full freedom for Ireland; the resolution of New York's aldermen tendering Mr. de Valera the freedom of the city urged all citizens "to join us in their heart-felt felicitations." The Boston *Transcript* and the New York *World* agree that \$5,000,000 in bonds even worse secured than are those of the new "Republic" may find a ready sale in this country, and the Worcester *Gazette* genially remarks that the desire of the Irish to rule themselves is "a feeling which must find a responsive chord in every liberty-loving breast." The Boston *Post*, which speaks for the predominantly Irish Boston Democracy, declares that "Boston is enthusiastically for independent Ireland." According to *The Post*:

"Boston has seen immense crowds on various occasions, and has felt the outpouring of enthusiasm from many of them, but at no time and place has there been a more wonderful and significant combination of size and spirit than was given by the meeting in honor of Eamon de Valera, President of the Irish Republic, at Fenway Park."

"It was perfectly apparent that the huge crowd was not attracted to the spot because of curiosity, but from sheer love of the cause of free Ireland and consuming interest taken in the man who so admirably typifies the long aspiration—now the determination—of the vast majority of the people of the Emerald Isle for absolute independence."

It is our duty to record the fact, however, that these welcoming voices are outnumbered by others which run the gamut from mere caution to an intense dislike of the Sinn-Fein revolutionists, their alleged pro-German affiliations, and all their works. Some put it up to England. The New York *Morning Telegraph* follows an editorial favoring "releasing Ireland from her bonds" with a more cautious one in which Mr. de Valera is asked to state just what he wishes us to do. "If he wishes this country to speak in favor of Home Rule, it has already done so," says *The Telegraph*, and concludes: "The country that De Valera must deal with in seeking independence for Ireland is England itself. His and his compatriots' work must be done in London." The Springfield *Republican* remarks similarly:

"The average American of plain, homely speech, who desires that the United States and Great Britain shall hereafter get on well together, is asking, 'Why in thunder doesn't England do something to end the everlasting row over Ireland?' They say that when Premier Lloyd George returns home from Paris he is to be 'questioned' in the House of Commons to see if he has an Irish policy. 'Questioned' makes one sick. Is that all?"

"Many American newspapers are beginning to avoid the discussion of the Irish question," *The Republican* continues, and asks, "Do Englishmen know that here in this commonwealth of Massachusetts the Irish question is getting dangerous to discuss freely?" The Brooklyn *Eagle* takes a somewhat similar attitude. "Crazy as the De Valera ideas may have seemed a few months ago," it remarks, "Premier Lloyd George has himself to thank for making them a serious element in the international situation, as even Lord Burnham concedes they are to-day." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks that "the British Government can ill afford to permit the existing conditions to continue in Ireland without some new and more far-reaching attempt than heretofore to reach a settlement which

... 'Ireland can accept with honor and Great Britain can concede with safety.' So far, and not much farther, the vast majority of our editors who are not actively hostile to the whole of Mr. de Valera's program go in supporting it.

As for those opposed, they are saying "Nay" in a dozen sharps and flats. *The Wall Street Journal*, which might seem to a Sinn-Feiner unduly influenced by Anglo-American financial considerations, remarks that "in Ireland politics is the national sport. Every man is a politician, including the clergy." This observer continues:

"If there were not something highly unreal in this Irish agitation, in a country the least burdened and the most prosperous of any in Europe, it would be unnecessary to point out that had the inhabitants of Ireland been Englishmen they would have seized their independence centuries ago and nothing could have stopt them. Murdering occasional policemen is not the way to secure independence, nor does it convince the world of a united desire."

The Rochester *Post-Express* becomes ironical at the expense of Professor de Valera and the "paper republic" of which "he claims to be the head," and to which "a great part of the Irish people bitterly object." Even more bitter is the New York *Times*, which asks where the "Irish Republic" was in the days when those "small nations" whose freedom the "Republic" now envies were winning their freedom. Says *The Times*:

"Many thousands of Irishmen—men like Tom Kettle and William Redmond—were dying for the freedom of the world; and for the sake of the memory of those men, if for no other reason, justice is due to Ireland. But where was the Irish Republic? The Irish Republic came in on what looked like the winning side; and now that, contrary to all expectation of those days, the Kaiser has been beaten, it is still trying to be on the side of the winners.

"Such persistence is not devoid of merit; but it was a little tactless of Professor de Valera to tell us how much better off Ireland would have been under the rule of 'Kaiser, Emperor, or Czar.' It is six months since fighting ceased, but the Kaiser

if he would pick as his associates while in the United States men who weren't allied with the Kaiser against the cause of world-freedom?" The Indianapolis *News* offers this analogy:

"Doubtless, if mass-meetings were held throughout England,



RAINBOW'S END —?

—Chapin in the St. Louis Republic.

in an effort to obtain immediate independence for the Philippine Islands, and if committees of Englishmen were sent here to work to that end, there would be resentment in this country. America would announce that the Philippine question would be solved in due time and that outside interference was resented. This would be the American view, and likewise the proper view. Whether or not it is proper for assistance to be given a movement that means trouble for England—an American friend and ally—is a question that can be answered in the same way."

Irish efforts to seek American aid against England on the grounds advanced by America when she sought aid in France in Revolutionary days are not admired by the New York *Evening Post*, which concludes that "it needs no special emphasis to point out where the parallel between Franklin in Paris and De Valera in New York breaks down." The Irish claim that the League of Nations will put Ireland permanently under the thumb of England is controverted by several editors, who point out that the League provides only against outside invasion, not against internal struggles for independence. "We do not believe the Senate of the United States has any business meddling with the internal affairs of the British Empire," announces the Minneapolis *Tribune*, speaking for a baker's dozen of editors all over the country. While the Rochester *Post-Express* finds some cause for ire in the reflection that "the revolutionary element in Ireland rejects with scorn the proposition to make the island a Dominion and give it such home rule as Canada and Australia have," other editors look to some such plan as the best solution. The New York *Evening Post* may be accepted as the spokesman for this contingent when it avers:

"Self-government for the Irish people, short of independence, is a right and a necessity, and it is a satisfaction that once more a movement is under way for the establishment of Ireland on the basis which logic and history have determined—a Dominion on an equal footing with the other Dominions under the British crown."



MAY MAKE SOMEBODY SICK.

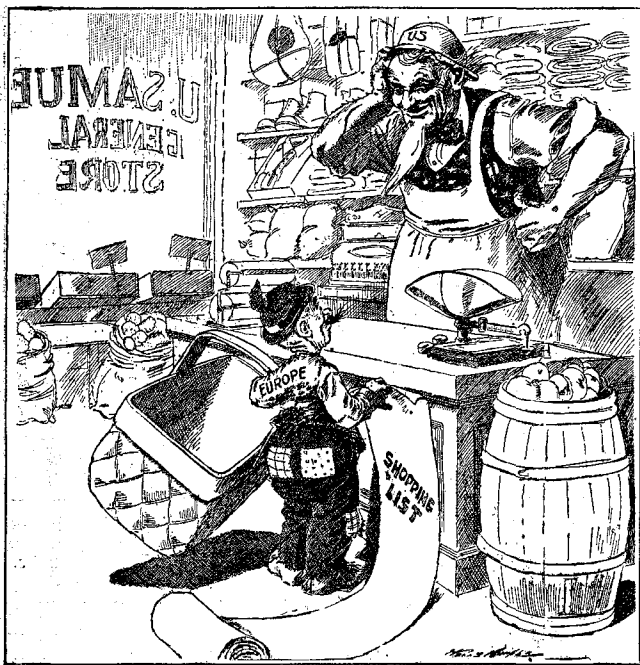
—Greene in the New York Telegram.

is not yet a popular hero in this country. Our distinguished visitor has hitched his wagon to a fallen star."

"Speaking about the poor Germans," remarks the Philadelphia *North American*, "wouldn't President de Valera of the Sinn-Fein Republic make a better impression in this country

OUR NEXT DUTY TO EUROPE

IT WOULD DISGRACE AMERICA, after helping give the knockout blow to Germany, and after feeding the victims of her barbaric practises, if we should now fail, as Mr. Hoover says, "to give our financial assistance to bring back economic life" to Europe. This pressing duty is being urged upon us in most compelling language by business men and welfare-workers as they come back from Europe, and their words are being repeated and emphasized by the press of the country. To President Kingsley, of the New York Life Insurance Company, our work seems almost to outrank that of the Good Samaritan: "We helped to drive the thieves off, and the problem is, shall we now leave the victim bleed to death?" The answer is that "we must at once enter an economic and industrial League of Nations,



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"HOW'S MY CREDIT?"

—Murphy in the New York American.

or Europe perishes." Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the banker, has again and again warned us that Europe is both economically and politically "balancing on a knife-edge." Europe, the New York World is convinced, "is not yet half-way through its bitter lesson of what modern war means." Europe, says the New York Globe, "is just a big place full of suffering humanity, anguished, war-shattered, hopeless, starving," and "for America to turn her back on these pitiful millions now and draw the garment of insular complacency about her would be the world's worst example of heartless selfishness and cruelty." Mr. Hoover has impressed us with the need of continuing to send food to Europe to avert starvation and anarchy. "We are our brothers' keepers," says Lieut.-Col. Homer Folks, of the Red Cross, as he returns from abroad, to tell us that our job "is far from being done," that "hunger and disease are not yet demobilized." "Reims and Ypres may be let stand as memorials, august in their ruination," concludes the Boston News Bureau, "but the living Europe must be kept alive." And we read in the New York Times:

"The richest and proudest peoples of the world, those who are among our forbears and from whom we derive our institutions and traditions, are having difficulty in keeping the wolves—meaning hunger and the Bolsheviks—from their doors. The globe has shrunk with the improvement of communications until the ocean is but a 'hop,' and peoples touch shoulders in a manner which makes contagious all diseases of mind or body or fortune. It is our duty to save the world from a conflagration of distress and error with capacity of want and horror rivaling that of the world-war. Nobody can foresee the result of our falling below our duty, and it is a bold prophet who can set bounds to

our rank in world esteem if we rise to our opportunity of profit by service."

Europe's complete industrial disorganization was described in detail by Mr. Vanderlip in his Economic Club speech which was quoted in our issue of June 7. He is now devoting most of his time to emphasizing these facts in spoken and written messages to the American people. Besides the complete destruction of the industrial life of northern France and Belgium, he asserts there are to be found in districts where the factories are unharmed, "idleness, closed factories, disorganization." We must furnish Europe credit in all forms "before Europe can go to work, and unless Europe goes to work very promptly, Europe is going into trouble that is deeper than anything she has had." Mr. Vanderlip does not wish to be understood as "predicting a conflagration in Europe." He does not believe there will be a conflagration, but he does believe "Europe is balancing on a knife-edge."

These are the words of a banker and business man. Lieutenant-Colonel Folks has been in Europe with the Red Cross for two years and was at one time New York Commissioner of Charities, and speaks from the view-point of one who has come into close contact with human suffering. He has noted a "sense of tremendous and irreparable loss and of vague impending danger" weighing upon people's minds in Europe. France, he says in a New York Times interview, has lost "about one-fifth of its men from 18 to 50 years of age," which is as if we "were mourning not 50,000 men, but 5,000,000." But Poland, Roumania, Serbia, and other small countries need our help more urgently. Serbia has lost "about twenty per cent. of her entire population," the land is devastated, and the country has practically no doctors, no medicine, no hospitals, except such as the Red Cross and similar organizations provide. Mr. Folks believes that conditions in Poland and other Eastern European countries are still worse. Then, he says:

"Add to these things another factor—psychological, but important—while the war lasted everybody was keyed up to a high pitch of emotion. Now everybody is disappointed and disillusioned. Everybody sees enormous losses which can not be repaired, but must be written off as dead loss. No reparation, now or later, can undo suffering undergone nor bring the dead to life. Profound discouragement holds Europe in its grasp, and Asia also. It paralyzes effort. . . ."

"Our Allies still need food, clothing, doctors, nurses, medicines, shelter, and, perhaps above all, need to continue to feel sure that rich America, the land of the free, still cares for them and will continue to bind up the wounds caused by the war. Hunger and disease are not yet demobilized."

Mr. William Allen White has been talking in Paris with welfare workers who have been in Eastern Europe and he comes to this conclusion, he writes to the Kansas City Star:

"In Russia and in the Balkans famine must rage another year, and perhaps another. It will take all the sacrifice of generous people all over the world to keep starvation from killing millions, and plague following famine to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The head of one of our great meat-packing concerns, Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, of Wilson & Co., has been looking into food-conditions in Europe and says on his return: "There is no doubt in my mind that there is a famine in fats and meats in Germany, Austria, and the Balkan states, and there is a very great shortage of such foods in the Allied countries." In Germany, Maximilian Harden confirms the Vanderlip estimate, saying, in a statement to the New York World, that the whole continent is on the verge of bankruptcy and famine, and "Germany is the worst off."

But Mr. Hoover's estimates of the world's food-needs and food-supplies make a much less lugubrious story, it has been noted. He expects enough food from this year's harvests to meet this year's needs, tho without any surplus. On July 1 the American Relief Administration had enough food in Europe or en route to carry the newly liberated nations until harvest. These nations and the smaller Allied countries can shift for themselves

after the harvest, tho Mr. Hoover thinks Germany and German Austria will need to import food, as will Italy, and also France in a lesser degree, while "Great Britain can feed herself largely from her colonies." Then, comments *Finance and Industry* (Cleveland), "when all nations get back to normal production, a reserve of food can again be built up, as provision against short crops and threatened famine in years that are bad for agriculture."

As Mr. Hoover and others have insisted, the great need in most European countries is credit, with which to buy not only food, but raw materials and machinery. In other words, we must sell Europe these necessities and we must lend her the money to pay for them. Besides, we must furnish the capital to enable our own business to meet the European demand. Our bankers have already attacked this problem. Mr. H. P. Davison has outlined a plan for financing at once our own industries and our European customers. This "Vast Corporation to Rebuild the World," this "Civilization Trust Company," as the newspapers' head-lines have called it, was discust at some length in our Investments and Finance Department last week. It means furnishing "practically unlimited credit," but we can do it, declared Mr. F. H. Sisson, of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, before a recent gathering of bankers—

"When we recall the ease with which we not only subscribed \$18,500,000,000 to the five Liberty Loans, but offered the Government several million dollars in excess of that great sum; when we remember that we have sustained the heaviest taxation on record; when we take cognizance of our vast national wealth, estimated at between \$250,000,000,000 and \$300,000,000,000, and of our annual national income, computed at between \$50,000,000,000 and \$60,000,000,000; when we examine our foreign trade statistics, showing a total of approximately \$10,000,000,000 for the fiscal year which will end this month, with exports amounting to more than \$6,500,000,000, or about 187 per cent. increase over the value of exports in the year immediately preceding the war; when we contemplate more than \$21,000,000,000 in crop values for 1918 and a prospective \$22,000,000,000 crop for this year, we can not doubt the adequacy of our resources or our ability to meet the unprecedented responsibilities and the unequalled opportunities which peace has thrust upon us."

But perhaps the demands upon the resources of the international Good Samaritan will not be so heavy as we have expected, some editors suggest. They remember Mr. Hoover's prediction that "this sort of economic delirium will end with peace." The Salvation Army slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out," might well be applied to after-war Europe, in the opinion of an optimistic writer for the *New York Times*, who recalls that every nation in Europe has gone through worse times than the present and survived. Mr. Vanderlip's remarks stirred up considerable comment in Paris, Mr. Harold Phelps Stokes has informed the *New York Evening Post*, and he sums up the opinions of American financiers in the French capital as follows:

"Conditions here are still grave, but there has been a decided turn for the better, and the idea that all Europe is on the verge of Bolshevism and anarchy is completely erroneous. Wars have shaken the whole world to its foundations, but those foundations are still fairly sound in Europe, even if they look rather scarred and weather-beaten compared with America's."

These financiers believe that "it will be a solvent, not insolvent, Europe with which we shall have to do business." This conclusion, *The Evening Post* observes editorially, "they support by the facts that labor is getting to work again, that manufacturers are beginning to buy the requisite raw materials, and that France and Italy, whose public finances have been more disordered than those of any other of the larger Entente Allies, are preparing to increase their tax-levies heavily enough to cover most of the current deficits." One of the most optimistic of recently returning American business men is vice-president Frank G. Crowell, of the United States Grain Corporation. He actually declares himself, as the *New York Journal of*

Commerce quotes him, "very much pleased over conditions." "From Finland all the way south," he says, "they are reviving wonderfully from the ravages of war." He finds that Vienna "has at least come to a living basis," "even Belgium is rounding into form," and "France is moving along wonderfully." In Germany, it seems, "the food-situation has been greatly relieved by the work of the Economic Council." Mr. Crowell continues cheerfully:

"The burden of reconstruction in Europe is not going to fall as heavily upon America as many expressions of views have suggested. The national treasuries in many of the countries may be at a low ebb, but the people themselves have plenty of



GHOSTS OF WAR.

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

money in many instances. It is impossible just now to determine the financial status of the governments over there by looking entirely upon the conditions of the national treasuries.

"I believe the end of Bolshevism is near. When Russia learns to know that plenty of food is available and takes notice of the fact that Finland and the Baltic countries are receiving it, that will be the greatest incentive possible for a break in the present condition of affairs. She will come to the conclusion that Democracy is getting food while Bolshevism is not."

In England, the *New York Times* finds that "the process of recuperation has made great progress, just as we are told of the prostration." Several Englishmen have written in reply to Mr. Vanderlip that there is no "paralysis of industry" in Great Britain. Sir Joseph Davies told a *New York Evening Sun* reporter that in England three million of the four million workers discharged from the Army or from war-time occupations have already been absorbed by peace-time industries. Commenting on Great Britain's huge after-war expenditure, Mr. F. A. McKenzie notes that the really vital fact about it "is not the amount, but the fact that England is paying nearly the whole of it out of current income." This English journalist goes on in *The Times* to tell how England is going ahead in almost every branch of trade and industry. One of the correspondents of the *New York Evening Post* writes that in France "business is reviving everywhere, hesitatingly, but beyond a doubt." This, he says, "is a spontaneous effort of a laborious and thrifty and patient people to help themselves after terrible calamity." A United States infantry captain who has made an extended tour of Belgium declares that that country is this year "raising one of the biggest crops in her history," that "people are at work on the

fields, and communications are being restored." This officer thinks that before long "all the mines and most of the factories" will be going again. Burgomaster Max of Brussels expects that "it will take at least five years before Belgium regains her normal conditions in industry and commerce." A New York *Times* correspondent quotes him as saying: "We do not want any one to reconstruct our ruined cities and towns, but we do need financial aid and friendship now." This correspondent is impressed by the activity of the Belgian people in rebuilding. Whereas "at the beginning of May there were 800,000 workmen idle," there were barely half a million idle in the last week of June, "and the number is being reduced daily by the opening up of all kinds of industries which need reconstruction."

That we can all help in financing Europe is noted by several editors who believe that "debentures" of the corporation for financing European trade will be offered to the public. It will be the duty of all to subscribe, "even tho we have subscribed to twenty-odd billion of war-bonds," says the *Newark News*, adding:

"The war may be ended, but the end of what the war has and will cost us and the rest of civilization lies in the future—one which we must take active part in constructing and, no less, in paying for."

But that the American public will have to be educated to participate in this form of investment is shown, the *New York Commercial* observes, "by the attitude taken by the Farmers' National Council, which has declared that it will use all its influence to fight the proposition on the theory that the financial interests of the United States would thereby have control of the world's finances." And the *Socialist New York Call* declares that when the credit plan "is boiled and peeled" it simply means that "American capitalists are to own and control European industries."

Statements by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Vanderlip that Europe must go to work impress the *Houston Post*, which is glad that we have done what we have for Europe, but observes:

"Europe must not be allowed to retain the impression that we are easy-marks."

"It is time for the people of Europe to compose their differences and settle down to work again, or else suffer the consequences which are certain without outside aid. There is no just reason why Americans should work at top speed, pay exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, submit to heavy taxes, and endure other sacrifices to aid European peoples who are too much taken up with politics and racial hatreds to get back on the job of supporting themselves."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

GERMANY now knows who won the war.—*Baltimore American*.

THERE is nearly as much "ire" as "land" in Ireland these days.—*Salt Lake Citizen*.

AT present prices there are grounds for complaint in every coffee-cup.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

THE big war has gone to pieces, and there are pieces of it raging in twenty-three different nations.—*Philadelphia Record*.

AN appropriation of \$55,000,000 for the air service at Washington does not apply to hot air.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

GERMAN Government has agreed to abide by the Treaty. Now all there is to do is make them do it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

IN view of that indemnity total, there are signs that the new German national motto will be "God Save the Mark."—*Manila Bulletin*.

THE Germans decided that after all it was better to do business with the underwriter than with the undertaker.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

IT wasn't until Mr. Ford started running a newspaper that we really found out what a great automobile genius he really is.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"SHALL literature go dry, too?" asks a savant. A large percentage of the latter-day product would not have far to go.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*.

THE Germans should cheer up. Even if they don't get what they want, they should be glad they are not getting what they deserve.—*Anaconda Standard*.

IN Colombia and Venezuela the American dollar is at a discount of 20 per cent. Here at home it is at a discount of about 50 per cent.—*Paterson Chronicle*.

THE Hun is afraid the peace terms will mean perpetual unemployment. They won't if he hustles hard enough to meet the payments on that indemnity.—*Paterson Chronicle*.

EIGHT hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock in pumped-dry oil-land were sold to investors, according to post-office officials. This is a class of mail which, for some reason or other, never fails to get there.—*Detroit News*.

BRYAN has announced the probable nominee of the Democrats next year. He says it must be a man who has always been right on the liquor question. He might name the unlucky wight if he was not so backward.—*Los Angeles Times*.

WE expect to hear next that the Baptists, Unitarians, United Brethren, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Moose, Order of Owls, as well as the Masonic fraternity, will control the League of Nations if the Senatorial imaginations don't get exhausted.—*Santa Fe New Mexican*.

DAYLIGHT is about all anybody can save these days.—*Salt Lake Citizen*.

If human nature would only work as hard for pay as for more pay!—*Boston Herald*.

GERMAN naval appropriations seem to have included a sinking-fund.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE Germans who want their Kaiser returned to them surely are gluttons for trouble.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

WHOEVER else is out of employment in Europe, the cabinet-makers have plenty to do.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

A STORM knocked out the telephone service for three or four hours in Detroit the other day, but nobody noticed it.—*Detroit News*.

THERE is the man who thinks and the man who thinks he thinks. The latter is the one who really enjoys life.—*University Missourian*.

FOR some time to come every wood-pile erected by Germans will be well worthy of a search for concealed Ethiopians.—*Anaconda Standard*.

MOST houses now on the market have two stories—the buyer's and the seller's, and then there is the tenant's—but that's another story.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

AN Eastern contemporary recently printed the heading, "Senate Orders Probe of Leak." Probing a leak usually makes it bigger.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

UP to the last report the packers haven't yet cornered all the drinking-water in the United States, but give 'em time, boy, give 'em time.—*Polo (Mo.) News-Herald*.

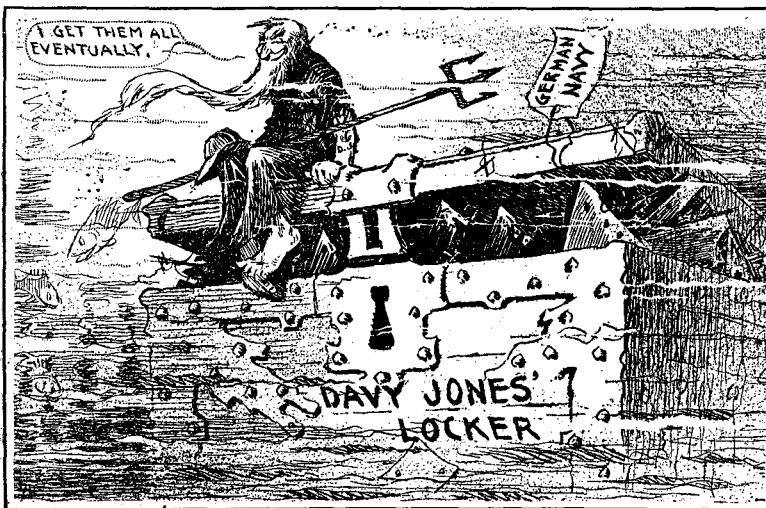
IF they keep on establishing republics at the present rate in the old country, pretty soon there won't be any titles left except in American lodgerooms.—*Parsons (Kan.) Sun*.

THAT Tennessee girl didn't trust Sergeant York around loose very long when he came back a hero.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

A CORRESPONDENT speaks of the Peace Conference being "so silent that the dropping of a pin could be heard." This must have been at a time when Colonel House had the floor.—*Detroit News*.

THE 1919 wheat crop of the United States is estimated to yield 1,230,000,000 bushels. Thank goodness for something running into ten figures that represents income instead of outgo.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

"THE Government of the German Republic solemnly declares that its attitude is to be understood that it bends to force." Force was the only means of argument Germany ever used, and was the only kind it ever understood.—*Kansas City Star*.



ONE QUESTION SETTLED.

—Brown in the *Chicago Daily News*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A BRITISH CRITICISM OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

AN EXPERT ANALYSIS of the American Army's achievement in the war is contributed to *The National Review* (London) by Mr. H. Warner Allen, whose admiration for our troops is the more trustworthy in that he is so outspoken in his criticisms. If the war had lasted another year, or eighteen months longer, there is little doubt that the American Army would have ranked among the first-rate armies of the world, he tells us, and when the war came to an end it was "learning hard and fast." This judgment is based on the fact that the American soldiers are men of "magnificent physique and splendid courage," who needed only longer training and that understanding of its value and purpose which can only be obtained in actual warfare. It is hazarded also that experience would have taught American staff officers the principles of modern scientific war and enabled them to profit by the military knowledge purchased by Great Britain and France at so terrible a cost. Unfortunately, in war as in life, every one must pay for his experience at his own cost, this writer tells us, as he admits that it was "as difficult for the United States to take advantage of what Great Britain and France had learned in four years of war as for a child to learn wisdom from an old man's counsel." We read then:

"In former wars military tactics remained stationary; in modern warfare they are in a state of perpetual evolution. As Mr. Bidou, the brilliant French critic, said in the *Bulletin des Armées de la République*: 'A century ago tactics changed every ten years; in the present war they have changed every six months.' New weapons, new methods of combat, new means of communication are continually being developed, and it is in their scientific application that lies the test of the modern army. In April, 1917, when the United States came into the war there had been an extraordinary change in tactics since August, 1914. Unfortunately, a new army could not begin learning at the stage which its allies had reached; it had to serve its apprenticeship and begin again at the beginning, making almost the same mistakes as we made. Every nation has a strong natural indisposition to learn from another, and it is only at the price of human life that experience in war can be gained."

The only operation from which it is possible to form a judgment of the quality of the United States Army and the staff work of its High Command, we are told, is the Argonne-Meuse battle, which began on September 26, 1918, and ended with the armistice of November 11. It was the only large-scale operation engaged in by the United States Army under its own command. The plans of the St. Mihiel offensive were drawn up, or, at any rate, revised, by the French General Staff, and French veteran troops took a considerable part in the action. Moreover, the reduction of that salient was a strictly local operation with

limited objectives, according to this observer, who points out that the Germans had no particular object in staying at St. Mihiel, because by withdrawing they shortened their line at a moment when man-power was their greatest weakness. The value of the salient was mainly offensive and the time had long passed when Germany could think of undertaking serious offensive operations. Yet, as he notes—

"The success at St. Mihiel created a certain amount of over-confidence. Those who did not take into account all the circumstances of the affair thought that the reduction of the salient might be ranked with the French victories round Verdun in the autumn and winter of 1916, which were operations conducted in the most scientific manner against an enemy endeavoring to hold his ground at any cost. On this point, however, the American troops who had fought on the French and British fronts and knew something of modern war had no illusions. They knew that the liaison between the artillery and the infantry was almost non-existent and that the organization of the Army was far from perfect. However, the operation succeeded."

The American achievement in the Argonne-Meuse battle was highly creditable to the courage and pertinacity of the

young troops engaged, this writer observes, and adds:

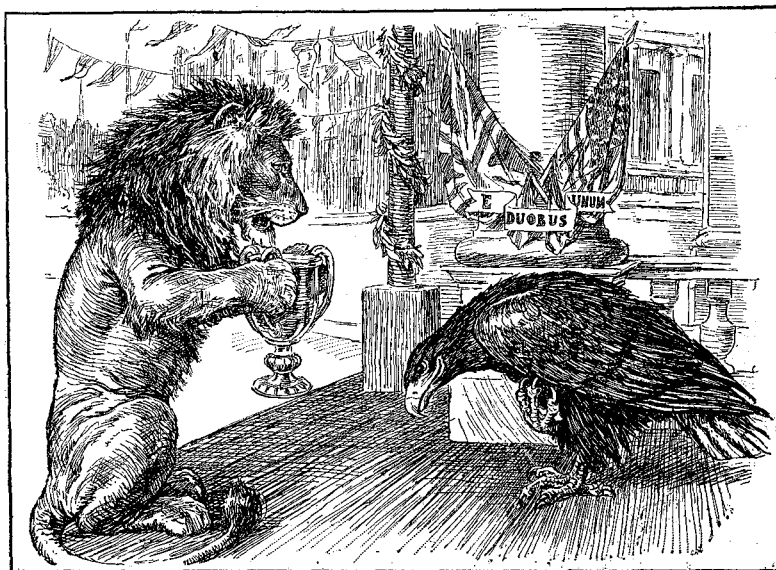
"The attacking forces consisted of twenty-two American divisions (506,652 men) and four French divisions (36,000), while the special artillery and other arms employed brought up the total to 631,405 Americans and 138,000 Frenchmen, or 769,405 men in all. They were opposed by forty-six German divisions.

"The effectives of the American infantry employed may be reckoned at about 260,000 men. On September 26 the average German division could, at an outside estimate, put between 2,500 and 3,000 rifles in line. At the time of the armistice the average infantry strength of a division had been reduced to between 1,000 and 2,000 rifles, and this strength was less than half of what it had been in March. A rough estimate of the German infantry employed against the Americans in this battle would give from 120,000 to 130,000 rifles.

"After forty-seven days the American Army, materially aided by the advance in Champagne of the French Army on its left, succeeded in reaching its objectives, clearing the Argonne Forest of the enemy, and cutting the all-important Mézières-Montmédy railway-line. In the action the American casualties amounted to 115,529 (including 15,599 killed) and the French casualties to about 7,000, making a total of 122,529; 468 guns and 16,000 prisoners were captured, more than half the number of prisoners being taken in the first two days."

In Marshal Foch's plan, the American Army had a very important and difficult part to play, and we are reminded that the Argonne-Meuse operation had two main objectives, which are described as follows:

"First, the clearing of the Argonne Forest; secondly, the



THE LOVING-CUP—A PARTING TOAST.

BRITISH LION (to American Eagle)—"Here's luck to you! You brought it to me."

—Punch (London).



OFFICIAL STAGE PLAY BY THE GERMAN POPULACE.

One of many organized mass-meetings in Germany voting protest against the peace terms, as pictured in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, of Leipzig.

cutting of the Mézières-Montmédy line. The Argonne was a position that could defy a frontal attack, and the plan was for the French to drive forward on the west and the Americans on the east of the forest, until they threatened to envelop it on the north. This objective attained, the two armies were to continue to press forward on either side of the Bois de Bourgonne, the northern continuation of the Argonne, until the enemy was driven across the Meuse and the Mézières-Montmédy line was cut. This line was of vital importance to the enemy, since it was his main *voie de rocade*—that is, his chief line of communication parallel to the front. It was, in fact, his only line of retreat south of the Ardennes, and its interruption implied the collapse of all that part of the German Army on the west which depended on it for its communications.

"At a point of such strategic importance the enemy was bound to resist to the utmost, and it was clear that the German High Command would oppose to the American advance every man and gun that it could spare. An American victory would mean the destruction of the main pivot on which a general retreat to the Meuse must be based.

"The Meuse heights between the river and the Argonne consist of a series of woods and rolling hills, which offered natural positions of great strength. The area was strongly fortified, tho the positions in the rear of the front lines were unfinished. The Americans had a hard nut to crack, but on their side they had almost unlimited numbers. The *Boche* was approaching the last stage of exhaustion. There had been a general deterioration of his morale, and the German fighting man of September 26 was no longer the splendid soldier who advanced against the British and French on March 21. He had lost faith in his cause, and knew that all his sacrifices had been in vain. War-weary and disheartened, he was endeavoring to stave off defeat at the hands of an enemy numerically superior, whose confidence in victory was absolute."

An interesting feature of the writer's criticism is the distinction he makes between the motor-lorry and the light railway as a means of transport. He quotes General Gouraud as saying some time before the Somme battle of 1916: "Do try and persuade your people that they will never succeed in any offensive without light railways. Motor traffic is no substitute for them. Without them everything will be held up." General Gouraud practised what he preached, we are told, and had more miles of light railway to the mile of front in his sector than any other general on the French front. Credit is given to the Germans for having a magnificent system of railways, both narrow- and broad-gage, behind the lines, and it is confessed by this Allied observer that "our efforts would have been more successful if only we had had a similar organization." Much time and confusion might have been saved by the Americans in the days immediately preceding the Argonne-Meuse attack if they had prepared tracks beside the roads for infantry and horse vehicles; as it was, motors, horse-vehicles, and men were all "muddled together in a conglomerate mess, and it took miracles of patience and endless delay to reestablish circulation." Also American communications were sadly hampered by the lack of light railways. On October 1, after six days' battle, they were

still between one and a half and three miles away from the main points of their first objective, and the enemy's resistance had not been weakened. We read then:

"In the second stage of the battle the Americans succeeded in clearing the Argonne by a well-conceived operation. A sudden conversion of the front of their left wing to the west enabled them to scale the heights on the eastern edge of the forest, and their success clinched the victory won by the French three days before, when they had occupied Challerange. Their next business was to get into touch with the Kriemhilde-Stellung all along the line. Throughout the action the Americans were hampered by an insufficiency of intelligence.

"The positions and extent of the various lines were only vaguely known, and for a time the Kriemhilde-Stellung must have seemed to the infantry to be either a myth or a position which was moving steadily northward. It was not till November 1 that the Americans reached the Kriemhilde-Stellung. The new lines, in the absence of big German counter-attacks, had been consolidated and were ready for the final advance on the last main objective which was to seal the fate of the German Army. Unhappily, the battle had already lasted thirty-seven days, and the enemy had only to stave off defeat for ten more days before the armistice."

From November 1 to November 11 was the last stage of the Argonne-Meuse battle. The courage of the American Army and its practically unlimited supply of men made it only a question of time before the defense was overpowered. Yet the enemy made a last desperate effort to save the situation, as may be judged from what follows:

"On November 1 he threw three new divisions into the line, three more on November 2, six on November 3, two on November 4, and three on November 5, so that he engaged no fewer than seventeen fresh divisions during these five days. Then his reserves were exhausted and there was nothing left for him but to withdraw behind the Meuse. The main object of the battle was fulfilled. The Mézières railway-line was within reach of the American guns. From the German point of view the whole situation was saved by the armistice.

"The long struggle ended in a victory for the Americans. They were fortunate enough to come at a moment when numbers and courage could turn the balance. Some four years before General Joffre had said cheerfully that he was 'nibbling away' at the German lines, and that continuous nibbling had brought the German Army to the point at which its reserves were exhausted.

"At the time of the armistice Germany had on the entire Western Front only one fresh division in reserve, and a great attack was preparing in Lorraine under General Mangin's command with twenty divisions. The Americans had shown that their army was excellent material from which after another eighteen months' fighting a fine set of scientific soldiers could have been made. As it was, their success cost them dearly. The French used to say after the battle of the Somme that there were three first-rate armies in the world, the British, the French, and the German. Had the war continued for another eighteen months the American Army would, no doubt, have taken rank in that category."

GERMANY THINKING OF REVENGE

THE FRENCH ARE GRATEFUL to the Germans for showing so plainly in their outbursts of rage over the Peace Treaty what their true attitude is toward the future. "They are already thinking of the next war, in which we shall not be spared," remarks the *Paris Illustration*. But forewarned is forearmed, and "to speak truth," it adds, the German outburst "is a medium of most precious instruction for us French, provided only that we know how to read it aright." This French editor draws special attention to an issue of the *Leipzig Illustrirte Zeitung*, which has also reached this office. It is devoted to "a protest against the peace of violence," and the object of convincing the German people that the Allied and Associated Powers are tyrannical hypocrites is clearly the aim in the greater part of the pictures and the text of this number. Of two pictures herewith reproduced, the contributor to *L'Illustration* observes:

"Behold these two contrasting figures at bay. One is a being of darkness whose eye glares with hate, whose ears are pointed as those of a demon, and whose long hair consists of hissing snakes. He carries heavy chains with which he is to bind his enemy, who, undoubtedly, is the naked figure he faces and who is holding up no other weapon of defense than a blossoming branch. The thought seems to be that conquered Germany, tho facing the violence of the whole world, bears in hand the symbol of the future."

"In this rather puzzling composition, the German artist seems to have forgotten who it was that during the five years of war and invasion forged these massive chains and who was bound with them. He does not realize that he is bringing this tragic charge against himself and his nation. The other symbolical picture entitled 'Hands Off!' shows Siegfried flourishing his victorious sword as if about to sever the hand of the invisible enemy that is reaching across the Rhine. Above the Rhine we see a stormy sky from which flying furies rain down sulfur and fire. But Siegfried bravely defends the river and Germania. This archaic and puerile design impels one to smile, and to smile even more when one remembers that just now it is the Rhinelanders themselves who are shouting 'Hands Off!' to the parasitic officials of Prussia and Bavaria, to whom the exclamation means a curt dismissal."

In the same number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, Count Westarp, former leader of the Prussian Conservative party, vehemently exhorts the German Government and nation to refuse to surrender the ex-Kaiser and the German war-leaders to the tribunal of the Allies. His appeal is summed up in these words:

"A people such as the German people can rise from poverty through hard work. They can one day shake off the foreign yoke, whether it is military, political, or economic. German territory and lost Germans can be recovered by fighting for them. But the shame that would fling the German people into the dust of the earth for centuries were they to deliver their Emperor of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the heroes of the world-war to the vengeance of the enemy never could be wiped out."

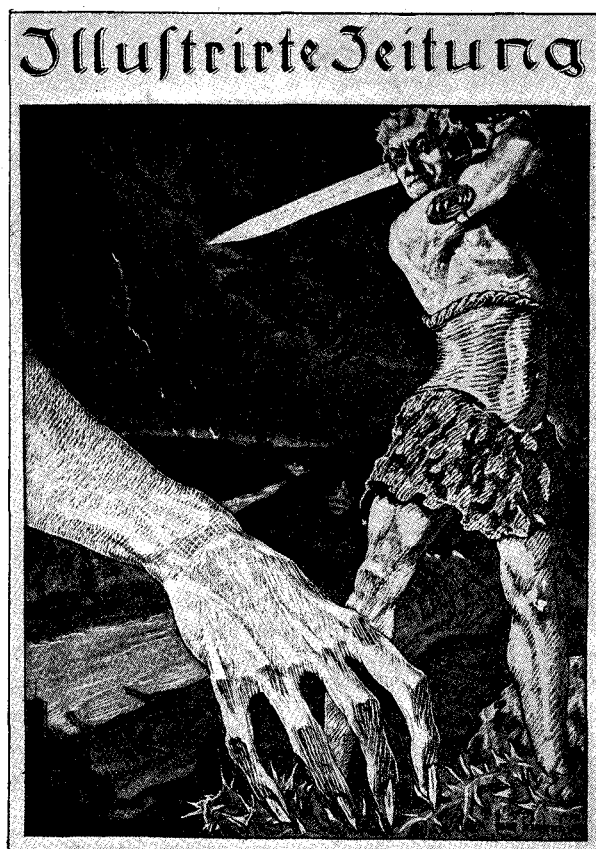
Many statements from other prominent Germans also adorn the pages of the issue, the general theme being that the Treaty is not at all nice, and, as we are obligingly forewarned by the chemist, Wilhelm Ostwald, who is held responsible for poison-gas and incendiary pastils, "a forced peace will provoke a future war." The conclusion of the writer in *L'Illustration* is that "Every printed line and picture in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* proves what the Germans are and what they intend to remain."

French suspicion of Germany's attitude is confirmed by the utterances of some German newspapers. Thus the Berlin Pan-German organ, *Deutsche Zeitung*, we learn from dispatches, has been suppress for printing as a head-line, "Revenge for the Dishonor of 1919," on an article about the Peace Treaty. The Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* strikes an attitude between defiance and weakness in the knees when it says of the signing of the Peace Treaty by the German delegates that—

"To imagine such a thing and remain calm is extremely difficult. Our emotions seem irrepressible, but we must learn to keep them within bounds. We do not need to crush them out. Oh, no; but to shout our feelings to the world, which for a period was a political duty, is no longer opportune. Now we must learn to keep silent. Our faith will speak for us, and if God wills, some day our deeds will. Such humiliations can not be without a thorn which will remind us and our children of the day that must come. Until then we must not rest passively, but fulfil our duties, which have grown more numerous than ever."



DEFENSELESS GERMANY AND THE TYRANT ALLIES.

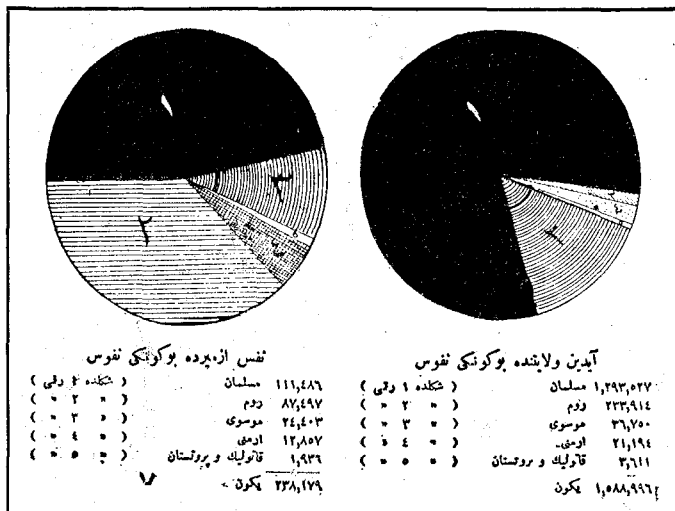


"HANDS OFF THE RHINE!"

GERMANY'S TOPSYTURVY MIND REVEALED IN PARALLEL.

LOSS OF SMYRNA ANGERS TURKEY

VIGOROUS PROTESTS are being heard in the Turkish press and among the people against the decision of the Peace Conference to permit Greece to occupy Smyrna. That trouble was foreseen in some quarters before the occupation may be judged from the prediction of a resident of Smyrna who wrote to the *London Times* that a Greek protectorate, "far from pacifying the country, would again kindle animosities and light a torch of discord, the flaring up of which may take years to extinguish." The writer declares he holds no brief for the Turks, and claims that British, French, and Italian residents of Smyrna are of the same opinion as his, even though they have suffered much at the hands of the Turkish officials. Constantinople dispatches say sharp fighting took place when



TURKISH POPULATION CLAIMS IN SMYRNA.

Black sections of the disks indicate the preponderance of Moslem population in Smyrna and its province Aidin. The Arabic under the disks is translated in the statistics given in the accompanying article, which records other nationals, as shown by the shaded sectors.

Greek troops landed in Smyrna and three hundred Turks and one hundred Greeks were killed. The fighting took place, we are told, for the most part, in the Turkish quarter of the city, where the Greeks were met by lively rifle-fire. The entrance of Greek and Allied forces at Smyrna, according to the *Paris Journal*, precipitated a political crisis in which the entire cabinet of the Turkish Grand Vizier, Ferid Pasha, resigned. Constantinople newspapers display consternation at the action of the Peace Conference and picture the Turkish people as a nation in mourning and stupefaction before this "sudden and overwhelming calamity." A great mass-meeting was held in the auditorium of the University, at which were present all the faculties and pupils of the schools. Among the audience also, we are told, was a great number of Turkish ladies of high rank. The heads of the various schools delivered fiery speeches of protest against the occupation of Smyrna, and in no uncertain tone called upon the people for prompt and concerted action. A typical presentation of the Turkish view is found in the Constantinople *Wakil*, which remarks:

"We have been aware of the long-cherished desire of the Greeks to possess Smyrna. We have noted not without disquietude the strong influence of Venizelos in the Peace Conference. But we are astounded that when the whole question of Turkey's future is still undecided, still pending, a decision of such grave importance to the Ottoman state should be hurriedly put into execution before the justice of it could possibly be impartially studied. Have conquered peoples no rights to be respected by their conquerors? Consider the official statistics of the population of the province of Aidin and of the city of Smyrna. The plurality of Moslems in Smyrna is apparent from the subjoined record, while in the province the Moslem population is in an overwhelming majority. It is inevitable that the

Greek occupation of Smyrna will engender endless bitter opposition by this population so unjustly treated."

The population statistics just referred to are given by the *Wakil* as follows:

POPULATION OF SMYRNA.	
Moslems.....	111,486
Greeks.....	87,497
Jews.....	24,403
Armenians.....	12,857
Catholics and Protestants.....	1,936
Total.....	238,179

POPULATION OF THE PROVINCE OF AIDIN.	
Moslems.....	1,293,527
Greeks.....	233,914
Jews.....	36,750
Armenians.....	21,194
Catholics and Protestants.....	3,611
Total.....	1,588,996

In defense of the Greek occupation of Smyrna, a correspondent writes to the *London Times* that for the administration and development of this region the Kingdom of Greece will have at its service "a great population of its own race and religion, native to the soil, not for hundreds, but for thousands of years, conscious that it now can recreate the glory and prosperity of the past." We read further that—

"Greece is a small nation, but what is remarkable about it is not its financial weakness, but its steadily growing financial strength. Those who doubt its capacity to develop an agricultural country should turn from prophecy to an actual example of what has been done in the past. The population of Thessaly in 1881, just after it was taken over from the sterile rule of Turkey, was 293,993. In 1907 it had risen to 422,577, marking an annual increase of 1.72 per cent., the highest increase of any European state except Belgium. The price of property has been trebled. In 1881 there was not a mile of carriage-road. To-day there are 385 kilometers of railway and 700 kilometers of carriage-road. Brigandage has disappeared, taxation is light, and the agriculturist has become a peasant proprietor instead of a serf. What happened in Thessaly will happen in Asia Minor."

FINDING IRELAND IN EUROPE—With the "President of the Irish Republic" in the United States seeking to sell bonds for the support of his Government, and with the deputation of Irish-American delegates stirring up the topic of Irish independence in Ireland, England, and Paris, the international character of the Irish problem begins to appear, or "loom," as some writers would put it. As "makers of a new world" Great Britain, France, and Italy are sneered at by a writer of evident Irish sympathies in *The New Europe* (London), who refuses to consider them as "western democracies," and advises us to term them "western empires in contradistinction to the democracies which have replaced the old middle and eastern empires." They framed the peace settlement not as democracies "partitioning a large part of the globe and delimiting new republics, but as autocratic empires using the methods, weapons, and principles of the old secret diplomacy." The result is that—

"There is nothing strange in the indifference shown to Ireland. If she had belonged to Germany or Austria she would be free; but she is neither one of the 'fruits of victory' nor one of the 'guaranties of peace.' She is not a fragment of a defeated or disintegrated empire—a prize for allotment—nor would her recognition as a free state make her an obstacle either to the resurgence of a defeated empire or to the spread of Bolshevism. For the rest, she is in a military and strategical sense the most helpless, perhaps, of all the subject nationalities of the world, in the old order or the new, without even that kind of factitious power, open frequently to the weakest, which comes from being an object of evenly balanced predatory ambitions or a sort of No Man's Land to keep quarrelsome rivals apart. There is no use for her as a buffer or as a link in a sanitary cordon or as internationalized salvage from a cockpit of conflicting claims. An island on the skirts of Europe, the isolated and undisputed property of the most powerful nation in the world, she fulfils (as yet) no function which gives her a positive working value on the diplomatic chess-board, but survives rather as an abstract problem, raising in all its naked simplicity the question: Shall a nation which desires freedom be free?"

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

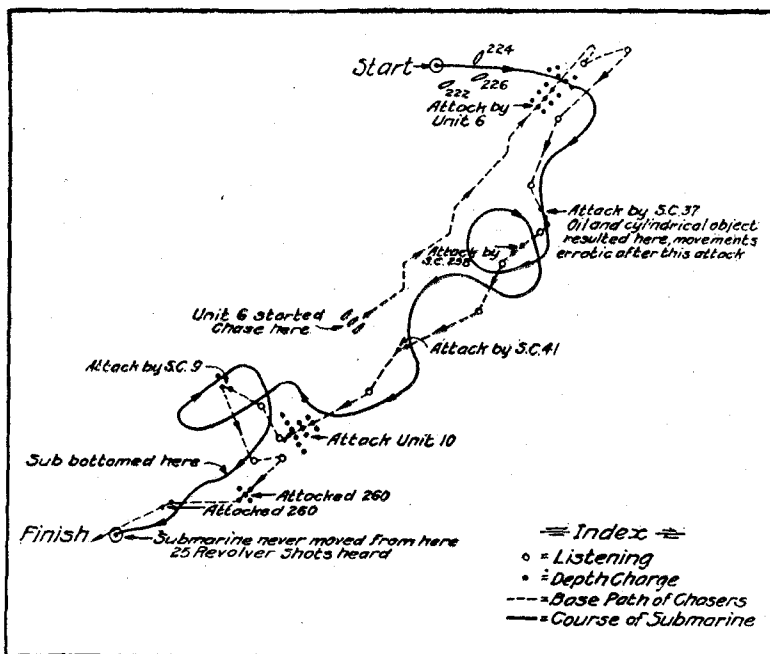
THE "U"-BOAT PERIL ENDED FOREVER

THE FEAR that Germany may secretly build a big submarine fleet and launch her "next war" by a wholesale destruction of Allied shipping loses much of its terror when we learn that the dreaded U-boat was pretty nearly at its last gasp when the armistice was signed. "In fact," we are assured, "naval experts state with conviction that if the conflict had continued through another summer, the submarine would literally have been driven from the ocean." British inventions played a large part in producing this result so reassuring for the island kingdom, but American inventiveness helped too.

Our part is well illustrated by the story of how the crew of a submarine-chaser first disabled a German U-boat with depth bombs, then listened to the frantic efforts of her crew, far beneath the surface, to repair her, and finally heard the revolver-shots that sent the despairing Huns to kingdom come by their own hands, as told by a contributor to *The Journal of Electricity* (San Francisco, June 1), which also describes the operation of the wonderful electric "listening device" which was perhaps the most important of America's efforts toward the termination of the submarine menace. This device, kept secret, of course, during the war, was the composite work of several of our large electrical constructing firms, assisted and advised by many eminent scientists, engineers, and research men, under the auspices of the National Research Council. From these sources grew finally the American submarine detector—a development of the old principles of sound-wave transmission in water in an altogether new and startling manner. We read:

"The apparatus was first designed to hang overhead from naval craft, amidship below the water-line, and it depended for its direction-getting qualities on the peculiar and heretofore little understood faculty of the human ear to detect the direction of sound by the shifting of that sound from one ear to the other.

"To overcome the obstacle of interference of sounds made by the listening ship's own motors, another device was developed which could be trailed off the stern a hundred or so feet away where the engine noises of the ship were out of range, and the sound was then brought in to the oper-



THE U-BOAT'S FUTILE EFFORTS TO ESCAPE.

Chart showing operations of units 6 and 10 against German U-boats, September 6, 1918, based on official data collected by naval officers during the actual engagement.

possess until the introduction of the American detector.

"When the devices had proved themselves eminently satisfactory after exhaustive experimentation here, the Navy Department organized a special service party under Capt. R. H. Leigh, of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, to demonstrate the detectors to the British Admiralty. Shortly after the arrival of this party abroad, the American submarine detectors were universally adopted by all the Allied navies.

"Under ideal conditions, with extraneous noises reduced to a minimum or entirely eliminated, the device was effective at a range of fifteen to twenty-five miles, and under average circumstances at a range of between three and eight miles.

"Trained operators could clearly distinguish between the sounds made by approaching surface craft and under-water vessels (submarines).

"Within five miles the engine characteristics of different vessels were clearly marked, even to the point of identifying by name certain unseen vessels after they had been observed previously for more than one time. The direction of sound could usually be computed within a very few degrees of its actual location and a good judgment of the distance could generally be made.

"It was found practical to tell when a submarine changed from her oil engines to electrical drive, which was necessary every time she submerged.

"The addition of these listening devices to submarines added the heretofore lacking sense of hearing to all the underwater craft, and made them at once a much more effective weapon of offense.

"An Allied submarine on one occasion chased a German U-boat for four hours, while both craft were submerged, without once losing sound-contact with the enemy.

"The engagement which is illustrated occurred early one morning in the English Channel. A small squadron of chasers



SAILOR LISTENING TO A "U"-BOAT.

The principle of the device is virtually that of extending the distance between the ears of the listener by plates on either side of the ship, so that an appreciable length of time is required for sound to travel from one side to the other.

discovered an enemy craft moving slowly up the channel submerged. Forming for the attack, they rushed over the spot where their listeners indicated the U-boat to be, dropt a pattern of depth bombs, and then withdrew to take observations.

"Feverish activity and the sound of hammers ringing against

bombs was 'let go,' and the little fleet halted for further observations. Pretty soon the whirl of the submarine electric motors was heard, evidently in an effort to reach the surface.

"Then came a crunching noise, not unlike the popping in of a blown-up paper bag. It was apparent that the submarine had been damaged and put out of control, and that she had collapsed from the tremendous water-pressure at these depths.

"Many incidents of this kind occurred during the subsequent operations in foreign waters and several submarines were accounted for through the direct aid of the American listening devices. In fact, naval experts state with conviction that if the conflict had continued through another summer, the submarine would literally have been driven from the ocean."

THE COW OF TREES

STEVENSON ONCE CALLED THE COCONUT "the giraffe of trees." In an article contributed to *The Pacific Marine Review* (June), Andrew Farrell objects to the metaphor as superficial. Intrinsically, he says, it is nothing of the sort. It is the cow of trees. In the South Seas a coconut-grove is as a herd of beef cattle to us. Since white men first went to the islands they have traded for copra, the dried meat of the mature nut; of late, the trade in copra and coconut-oil has grown amazingly, especially to San Francisco and Seattle, but even to-day few can define "copra," and still fewer know anything of its manufacture. He goes on:

"Within that broad belt of sea included between the two tropics and stretching from America to Asia, the coconut almost invariably is found. There are few islands so poor and sunstricken as to afford none. The botanist's explanation is simple: The tough outer husk and fiber, as well as the covering of the nut proper, formed an admirable armor against the salt water, so that the coconut, through thousands of years, was spread by ocean currents to every land on which it could thrive. And thrive it does, even with its roots in the sea, if only it is not exposed to cold winds and to drought, for, altho it may endure the salt, it must have fresh water.

"Nothing has, and apparently nothing can, supplant copra



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NATIVE MILL GRINDING COCONUT IN INDIA.

The oxen blindfolded, so their circular trips will not make them dizzy.

the ship's side was heard. The submarine engines would then start up and stop, start and stop again.

"Further attacks were delivered, and more noise came to the listeners from the hold of the submarine. Evidently the first depth charge had taken good effect and the enemy's crew were making a last desperate effort to reach the surface. Then there was a dead silence, broken at last by twenty-five sharp reports like revolver-shots. The crew, giving up in despair, had committed suicide. The loss of this submarine was later substantiated by the British Intelligence Department."

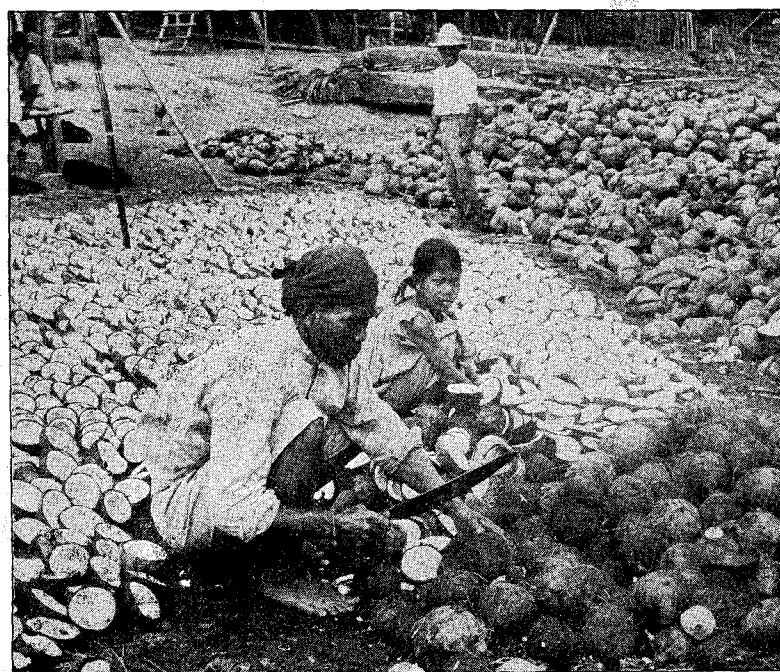
Another time, on New-year's day, 1918, Captain Leigh went out in the channel with three trawlers, equipped with the detecting apparatus. A wireless message from an air-ship gave the position of a submarine which had just been seen to submerge. The channel had been laid out in squares to facilitate the location of craft, and the squadron steamed over, got their devices out, and picked up the submarine course. To quote further:

"When believing themselves about over the enemy, they discharged depth bombs, and later a trawling instrument was used which indicated that the submarine had been destroyed. Great quantities of oil rising to the surface also substantiated the success of the attack.

"After some months another squadron was equipped and sent into the Mediterranean and Adriatic, where at this time submarine activity was at its height.

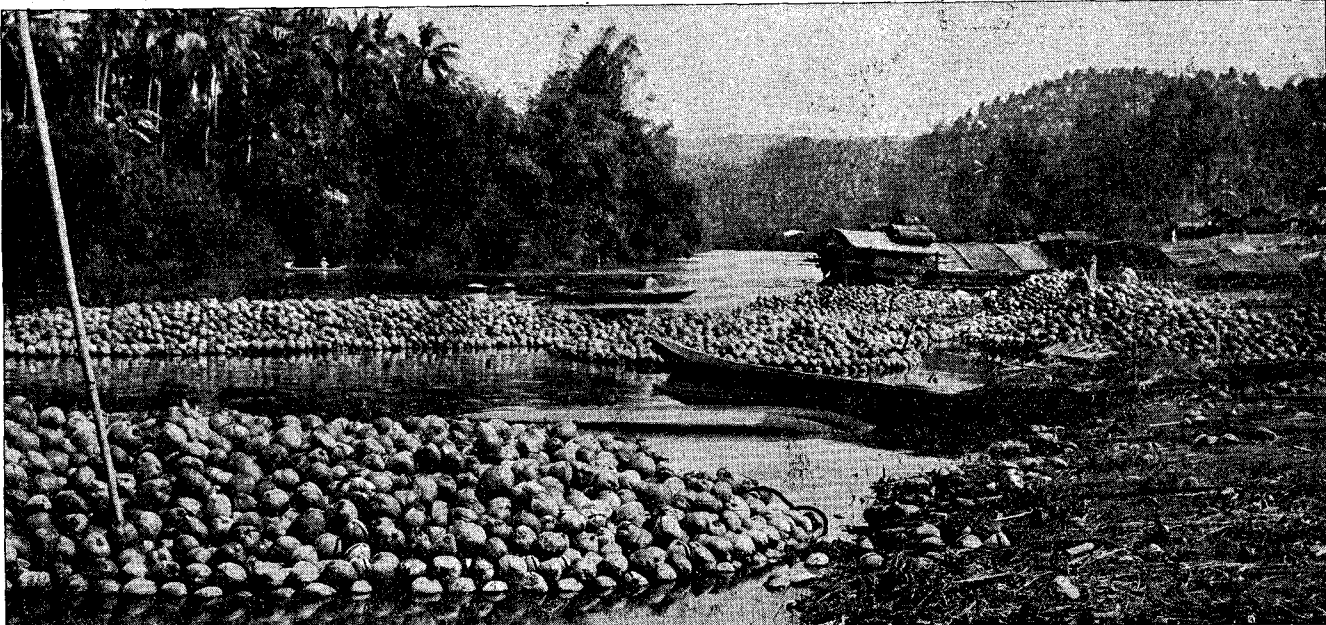
"Three of the chasers patrolling in formation abreast one dark night heard a submarine approaching. The bearings obtained by the two beam vessels pointed directly toward the center boat. The middle boat now heard the submarine approaching from a position dead astern. The enemy came nearer and nearer and finally passed right under the chaser, so close to the surface that those on board felt a wave of water along the keel of their ship.

"When the German had passed on and out in front, the attack was made in unison, a pattern of



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AN EXPERT COCONUT-SPLITTER AT WORK.



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THESE NUTS ARE MEAT, DRINK, AND CLOTHING TO THE ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC.

as the premier product of most of the islands. During the last hundred years, since the whites first knew of the islands commercially, coconut-oil and copra have flowed steadily into occidental markets from virtually every tropical group. There have been other notable products: Hawaii long ago was denuded of its sandalwood; Penrhyn relies more upon pearl-shell than upon copra; elsewhere beach-la-mar for the Chinese market is gathered from the lagoon beaches, but, on the whole, copra has first place. In many atolls which lack beach-la-mar and pearl nothing else of commercial value is produced.

"Every pound of copra brought into the ports of San Francisco and Seattle from the South Seas may have a pathetic little story behind it. The native always is between the devil of his appetite and the deep sea of desire for white man's goods. He can not eat his coconut and make copra of it, manifestly, but—

"However, not all are eaten. It is only the mature nut that becomes copra, because the oil content of the green nuts is relatively small and the meat thin. So these hard, ill-favored, aged nuts that no native would eat from choice, yet rich in that most remarkable vegetable oil, are denuded of their fibrous husk that defies the inexperienced white man but yields readily to a sharpened stick in the hands of the native. Then they are split, the meat removed and dried in the hot tropical sun. Two nuts have gone to make one pound of dry copra.

"The mature nut is roughly one-third water, one-third oil, and one-third solid matter. The water having been evaporated, one-half the dried copra is oil, and probably the finest vegetable oil of the world."

What the coconut means to the native, Mr. Farrell goes on to say, scarcely can be exaggerated. He makes thatch of the leaves. In some islands he wears a skirt of shredded leaf. Coconut sennit is his cord. In most low islands, where the water is brackish and undrinkable, he depends on the milk of a green nut, or, better, the sap of a tightly bound bud. Fermented, this becomes coconut toddy, and, boiled, it is a brown, sweet-sirup beverage. When the islander dances or goes abroad in the rain he anoints his body with coconut-oil. And every drop takes its toll from the copra production. To quote further:

"To manufacture the oil for his own use, the native shreds the mature nut into fine bits and expresses the juice by torsion in the fine, gauzelike stuff taken from the base of the tree fronds. This cream is boiled over a slow fire, perfumed with sweet-smelling woods.

"The metaphor of 'the cow of trees,' indeed, is apt. Mothers feed the exprest juice of the nut to infants for a day or two after birth, and instances are known of children who feed for eighteen months on nothing else than this rich, chalk-white, creamy fluid. Meat of the young nut is a delicious custard. Fresh

toddy has a certain lactic taste, which, on fermentation, becomes pronounced, as tho it were slightly soured milk.

"Half a century and more ago the first copra plantations managed by white men for their own profit arose in the South Seas. The principal consumers have been steadily enlarging their holdings since. Whole islands, usually atolls, are owned by British companies, which employ native labor at low wages. How long the native will be satisfied with his wage, particularly when he pays white men's prices for white men's goods, is an interesting conjecture. Moreover, the virtual certainty of periodical droughts, such as, for example, beset the equatorial atolls two years ago, and the increased cost of operating vessels to these out-of-the-way islands, are factors that will make for higher prices henceforth. As it is, the native himself (the independent producer on his own lands, that is) receives only a small portion of the European price. At a time when copra was worth \$200 a ton in London the native was receiving about \$40, or perhaps less, from the white or Chinese trader."

SWIMMING: THE SPORT OF CRIPPLES—Many a man who can not get along comfortably on land is at home in the water. Byron had a clubfoot, and walked with a cane, yet he swam the Hellespont in emulation of the fabled Leander. In fact, we are told by a writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London, May 17) that a man crippled in the lower limbs by deformity, injury, or paralysis can often move easily in the water. It is only recently, however, that this knowledge, tho posessed by many, has received any application as a principle in therapeutics. We read:

"Many merits have been claimed for baths, but not, so far as we know, this, until recently. We have had the opportunity of seeing the bath at the special surgical (orthopedic) military hospital at Tooting, and it was quite obvious that it was having a beneficial effect upon many of the patients who used it. The effect on cases, for instance, of partial paraplegia is produced by a combination of causes—physical, physiological, and mental. The high specific gravity of the water, as compared with air, buoys up the limbs, and the absence of friction with the surface of the bed renders movement easier; when the man swims, or while he is learning, the muscles receive natural physiological stimulus originating in the cortex, and a beneficial mental effect is produced by the man's discovery that he can move his limbs and get about in the water. The building of a swimming-bath sounds an elaborate business, but that established at the Hospital at Tooting, by Lieut.-Col. D. K. McDowell, the officer in charge, with the help of the British Red Cross Society, was quickly put up at no great cost by the conversion of what had been a lavatory. It is not big, nor is it deep, but appears to answer the purpose very well."

CUTTING DOWN THE WASTE

MATERIAL IN A FACTORY does not all go into the finished product. Some of it is always left over and becomes "scrap" or "waste"—a certain proportion of it necessarily so. But it has been found that the proportion "scrapped" is almost always larger than necessary, and that savings amounting to many thousands of dollars a year can be effected by systematically reducing it. How this has been done in many instances is related by Johnson Heywood in an article contributed to *Factory* (Chicago, June). Mr. Heywood tells us that in general the scrap-pile fattens on wastes of three kinds—material wasted by incorrect manufacturing methods, improper cutting, and spoilage due to poor workmanship. To quote and condense his article:

"Two methods are effective in overcoming these faults—the one to use is dictated by the exact conditions involved. They are, standardization of methods and processes, and bonuses based on quality. Usually these two methods go together, but neither as a rule accomplishes much unless based on a thorough and common-sense analysis of the exact difficulty which is involved.

"In the knitting industry a number of wastes due to incorrect manufacturing methods have, by long-established custom, come to be looked upon as necessary evils. However, in one knit-underwear mill at least two of these wastes have been reduced to a great extent."

"The first is due to improper marking. The photograph reproduced [opposite] shows a roll of knit cloth as it left the knitting-room after having been marked in the wasteful way common to knitters. Usually, twelve to eighteen inches of the full width of the piece was lost on each roll, as that much had to be cut off to remove the markings.

"To overcome this, instead of using crayon, the operator was required to mark the roll with special metal stamps and a bleach-resisting ink. This consumes only about three inches of the roll, or actually saves from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the former waste.

"There was another common end-waste in knit-goods due to the distortion of the roll-end in its passage through the dye-house. It was customary to tie several rolls of cloth together, end to end, so that the passage through the vats would be continuous. After being pulled and squeezed through the kettles for an hour or more, it is not surprising that the ends are unfit for use.

"But now these ends are sewed together with a chain-stitch sewing-machine which not only saves all but two inches of waste, but puts the strain evenly across the width of the roll. The chain-stitches are easily unraveled after the dyeing is complete. The actual total saving made amounts to over \$10,000 a year in one mill, which has a production of 2,000 dozen garments a day.

"Where a great many parts are run through an operation with a single setting of the machine, as with screw and other automatic and semiautomatic machines, what is known as 'first-piece inspection' saves a great deal of waste. Obviously, if the tools are improperly set, every single piece made will be defective unless the setting is corrected.

"One concern, which found that much of material was being spoiled in this way, installed a rigid system of first-piece inspection. In this concern, 'first-piece inspection' is performed by a special inspector and production can not start on any machine until he has O. K.'d the first piece made. Where formerly it was not unusual for hundreds of 'off dimension' parts to be delivered by a machine to the junk-pile, this form of waste never happens now.

"Where material must be cut, great chances exist for waste

due either to poor layout or planning or to carelessness. This is especially noticeable in the blanking operation of punch-press work."

When material to be cut comes in rolls of uniform width like cloth, or in sheets of definite size like iron, brass, and so on, it is usually possible to standardize the cutting to give minimum waste. Patterns can be juggled about to utilize odd corners and shapes, or the dimensions may occasionally be changed to allow more economical cutting. The author illustrates:



Illustrations by courtesy of "Factory," Chicago.

THE OLD WAY—WASTEFUL.

"This man is pulling the cloth to a pointed end so it will tie easily to the next piece. Sewing together saves this waste."

cent. of his leather as bought. The following plan reduced this loss to practically \$6,000 a year, or somewhat less than half what it had been.

"A standard waste of twenty per cent. was set, as this had been the average for several years. The cutter is now given a bonus of \$10 a month for each one per cent. which his waste runs under twenty per cent. Thus, when one cutter showed a total waste of only twelve per cent. for one month, he earned as a bonus \$80.

"We now come to the third cause of waste, spoilage by workmen. There are generally two reasons for this—pure carelessness or piece-rates which put a premium upon quantity without regard to quality. The most all-inclusive cure is the quality bonus, altho sometimes it is possible to safeguard the work from spoilage by mechanical means.

"Some time ago a careful study was made of the operations in a pressroom in which a considerable amount of tin-plate was blanked out.

"It developed that the piece-prices were extremely low, and the press-hand was compelled to banish all thoughts of low spoilage in order to earn a fair day's pay.

"Furthermore, no effort was made to lay out the work for economical material consumption. In many instances a slightly changed layout, altho it increased the labor cost, resulted in from ten to thirty-three per cent. more blanks out of the same size sheet or a sheet a fraction larger.

"The sizes of material used, the layout of the work, and the speed at which the machines were operated gave positive indication that whoever had previously set the piece-rates labored under the delusion that a low labor-cost necessarily meant a low manufacturing-cost.

"That theory proved to be false in this instance, for the piece-rate for blanking could be raised twenty per cent. and only increase the total cost of the article one per cent.—including both labor and expense.

"On the other hand, a saving of four per cent. of the material



GOODS DAMAGED BY PULLING.

cost reduced the total cost 2.8 per cent.—a net saving of 1.8 per cent. on the plant's production. In this instance the saving amounts to about \$50,000 a year."

SHALL WE FLY BY STEAM?

IS THERE ANY REASON why the explosion-motor, with gasoline as its fuel, should be the exclusive power for aviation? Such motors are very light, and are hence suited to the small airplanes in which man necessarily began his excursions into the air; but the latest giant planes are like steamships compared with a rowboat when we view them beside our early attempts. Oars are good to propel a skiff, but no one thinks of using them nowadays for large vessels. The triremes of antiquity are seen no more. So if we are to have huge, heavy aircraft, why not try steam as a motive power? A contributor to *Power Plant Engineering* (Chicago, June 1) reminds us that this would be nothing new. This writer warns us against the too common error of saying that something "can't be done." Such statements are usually followed sooner or later by somebody doing it. In fact, nearly everything in aviation to-day is an achievement of the supposedly impossible, especially the big planes weighing many tons each. This extraordinary increase in size leads him to question whether a change in fuel may not prove advantageous, not just at present, perhaps, but when the right time comes for it. He reminds us that the idea is not a new one. Steam-propelled airplanes have been not only proposed, but built. A thirty-pound model, steam-driven, was made by Professor Langley in the experimental days of aviation and flew over half a mile. We read:

"Until just a few years ago flying was popularly regarded as a dangerous hobby and comparatively few had faith in its practical purposes. But the phenomenal evolution of the aircraft industry during the war brought progress which would otherwise have required a span of years. With the cessation of hostilities considerable attention has been diverted to the commercial uses of aircraft, which may conveniently be classified as mail- and passenger-service.

"Men who first ventured the prediction that postal and express matter would one day be carried through the air were branded as dreamers. Parts of that dream became a reality during 1918, and a more extensive aerial-mail program will be adopted this year. The dispatch with which important communications and parcels are delivered between large cities has firmly established its need.

"Large passenger-carrying aircraft are now receiving pronounced attention. Lately developed by the Navy is a flying-boat having a wing area of 2,400 square feet, equipped with three Liberty motors and weighing 22,000 pounds with a full load. It is the largest seaplane in the world, and on a recent test-trip from Virginia to New York carried fifty-one passengers. At the present moment the public is awaiting the thrilling details of the first flight between Europe and America, which has just occurred as a result of the keen international rivalry involved between the various entrants.

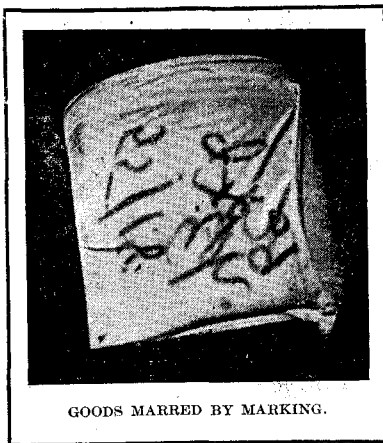
"The British are now constructing a super-triplane fitted with six 500 horse-power engines. Originally intended to carry 10,000 pounds of bombs and a crew of eight over a distance of 1,200 miles, the converted machine is claimed to be able to carry approximately one hundred passengers. It has a wing span of 141 feet and a fuselage length of 85 feet.

"What about the power plants of the future aircraft? Will the internal-combustion engine continue to reign supreme, or will increasing power demands of the huge planes to come lead to the development of suitable steam-engines? Will the use of petroleum continue to be one of the triumphs of aviation, or will the time come when substitutes may be successfully utilized?

"For aerial motive-power, the principal requirements are: great power for weight with a fairly high factor of safety, compactness, reliability of operation under flying conditions, and safety from fire. Bulk and weight of steam-driven equipment apparently impose severe restrictions upon its practical development for present aircraft purposes, but who is willing to classify its future use as an absurdity?

"Steam operation in small model airplanes is no innovation. Langley, in 1891-95, built four model airplanes, one driven by carbonic-acid gas and three by steam-engines. One of the steam-driven models weighed thirty pounds, and on one occasion flew a distance of about three thousand feet. In 1913 an Englishman constructed a power plant weighing about two pounds which consisted of a flash boiler and single-acting engine.

This unit employed benzolin, impure benzene, as fuel, and propelled a model plane weighing five pounds."

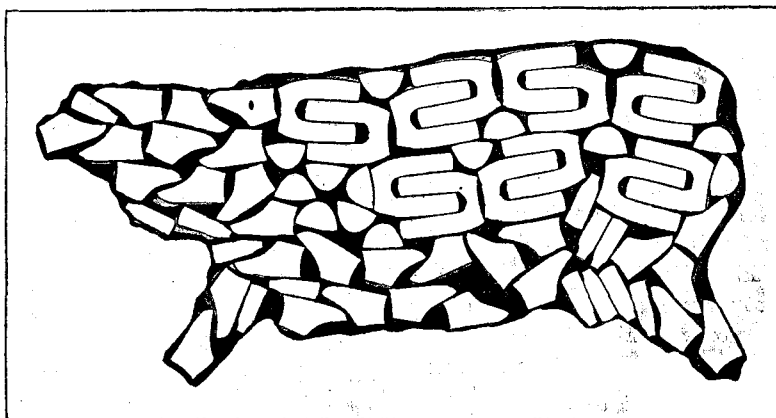


GOODS MARRED BY MARKING.

MELTING METAL ELECTRICALLY—Why is an electric furnace? Why turn heat energy into electrical energy merely to turn it back into heat again? Why not apply the original heat directly and save the waste of transformation? These questions are answered by an editorial writer in *The Electrical World* (New York, June 14) as follows:

"Offhand, one would be tempted to say that the complex transformation of energy from fuel to electricity and back again to heat, as required for electric furnace operation, would involve such economic disadvantages that it could not be considered as a commercial proposition. However, brass furnaces, even more than steel furnaces, are showing their economic value in permitting better quality of product, minimizing metal loss, and reducing amount of labor. Furthermore, the temperature is under precise control and the furnace atmosphere is free from contaminating gases and may be made reducing, neutral or oxidizing. These are particularly important points in the melting of non-ferrous alloys because on them depend the metal loss and quality of the product. The gas absorption is materially less than in fuel-fired furnaces, so that more homogeneous metal exceptionally free from blowholes can be obtained. The actual cost of melting brass per ton is considerably less with the electric furnace and energy at 1.5 cents

per kilowatt-hour than with gas, coal, or coke furnaces at the present prices of fuel. What is true of brass is to a certain extent true of many other alloys, especially those in which there is considerable difference in the melting and volatilization temperatures of the constituents. In not a few cases the ability to work in neutral or reducing atmosphere is vital to the successful production of alloys."



IT REQUIRES CARE TO CUT UP A HIDE WITHOUT WASTE.

LETTERS - AND - ART

WHEN MARK TWAIN PETRIFIED THE "BRAHMANS"

MARK TWAIN once dared to make fun of the Boston Brahmins to their faces, and was met with such shuddering disapproval that he repented for thirty years. His regret then evaporated and he might have dared to flout the Brahmins all over again, but the chance was long gone by. It was in a speech at the dinner given by the staff of *The Atlantic Monthly* to John G. Whittier on his seventieth birthday (December 17, 1877), and in the view of all but one present he treated Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes to too much "rough stuff." Mr. E. B. Osborn, recalling the event in the *London Morning Post*, writhes between indignant misapprehension and "Rabelaisian" delight over the legend of "a Bostonian who in his day defied all the Brahmins . . . with a joyous laugh bubbling up from his subconsciousness, the domain of the subterman, when the whole company sat petrified with priggish horror and amazement." Mr. Osborn is grieved because Mr. W. D. Howells, who once wrote of the incident, withholds the man's name, granting he knew it; and the English writer, sadly missing Mr. Howells's forbearing irony, boils with far more indignation than the poor Brahmins deserve:

"I wish I could find out his name; if he is dead he should have the best memorial ode I could beg, borrow, or steal; if he is alive, I would make a special journey to Boston or wherever he lives to shake his honest hand. W. D. Howells, that obsequious follower and led critic of the chief Brahmins, does not render human justice to this epoch-making laugh, which was really as significant as the fiery writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. When Mark Twain had finished his speech 'there fell,' writes W. D. Howells, 'a silence weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment, and was broken only by the hysterical and blood-curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy.'"

"Infamy, forsooth!" shouts Mr. Osborn, quite missing Mr. Howells's decorous delight:

"Why, his laughter was the one downright honest thing in the whole solemn humbugging gathering at which the Quaker poet was most praised for what is least praiseworthy in his stuff—the literary mannerisms, grains of sand in sugar, as it were, which are his tribute to the Brahmanical convention."

Perhaps Mr. Howells will one day be willing to tell who the laughter was; and if by chance it was young Henry Adams, whose autobiography might justify suspicion being turned his way, the friendly silence may now be lifted. Mr. Osborn is wrong in supposing that "very few people have ever read Mark Twain's speech, which seems to have been suppressed for many a year." The description of Holmes must have been known even to Max Beerbohm, for it furnished him the motif for his caricature of the late Sir William Harecourt. Mr. Osborn, who seems not to be the recent writer for *Punch* who could raise no laugh over Rabelais, goes on with his defense of Mark Twain against the Bæotians among whom Mark's lot was cast:

"Mrs. Clemens, who existed, poor soul! to eliminate the Rabelaisian touches from her husband's full-blooded stuff, thought it in the worst possible taste and made him beat his breast in apology to Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes. It is hidden away among the appendices of Bigelow Paine's monumental biography."

Mark Twain himself did not look at it for thirty years, and his first recovered sight of it brought back the old-remembered gloom. A night's sleep, however, helped him to stand by his first guns, saying: "Unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last." The scene for which

all this is the prelude is finally given by Mr. Osborn, perhaps "to keep his anger still in motion":

"When he stood up to talk, Mark Twain said he was reminded of a thing that happened to him thirteen years before, when he had stirred up a little Nevadan literary puddle 'whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiaward.' He started on an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California, and one night came to a miner's lonely log-cabin in the foot-hills of the Sierras. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened the door. He looked more dejected than before when he heard his visitor's *nom de guerre*, and let him in reluctantly, but in due season produced the customary bacon and beans, black coffee, and hot whisky. When Mark Twain's pipe was lit, he remarked: 'You're the fourth—I'm going to move.' 'The fourth what?' asked the visitor. 'The fourth literary man that has been here in twenty-four hours—I'm going to move.' 'You don't tell me!' said the astonished guest; 'who were the others?' 'Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—confound the lot!' They had certainly behaved very strangely, as the miner's story shows:

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to the Yosemite. They were a rough lot, but that's nothing; everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly, like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down on his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin; then he took me by the button-hole, and says he:

Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings,
"Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!"

"Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:

Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharides to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.

"Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' You see, it sort of riled me—I warn't used to the ways of literary swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work; and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me and interrupts me. Says he:

Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—

"But I broke in, and says I, 'Beg your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug."

"After supper they played euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust—with a greasy old deck of cards, and cheated in the most shameless way. Worse still, they were constantly quoting poetry, until the honest miner was dazed and ready to drop. Early next morning they departed, Mr. Longfellow with his host's boots on and his own tucked under his arm. 'As I said, Mr. Twain,' concluded the unfortunate miner, 'you are the fourth in twenty-four hours, and I'm going to move; I ain't suited to a literary atmosphere.'"

With no humorous tolerance even of the Brahmins, without whom Mr. Osborn could not indulge his Rabelaisian delight in this instance at least, he winds up:

"What a dreadful set of hard-shell prigs the guests at the

Atlantic Monthly dinner must have been to take this essay in fantastical humor as a studied impertinence, a breach of literary decorum! To do them justice, the chief Brahmins were not nearly as much offended as the lesser fry, the parasites and hangers-on and led critics. Longfellow and Holmes, tho it is clear they thought an apology was required, wrote graciously in reply to the Westerner's letter; they were most kind in a patronizing, literary way. Emerson's daughter wrote on his behalf a letter of bland forgiveness, gently rubbing it in all the time, which is one of the most subtly irritating documents ever printed. At Christmas, when he had the heart to go on with his work, Mark Twain wrote to Howells: 'Ah, well, I am a great and sublime fool. But then I am God's fool, and all his work must be contemplated with respect.'

"God's fool, indeed; and now, perhaps, partner with Aristophanes and Rabelais and Cervantes and Dickens in kindling laughter in heaven which shakes the high stars in their courses—that's why we see them twinkling at night."

HOW SHALL WE SPEAK SHAKESPEARE?

TO COMPARE THE SOUND of a lady's voice to the drip from a bath-room tap is going outside the limits of polite conversation, perhaps; but dramatic critics seem, at least, to claim special privileges. These are taken to the full by English reviewers of plays who are dealing at present with a new production of "Romeo and Juliet" made by an American-born actress, Miss Doris Keane. Were it not for the support granted her by a fellow actress, her voice might be silenced under the crushing weight of disapproval. Miss Gertrude Kingston defends Miss Keane on the ground that she represents *Juliet* as much like any young girl of to-day; the critics, on the other hand, will have nothing of any *Juliet* who does not speak the speech as they pronounce it. It would perhaps seem to a distant onlooker that Miss Keane might plead in her own defense that she has *Hamlet* for her authority as to speaking it "trippingly on the tongue." Mr. Walkley, of the *London Times*, as well as others of less thunderous note, have a well-kept tradition of the "Shakespeare voice," and will have nothing else. Mr. Walkley appeals to the Bard himself:

"Shakespeare express himself, his people, his stories, his artistic vision, in all sorts of ways, but he express them, before everything, in torrents of talk. The very riot of language in this play, the way that Shakespeare toyed lovingly with words, punning with them, quibbling with them, shows how all-important in his dramatic scheme is this element of talk. And because it is for the most part not only exuberant, but splendid, talk we love to hear him, as he loves to hear himself, talking through his people. For that reason, then those who act for us Shakespeare's people must open their mouths, must have the sense of language, the music of it as well as the meaning of it, must tickle our ears with it, must enjoy their words for their own sake, turning them over like sweetmeats on the tongue. And as they are more often than not to utter beautiful things, they must have beautiful, rich, resonant voices; they must give each word, each syllable, its full value as tho it were (or rather because indeed it is) a musical note; they must understand that

they are there not only to act, to posture, to look; they are there, above all, to speak."

What Miss Keane did with these words of *Juliet* put Mr. Walkley into a "desperate" state of mind:

"For all we, the audience, can tell from listening to her, Miss Keane takes no pleasure in Shakespeare's words, is content to let half of them be inaudible, and to utter the rest—or rather to let them slip out—in a harsh, strained (we had almost written cracked) monotonous voice that turns the poetry into prose. Here is a *Juliet* pouring forth her passion from her balcony in dribblets, as tho it were a drip from a bath-room tap! Her heart's eloquence is rationed!

"This is deplorable enough, but what shall we say to a *Juliet* who, still on the balcony, is self-conscious and, evidently, for two pins would be skittish? Any, the slightest, suggestion of this kind is, of course, absolutely fatal. The situation is simplicity itself. Here are two young people, mere boy and girl, in a love-dream, languorously dreaming aloud, their eyes never off each other, unconscious of themselves, conscious only of their passion. And their passion is quite simple. It has nothing of Pascal's plural—*les passions de l'amour*. The pair have not (for excellent reasons) read Stendhal or Bourget or D'Annunzio. It is just simple, elemental, romantic love. The lovers meet, kiss, wed, and die. Wed? Yes, to be sure, there is a bedroom scene. Shakespeare would be in the fashion now! But was there ever so innocent, so sweet, a bedroom scene, even tho the nuptial couch stares you in the face? It is always the pure romance of love. Mr. Sydney, for his part, has got hold of the romance. He is (if a little jerky) romantic enough. Miss Keane looks romantic, but too often plays prosaically, and when she opens her mouth—well, we will say no more about that. It is a significant fact that she is never so effective as when she has drunk the Friar's sleeping-draft, and is lying mute. She dies, however, beautifully. Indeed, it may be said of both these lovers: nothing in their life becomes them like the leaving of it."

Most of the London critics agree with Mr. Walkley, being infected, of course, with the same virus. An actress much older than Miss Keane, and with many years of honorable service, dares to lift her voice against the critics and the "Shakespeare voice" itself. In *The Daily Mail* (London) Miss Gertrude Kingston gives this derisive recipe:

"You must begin by emptying your lungs of air—you must hunch your shoulders; this will produce a hollowness of sound that may pass for a fine organ (until the throat tires). You must tremble on the first notes; accentuate every fourth syllable, by which means you will outrun or catch up the meter (either will serve to show your audience that you are conscious of speaking blank verse). Do this, and not a critic will deny that you know how to 'deliver your lines,' not a pittance will fail to recognize you as a British-born Shakespearian actor."

She goes on to describe an afternoon of the more approved Shakespeare and then ends with a word in favor of Miss Keane:

"Without a program I was in the dark. Neither gestures nor words gave me the clue; both were unintelligible. But the voice, the rise and fall of the rhythm, the meaningless cadence bearing



THE NEWEST JULIET.

Miss Doris Keane, whose too modern intonations set the conservative London Shakespeare critics' teeth on edge; but to a fellow actress she played "her 'balcony scene' with all the gush of a girl's first love-affair."

no relation whatever to the text, the evident zest with which the actors listened to the sounds they themselves were producing without the slightest indication of facial expression to convey to me what they were speaking, so exactly represented the elocution that we here associate with Shakespeare that at least I knew I was not listening to Sheridan or Swinburne.

"So desperately are we steeped in this form of 'elocution,' so viciously are we addicted to this formless tradition, that if we find an actor or actress playing a Shakespearian part with a sense of character, but with an individual or peculiar mannerism of speech, the whole of London cries out vehemently: 'This can not be Shakespeare, for we do not hear the 'Shakespeare voice.'"

"Why have we never quarreled with Ellen Terry for her indifference to declamation, her disregard of meter? Ellen, the



REX BEACH,

Who leads a brave array of American authors to "the putting-green of the screen drama."

materialization of the genius of charm; Ellen, with her delicious staccato, that upward lilt at the end of the word that hangs up her sentence like the note of a bird in mid-air, leaving us breathless in waiting for the continuation of her melody? Because Ellen Terry came on to the stage when mind and heart were part of the equipment of an actress and not mere prettiness and perversity pandering to popularity. Ellen Terry became in herself a tradition before the present race of playgoers found wit in buffoonery, beauty in bare-breasted suggestiveness, and pleasure in meaningless sounds mouthed in Elizabethan costumes.

"Precisely because Doris Keane appeared to have quite naively come to the study of *Juliet* as to any other new part, untutored in our shibboleths of the play, precisely because I felt she had never read it with controversial foot-notes by Hazlitt and annotations by Sidney Lee, her performance came as freshly to my jaded sense of the drama as if she had been telling me the story of Jessie or of Jenny instead of *Juliet*! For, after all, what was *Juliet* but a romantic hoyden, tuned to heroism by the tragedy of circumstance, in the same way that any little schoolgirl of Belgium or occupied France became sanctified by her martyrdom at the hands of the Germans, and I thanked my little American *Juliet* for playing her 'balcony scene' with all the gush of a girl's first love-affair.

"A hundred times rather would I watch the play with a naive, spontaneous, expansive interpretation than lose the 'story' in a mass of intellectual detail that focuses the eye on the scholarliness of the star part and leaves the rest of the drama in obscurity."

AUTHORS AS FILM-PRODUCERS

THE AUTHOR has long had a grievance against the moving picture. Oftener than not he has had no credit at all given him for the original conception. True, in certain ways this has been a relief, for the adapter has taken such liberties that the author's heart has been wrung to see the mutilation of the child of his brain. Shakespeare, Dickens, and other honored dead have had an advertising value in their names alone; but their work, alas! has borne no sanctity for the producer. Certain very live authors, like Rex Beach, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Basil King, Rupert Hughes, Leroy Scott, and Gouverneur Morris, have taken their reputations in hand, and, in the apt phrase of the *New Haven Journal-Courier*, their cooperation "marks the approach of the established writer to the putting-green of the screen drama." The above-mentioned writers have accordingly formed a combination with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, and what has long been needed is seen to have come at last, "the cooperation of creative writers of genius with the men who make the motion-pictures." That the move is a popular one seems to be proved by the variety of comment called forth. Mr. Beach, who leads the assault, is applauded by the *New York Tribune*:

"While other eminent authors sat wan and shuddering at the iniquities of the motion-picture producers, Mr. Beach sallied out to study the monster, to learn its paces, and saddle and bridle it; put, we are told, his money on it, and now rides it as a winner. Conduct like this certainly warms the heart. We do not wonder that a flock of eminent authors are now on the heels of this powerful shepherd, greatly to the ultimate advantage, there can be little doubt, to themselves, the motion-picture business, and the motion-picture public."

The *Des Moines Capital*, more jealous for the rights of the film-maker, says:

"Celebrated authors' works, as cinema-fare for the coming season, should make a higher grade of scenarios, and consequently much better pictures. The supervision of authors will be all right so long as the authors entirely inexperienced in the methods of the studios do not insist on imposing limitations on those who know the art of picture-making."

The *New York Telegraph* points out that, "both on the stage and on the screen, the author is achieving a new importance. Instead of being a mere literary person who isn't supposed to know anything about the practical business of putting together a play or a picture, he is now being regarded as a valuable aid and asset to the intelligent producer. The formation of the authors' company marks a signal victory for all the writers who have claimed screen recognition." In the *New York Globe* Rex Beach explains why the screen story, its plot and general development, are still in the nickelodeon state:

"There has been an absurd antagonism between the author on one side and the producer and director on the other. The director dismisses the author as a visionary sort of highbrow with no practical knowledge of screen craft, who can be relied upon to 'gum up' any scene as soon as he appears on the lot. And the author regards the director as a crude person with a malicious talent for mutilating the precious child of his brain. Meanwhile the moving-picture tide sweeps on. It is like the starboard oar quarreling with the port oar in the middle of a varsity race. The whole thing has grown out of the blindest of blind farces—prejudice, which is only another name for misunderstanding. It is quite possible for the author and the director to achieve a sort of team-work that results in a perfect production."

With the new prominence of authors in motion-pictures, *The Motion-Picture News* is led to remark, "surely the day of the story is at hand. And with it, the promise of a fall's output averaging higher in quality than any previous period has seen." But the novel does not always make a good screen play, points out the *Los Angeles Express*:

"Writing for the screen and writing for the magazines are

radically different. Each has its own formation and mold of expression. Some of the most monumental failures have been among writers of fiction, whereas our greatest photoplay-wrights have never written for publication, and never will."

This point draws fire from Gertrude Atherton, who retorts in the New York *Evening Sun* by saying:

"The technique of a novel and a picture-play may differ, and when a book is filmed there may be necessary changes in it in order to get it over, but this is not saying that it needs to be cheapened or changed in its essence."

In the New York *Times* this author is also quoted, and it is an interesting statement coming from one of the foremost American women novelists:

"In these days when books have been almost shoved out of existence by the popular magazines, authors should be grateful to have their stories and novels on the screen. No first-rate author writes for monetary compensation alone. He wants to be read, to influence, to get his ideas over to the largest audience possible. Personally, I am delighted at the opportunity to reach millions instead of thousands, and grateful to be included in this new combination of authors. I have always believed in the great future of the moving pictures. Nothing so beneficent has ever been invented, nothing that has brought so much diversion and cheer into the drab lives of millions of people."

DANGERS OF THE EPIGRAM

NAPOLEON IS SAID to have regretted one of his "apt" phrases; men of to-day with greater facility may have also found cause for deeper regret. The winged word often flies to untoward places. The Los Angeles *Times* recalls that Napoleon once said after a battle with particularly heavy losses, "One can not expect to make an omelet without breaking some eggs." It cost him a hundred thousand recruits and doubtless some sage reflection on the high cost of epigrams. The Western observer notes that President Wilson's later addresses do not sparkle like the earlier war-speeches. When some of his epigrams "proved boomerangs which returned to plague him and his associates, he abandoned generalizations for the more simplified language of the European statesmen." Lloyd George is coupled with Mr. Wilson as the chief "makers of phrases during the war-period," while Mr. Balfour is said to hold the practise in disdain. "A careful avoidance of either a witticism or a generalization can be observed in all his war-addresses." The Los Angeles editor takes it this way:

"A trained diplomat avoids epigrams as he would a bomb; for they have an unfortunate effect of going off at the wrong time, back-firing and falling in the wrong trench.

"When the President asserted in 1915 that America was 'too proud to fight' he unintentionally cast a stain upon American manhood which remained until washed out by the blood of our heroes in the Argonne and in Flanders.

"'Watchful waiting' became a byword south of the Rio Grande. Its only effect was to awaken a contempt for the American Government among the Mexican people.

"'Making the world safe for democracy' struck a popular chord from this country; but it brought from both Germany and Britain the retort, 'Better make democracy safe for the world first.'

"'Self-determination for little peoples' received almost universal approval when it was uttered; but it has since proved to be a stumbling-block in the path of the Peace Conference. Both British and French statesmen now assert that the principle of self-determination leads to the breaking up of nations and produces confusion where unity is necessary to stability and progress. Most of the eighteen wars now raging in Europe are attributed to that phrase, 'Self-determination for little peoples.'

"'Open covenants openly arrived at' was hailed with applause by those who had never taken a course in diplomacy. But it vexed the President when the Peace Conference found the principle impractical.

"When the President referred to the opposition in the Senate as a 'Little group of wilful men,' he awakened animosities that interfered seriously with his plans for American participation in

the Peace Conference and paved the way for embittered opposition to the covenant of the League of Nations."

Some of the foregoing phrases may be subject to other interpretation than those which *The Times* or the public in general have put upon them. The President will doubtless clarify them in the book of the war he is reported to have promised. Mean-time, not all his phrases have had unhappy consequences:

"When he declared that America was determined to oppose to Prussian military autocracy 'FORCE WITHOUT STINT OR LIMIT' he aroused the American people alike to a sense of their duties and capabilities; and the force that they generated crushed Germany in a single campaign. His declaration for a peace of



GERTRUDE ATHERTON,

Who looks with delight to counting her audience in millions where before they were thousands.

justice that 'must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just' gave to German democracy a weapon that it used with telling force against the Hohenzollerns. They have since protested that the peace terms are not in accordance with that declaration; but it served its purpose to unhorse Prussian autocracy.

"The President's 'Fourteen Points' attained a wide popularity during the last months of the war, but they proved so many bones of contention during the Peace Conference. The main reason for this was that many of the points were epigrammatic in form and were subject to contradictory constructions. When Premier Clemenceau first saw them he said: 'Fourteen. It is very many. The good God had but ten.'

"French and British statesmen have been constrained to declare frequently during the peace negotiations that they are not responsible for President Wilson's altruistic utterances, that they never indorsed them, and that they did not form the basis for a peace settlement. The President insists, however, that all the terms of the Peace Treaty are in strict accord with his celebrated 'Fourteen Points,' that the confusion was occasioned because the Germans misunderstood them.

"It is possible that if the President were to go through a similar experience he would be more chary about phrase-making and epigrammatical utterances. The trouble with all epigrammatic expression is that its very brevity makes it necessary that it shall express but a half truth. A condensed, striking phrase can not include all the truth—can not go all the way around it—can not voice its qualifications and modifications."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CATHOLIC DEFENSE OF PROHIBITION

A GRIEVANCE THAT THE RETURNED ARMY is said to hold is that the prohibition amendment was "put over," as the phrase is, while the Army was gone. One officer is quoted as having formulated the charge in this way: "The slackers voted the country dry while we went over the top." To fasten the epithet "slackers" on those who remained at home, thinks *The Missionary* (Washington), official organ of the Catholic Missionary Union, is "hardly fair, patriotic, or logical." The Army was, indeed, "the edge of the nation's sword," says this journal, but "the hilt of the sword was in the hand of the nation back home." Who were these slackers, the question is asked:

"Were they not the same that taxed themselves for supplies for the Army until never before was an army so equipped, so safeguarded, so sustained? Were they not those who planned and carried out so successfully the various Liberty Loan drives, without which there would have been nobody to go over the top in France or Flanders? Were they not the people who contributed so generously to the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Knights of Columbus? Were they not the folk who literally left nothing undone to secure the greatest efficiency and comfort of the soldiers and to sustain their morale? Were they not, in fine, the great American people who stood behind the Government unflinching and unquestioningly in the greatest crisis in the country's history, and held up its hands while the battles raged in Europe?"

Opposition to prohibition, thinks this writer, "often blurs the sight of very good people and causes them to strike out blindly and say things not according to reason." The Army in general is not to be credited with this sentiment; however, and *The Missionary* defends it against the charge of some of its units:

"We have yet failed to find any general sentiment against the prohibition amendment among the soldiers. We have had contact through officers, chaplains, and soldiers with more divisions of the Army than most regimental or divisional officers can claim. It is begging the question to assume that each and every soldier is a liquorite at heart. Nothing of the kind is true. We know a Massachusetts town that went 'wet' in 1917 because the draft and the volunteering took away so many of the young men who would have voted it 'dry' had they been at home.

"There is no denying of the power of suggestion. Many returning soldiers may be persuaded they have a grievance if the thought is constantly suggested to them that while they were on the other side the home-stayers took advantage of their absence to 'put something over on them.' Nothing could be more mistaken than this. The prohibition amendment is not the result of a snap judgment. Anybody with any sort of political sense could have seen for many years that it was inevitable. The Congress that voted by a two-thirds majority to submit the amendment for ratification was elected before we went to war. Twenty-nine States had at that time already adopted State prohibition, and three others were on the point of becoming dry. Only thirty-six were needed for ratification of national prohibition. Forty-five out of the forty-eight voted for it. Nothing in the political life of America came with more inevitable decisiveness after an agitation extending throughout a generation. It may have come a little sooner because of war-conditions, but when the slogan, 'A Dry Nation by 1920,' became the generally accepted forecast of political events, there was no war in sight.

"Prohibition is an expression of the will of the American people. It is a law of the United States. It is an amendment to the Constitution brought about by the same legal means as all the other amendments. It is the work of all the people, by their representatives, and not of the home-stayers in opposition to the soldiers. Men in places of influence might be engaged in better business than trying to drive a wedge between the Army and the people at large. This is only helping along the work

of the Bolsheviki and other forces of disorganization and disintegration."

Another point concerning prohibition that *The Missionary* sets out to correct is the charge that the Catholic Church does not favor it. This impression derives from the attitude taken by some Catholic journals, and perhaps to some extent from the fact that the Catholic Church in America has not since 1884 given official expression on the matter. At least, the latter is the statement of Bishop McGovern of Cheyenne in *The Catholic Temperance Advocate* (Mount Morris, Ill.), where he declares:

"The only official expression of opinion on this subject by the Catholic Church in America is found in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (in the year 1884), where the assembled Bishops, after calling attention to the wide-spread evils of the abuse of intoxicating liquor, remind dealers of the many occasions of sin connected with the traffic, and bid the faithful seek a more honorable means of subsistence."

An appeal was made in *America* (New York) for "the personal liberty of the men in uniform," and against this doctrine *The Missionary* writes:

"The spirits of the French Revolution must be turning in their graves with astonishment to find not only this 'Catholic Review of the Week' but other Catholic papers in the United States pleading for that personal liberty for which they were willing to overturn the foundations of social order and religion. European liberalism never advocated a more dangerous doctrine than that which these latest protagonists of personal liberty have been upholding as essentially Catholic. When did the Church commit herself to the doctrine that liberty to do what one pleases is true liberty? When did she say that men have an inalienable right to get everything which appetite craves, provided the having of it be not forbidden by the Ten Commandments? When did she begin to be absorbed in what men 'shall eat or what they shall drink or wherewithal they shall be clothed'?"

"Catholic theology maintains the supremacy of the individual conscience, but repudiates both the absurdity of private judgment and the wickedness of private wilfulness. No man has a right to think as he pleases or to do as he pleases. Christian liberty means the right to think the thoughts of God and to do the will of God. It is fundamental in Catholic theology that from the sin of Lucifer to the last or the least sin of to-day the chief enemy of God has been this very thing which is called personal liberty. Its hideous claims none would dare to defend if they did not confuse them with the rights of the individual conscience; or if they had not some ulterior purpose to serve which has blinded them for the moment or even made them willing to blind others.

"*America* has been continuing its attack on prohibition for a long time. We have had no quarrel with much that has been said in its columns. Every man has a right to express honest convictions and all of us should be tolerant of one another's opinions. Prohibition is an open question, and in the arena of public opinion every one who has facts to offer or arguments to present should be heard, if he talks and acts like a Christian and an honorable gentleman. But partizanship has no right to misstate facts or to distort the application of principles in the consideration of prohibition or of any other question. Liquorite fanatics have misrepresented Catholic teaching and have insulted the common-sense of thinking men.

"It is alleged that a prohibitory decree against intoxicating liquors is out of place in the Constitution. It is alleged that the Constitution should confine itself to statements of general principles and definitions of Federal authority. Who has appointed the critics of prohibition as the arbiters of propriety in the amending of the Constitution? That document is the mandate of the sovereign people and in the body of it contains limitations of personal privileges. It will remain the right of the American people to add to it whatever seems to them of paramount importance."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SALOON "KICK"

SALOON SUBSTITUTES do not trouble Cordova, a little town in Alaska, not the big one in Spain. The substitute is already there in the Red Dragon Club, which started as a rival to the first saloon, and will soon proudly wave the flag of victor. Its great superiority over most of the proposed substitutes is that it has the saloon "kick"—"a 'kick' not entirely alcoholic, but increased and made human by sociability minus the frigidity of formal gatherings and the personal freedom which permitted any man to say whatever he pleased in whatever way he pleased." Just how this personal-liberty "kick" is to be applied to all the retrieved corner saloons of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, *et al.*, *The Public Ledger* of the latter place is not prepared to say. But small towns and rural centers are urged to take notice, and *The Ledger* sees in this Alaskan rival to the "poor man's club" a means of saving "recourse altogether to theory," since this club "has been weighed in the Alaskan balance for ten years and not found wanting." Founded in 1908, the Red Dragon Club boasts this interesting history:

"With more than a score of saloons in the little town of slightly in excess of one thousand inhabitants, not to mention numerous dance-halls and dives, the Red Dragon has held its own and made a name for itself not only throughout Alaska, but in many parts of the world.

"The Red Dragon has a 'kick' in it, altho no alcoholic beverages have ever been served there. Any man, drunk or sober, is welcome there. He can read, write, box, play pool, talk 'trade' with men from all parts of the territory, drink coffee, swap stories, or express his opinion on any matter that comes up from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight every day in the week. If he is too drunk to navigate, friendly hands will be found to steer him to his cabin or to a bunk where he can sleep off the effects of a spree.

"The Red Dragon Club-house was opened in Cordova by the Protestant Episcopal Church many years before it had a church building there. In fact, St. George's Mission has just been completed.

"In 1907, when the Copper River & Northwestern Railway Company was preparing to build a terminus near the native village of Eyak and lay its track into Cordova, which then existed only on paper, the Rev. E. P. Newton, a Protestant Episcopal missionary, visited Eyak. The railroad company assigned a site near its proposed terminus in Cordova where the church could erect a building. Mr. Newton decided that a seven-day and seven-night a week club-house was needed in that rough, pioneer community much more than a church. Work was soon begun on the Red Dragon.

"It was a neck-and-neck race between Mr. Newton and the proprietor of the first saloon to be built in Cordova to see which would be finished first. The saloon won, but the Red Dragon was the second building to be finished in the new town.

"It was then, and still is, a very crude affair. A one-story, one-room frame building, twenty-four by thirty-six feet, with a storm porch, it had little to differentiate it from its rival saloons, dance-halls, or stores, except for the equipment which it housed. It contained a fireplace, a piano, a large 'mission' table with writing-pads and magazines, three bookcases filled with a thousand volumes (most of which were the gifts of individuals later),

boxing-gloves, a pool-table, a large davenport, two couches with pillows, Morris chairs, and a stack of folding chairs, three game-tables, an alcohol coffee-urn, and a chafing-dish, and an altar with its equipment, which was kept in a closet until Sunday, when the one room was transformed into a place of worship."

It took the name Red Dragon Club-house in order to convince those shy of anything religious that it was not a place where religion would be obtruded upon those unwilling to hear it. Neither dogma, church standards, nor tests of the moral character of its visitors have been brought forward. But—



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A SALOON OF THE FUTURE.

This scene at the Salvation Army bar in the Hotel Argonne, 155 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City, may be duplicated many times in the "dry" days we are entering upon.

"Every one has been welcomed. A second reason for selecting the name Red Dragon was that the church, when it should come to be built, was to be called St. George's, and the dragon was deemed a fitting name to be used in connection therewith because of the story of St. George and the dragon.

"And then Mr. Newton wanted a name which, with a dragon painted in red, could be used on the stationery of the club-house to help advertise it throughout Alaska. It soon became famous. Letters to men who expected to be in Cordova were frequently addressed in care of the Red Dragon Saloon, the writers knowing the proclivities of the persons addressed.

"The Rev. Leonard E. Todd, of Fall River, Mass., spent his vacation in 1908 in charge of the Red Dragon. In January, 1909, Eustace Paul Ziegler, of Detroit, since ordained and now rector of St. George's in Cordova, was placed in charge and still directs its destinies.

"The history of Alaska could be reconstructed from the persons and events that passed under Mr. Ziegler's vision in the Red Dragon Club-house. He has made strange friendships with rough and desperate men, with drunkards, spendthrifts, miners, foreign laborers employed in railway construction gangs, gamblers, college boys of good principles seeking fame and fortune, and the word spoken in season, when, in trouble, they appealed to him for advice or aid, has often borne unexpected results. The Red Dragon has greatly extended the field of his usefulness.

"Now that the saloon is going out of business, Cordova should have no difficulty in finding a substitute. It is already there, prepared to begin substituting. And it will not be without a 'kick,' albeit a non-alcoholic one.

"What Cordova, and, through Cordova, Alaska has tried and proved may be the active suggestion which will solve the

problem puzzling many lay and clerical brains at home as to what shall be substituted for the saloon.

"A community center, or club-house, with a 'kick' in it, such as the Red Dragon is, may prove adaptable to many American towns and rural centers. It would not be surprising if the Protestant Episcopal Church, as part of its new nation-wide program to further religious and social welfare work, should transplant the Red-Dragon idea, no longer an experiment, but a successful fact, to various communities in the United States."

GORKY DEFENDING RUSSIAN JEWS

THAT THE JEWS as a mass are showing much more sensible love to Russia than many Russians is a statement coming from Maxim Gorky, the novelist, who is no longer occupied with fiction but publishes in Petrograd a newspaper called *The New Life*. The New York *Tribune* pictures its editor as one "respected alike by the revolutionists and the conservatives." It says that "he speaks the voice not of this or that party or faction, but the voice of Russia as he hears it," hence his words about the disputed question of the Jews' relation to Russia's troubles are to be taken with respect. "There are many more Jews among the Mensheviks than there are among the Bolsheviks," he declares in answer to correspondents who charge this race with anarchistic tendencies. At the same time he notes that "anti-Semitism keeps growing. It lifts its ugly head and spreads the poisons of calumny and hatred all about." *The Tribune*, translating an article from *The New Life*, shows Gorky as an ironist:

"But why all this (anti-Jewish agitation)? Why, think of it: among the anarchistically inclined Bolsheviks there are two Jews. Yes, I almost think there are three. Some even say that there are seven and are convinced that these seven Simeons (Samsons?) will pull down the temple which is inhabited by the 170,000,000 Russians.

"If there was not so much baseness in it this spectacle could be called foolish, even comical.

"The Hebrew god of revenge wished to spare an entire city because among a totally sinful population there was one virtuous person. And now, men who claim to be followers of the all-forgiving Redeemer believe that for the sins of two or seven Jews the entire Jewish population should atone.

"If this logic is to be followed out one ought to say that for the pure-Russian sinner, Lenin, all citizens of the province of Simbirsk, as well as the surrounding territory, should be made to suffer."

Jewish patriotism is manifest in the Russian papers if one took the trouble to read the articles written by Jews. The *Reich*, a newspaper which, Gorky declares, "shows not the slightest sympathy for the Bolsheviks," has many Jews on its staff. The *Novoye Vremya* also has Jews, yet it recently called the *Reich* a "Jew paper." Gorky continues:

"There are a thousand other evidences that the formula 'Jew-Bolshevik' is a very foolish formula, which is simply being put up to satisfy the zoologic instincts of excited Russians.

"I will not cite proofs for it: decent people don't need these proofs, and the others will not be converted by them."

Gorky calls attention to a batch of anti-Semitic proclamations that, he says, were sent him by the "Central Committee of the Union of Christian Socialists," one coming from Moscow and one from Petrograd. He writes:

"I do not know whether the above-mentioned organization really exists. If it does exist then its members are neither Christians nor Socialists, but are of the ordinary variety of Russian people—those loose good-for-nothings and idlers who have only themselves to blame for their misfortunes, but who insist on making every one except themselves responsible for their uselessness and inability to order their lives.

"That they are not Christians, and still less Socialists, is seen from the very low tone of their proclamation. Here are the introductory sentences:

"Anti-Semites of all countries, of all peoples, of all parties, unite."

"The Union of Christian Socialists turns to all Russian

citizens with the appeal to clear themselves of the Jewish pestilence with which our entire country is contaminated to the very depths of the population. Especially hard hit by this pest are our intellectual classes, which have been educated by the Jewish press, which is preaching the lying doctrines of brotherhood and equality of all nations and races. Every sensible man knows, however, that there are no equality and brotherhood, nor will there be. As a consequence an equal relationship to all men and to all nationalities is impossible."

"Aren't they a fine lot to be the children of the loving Redeemer, who in his own life never made distinction between Jews and Greeks; who, as well as the first apostles, was a Jew, and who suffered a martyr's death for men in general, for men of all races and origins! Yes, and what splendid Socialists they must be to speak of the doctrine of equality as 'lying' and a 'Jewish pest.'"

ANOTHER SORT OF COMMUNITY CHURCH

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH into which the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, New York, recently changed itself is still far from the church ideal set up by a Kansas pastor. The congregation of this Christian Church at Chanute were told recently by the Rev. Earl A. Blackman: "You must be willing to find me in the dance-hall, the club-room, the pool-hall, or even in the back alley, wherever I can serve, if I am to remain your pastor." Following this statement, we are told by the Kansas City *Star*, Mr. Blackman resigned his charge and gave the congregation an opportunity to think the proposition over for a week. The minister bears the sobriquet of "the fighting parson," and has just returned from service in the American Expeditionary Forces. His notion of the proper church for the future represents what he believes must be done in order to hold the returning soldiers and the young people in general. Quoting him:

"If I had my way half of Chanute's fifteen church structures would be turned into dance-halls, community centers, recreation-rooms, gymnasiums, reading-rooms, and billiard-rooms. For worship we would have one auditorium for the entire town, and we would have a gifted minister, a man in every sense, fill the pulpit."

The Star seems to assent, but not without some trepidations:

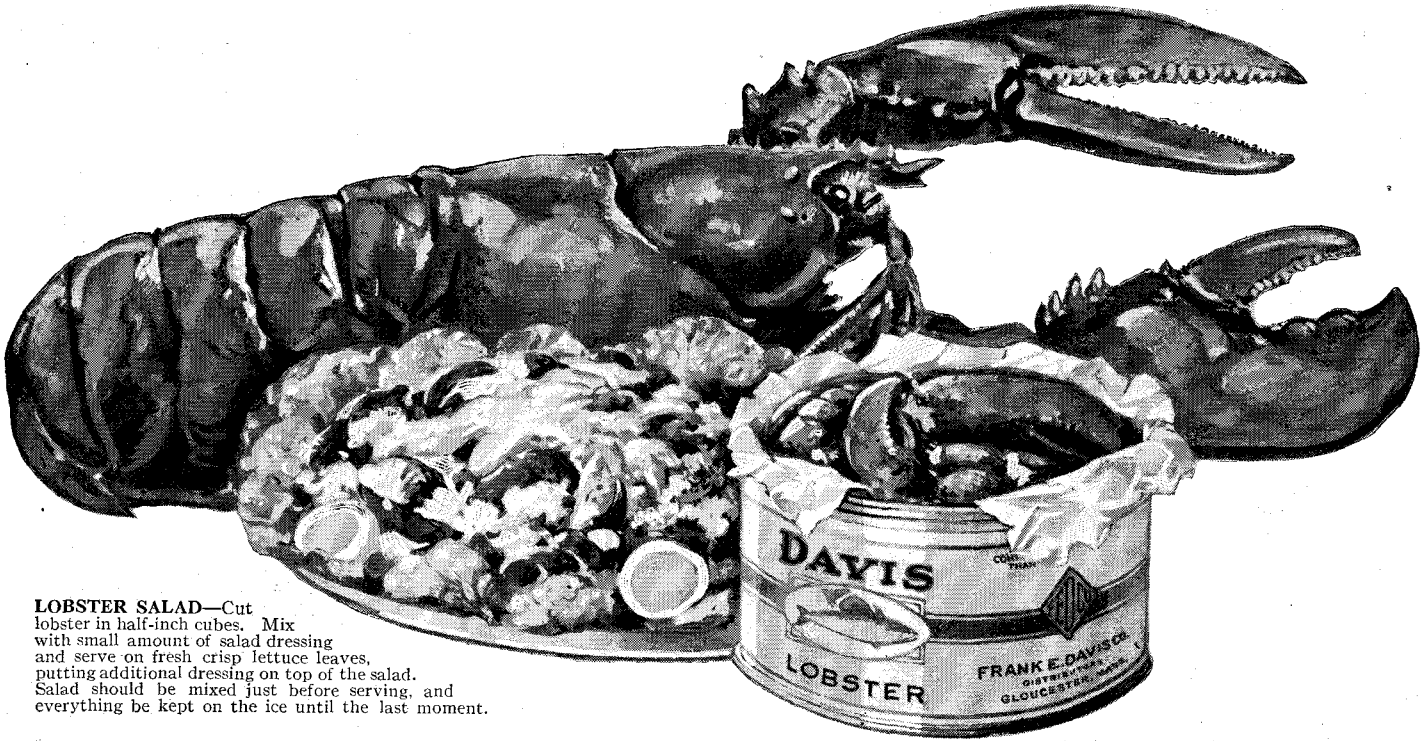
"Mr. Blackman is not alone in the opinion that some radical step must be taken by the churches if the powerful resources in the returning soldiers, to say nothing of the youth at home, are to be utilized. Testimony of this kind from ministers and other religious workers who have spent some time at the front and in the training-camps has become so frequent as to sound commonplace.

"This position, of course, is challenged by those who believe the Church is fulfilling its function in providing a place of worship, in promulgating the gospel, and in championing certain religious principles.

"As a result of the discussion now going on it would not be strange if the conservative element should find its views and practises modified by the opinions of men like Mr. Blackman, who have had the transforming experience of dealing with young men in large numbers. Certainly the Church is not yet ready to lose its identity by changing itself into a community center. But it faces a real problem in dealing with the young people. It ought to get new light on the subject from the wealth of experience now available.

"For instance, there are churches that alienate the rising generation by their sweeping prohibitions of amusements that are generally approved by sensible persons, including often many of those belonging to the church which proclaims the ban. It would be quite possible for the churches to disapprove amusements that are conducted improperly and that thus prove demoralizing, without at the same time combating the play instinct that is so deep-rooted in humanity."

A statement received by us from Mr. Blackman declares that "of 215 votes cast, 134 stood against acceptance of his resignation to 81 for it." The church, therefore, ratified his proposed program, and he "expects to stay in Chanute and work diligently on the proposition," with the Chanute *Daily Tribune* and other interests of the city, together with many prominent citizens, strongly supporting him.



LOBSTER SALAD—Cut lobster in half-inch cubes. Mix with small amount of salad dressing and serve on fresh crisp lettuce leaves, putting additional dressing on top of the salad. Salad should be mixed just before serving, and everything be kept on the ice until the last moment.

—and it tastes as good as it looks!

BUT no artist can truly picture the daintiness of Davis Lobster—'tis beyond the power of words to describe its delicious flavor. You, yourself, must taste it! And you can do this at my expense before you buy.

Because my lobster is put up right from the lobstermen's pots is why it is so fresh and crisp and so different from the ordinary kind. It's just like lobster freshly picked from the shell. Have some now. This is the season to enjoy it at its best.

Fresh Lobster, Crabmeat, Shrimps

Direct from the Sea to You

For the "Shore Dinner" at home; for lunch or picnic; anywhere, anytime—nothing is half so good as these fresh-tasting wholesome shellfish. They are the handiest, most delicious foods you can have in the house. Try the lobster, crabmeat or shrimps—order as many cans of each as you wish. Or send for the Special Salad Assortment

by using the Coupon below. Know—at my risk absolutely—how good these seafoods are, coming direct from the boats at Old Gloucester. I deliver it right to your door prepaying all express east of Kansas. Try these delicious summer-time foods at my expense. You must be fully satisfied before you pay. Use the coupon.

FRANK E. DAVIS, PRESIDENT

FRESH LOBSTER

Delivered price:	No. ¼ can	No. ½ can	No. 1 can
Per doz. cans..	\$3.90	\$7.50	\$13.50
Per can	.33	.63	1.13

JAPANESE CRABMEAT

Delivered price:	No. ¼ can	No. ½ can	No. 1 can
Per doz. cans..	\$3.50	\$5.70	\$10.00
Per can	.30	.48	.85

FANCY GULF SHRIMP

Delivered price:	
Per doz. cans	\$2.25
Per can	.19

Try These At My Risk

SPECIAL SALAD SELECTION

A favorite assortment of good things for your summer salads and sandwiches.

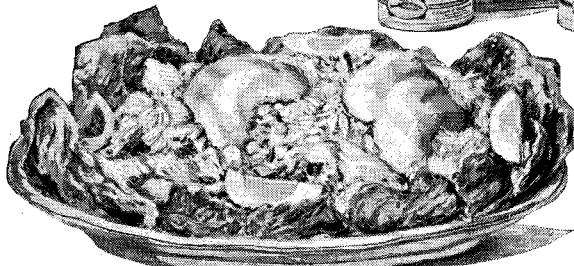


SPECIAL SALAD SELECTION

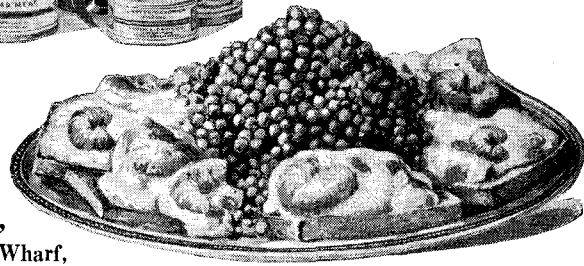
You Get All These:

- 2 cans Fresh Lobster
- 2 cans Japanese Crabmeat
- 3 cans Shrimps
- 1 can Royal Chinook Salmon
- 1 can Red Sockeye Salmon
- 2 cans Yellowtail Fish
- 1 jar Mayonnaise
- 2 cans California Sardines in Olive Oil
- 1 can Lobster Sandwich Filling
- 1 can Anchovy Paste

This complete assortment, together with cook book and can opener, delivered on approval right in your home, all charges prepaid. Use the coupon now before it slips your mind.



CRABMEAT SALAD



SHRIMP WIGGLE

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Please send me, all charges prepaid, your Special Salad Selection—16 Packages of Davis Gloucester Seafood. If, after trying whatever 2 cans I select, I am not delighted with the goods, I'll return the rest at your expense, and not owe you anything. Otherwise, I'll send you \$5.00 in 10 days.

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CURRENT - POETRY

PERHAPS the most distinguished poem thus far inspired by the Allied victory over the Germans is Edwin Markham's "A Song of Victory: a Carol at the End of the World-War." In chanting "the story and glory of heroic men," Mr. Markham reveals his habitual vigor and grace. Some of our younger poets would do well to pay as close attention as he unfailingly does to accuracy and music in rime. In this ode the justness of the rime suggests the harmony of bells, and yet there is never the slightest suspicion that the poet is dragging in a word just to make a rime. The ode is copyrighted by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate and appeared in various newspapers, including the Washington *Herald*, from which we quote it in part as follows:

A SONG OF VICTORY

A Carol at the End of the World-War

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

III

Sing and be glad, O nations, in these hours:
Blow clarions from all towers!
Let bright horns revel and the joy-bells rave;
Yet there are lips whose smile is ever vain
And wild wet eyes behind the window-pane,
For whom the whole world dwindles to one grave.
A lone grave at the mercy of the rain.
The victor's laurel wears a wintry leaf:
Sing softly, then, as tho the mouth of Grief,
Remembering all the agony and wrong,
Should stir with mighty song.
Not all the glad averment of the guns,
Not all our odes, nor all our orisons,
Can sweeten these intolerable tears,
These silences that fall between the cheers.

And yet our hearts must sing,
Carol and clamor like the tides of spring;
For the great work is ended, and again
The world is safe for men;
The world is safe for high heroic themes;
The world is safe for dreams.

IV

But now above the thunder of the drums—
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory comes—
Hark to a mighty sound,
A cry out of the ground:
Let there be no more battles: field and flood
Are weary of battle blood.
Even the patient stones
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.
Lay the sad swords asleep:
They have their fearful memories to keep.
And fold the flags: they, weary of battle days,
Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.
Quiet the restless flags,
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags,
Look where they startle and leap—
Look where they hollow and heap—
Now grentening into glory and now thinned,
Living and dying momentarily on the wind.
And bugles that have cried on sea and land
The silver blazon of their high command—
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;
For they are weary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—
Let the shrewd spider lock them, one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;
And let the bluebird in their iron throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.
Let there be no more battles, men of earth:
The new age rises singing into birth!

The lyrics in the volume of verse entitled "Banners," by Babette Deutsche (George H. Doran Company), have as a whole melancholy as the prevailing tone. Few of them glow with the brightness of this little song.

CANDLES

BY BABETTE DEUTSCHE

Joy lights the candles in my heart
When you come in, until it seems
The racing flames must fill the room
With Marathons of gleams.

The place where we are met is gay
And glowing with the darting rout,
Till going, you swing wide the door,
And blow them out.

From *The Balkan Review* (London) we select the following Greek folk-song which charmingly pictures a mother's day-dreams as she croons her baby to sleep.

LULLABY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY ROSE KERR

Oh, sleep, my dawn! oh, sleep, my moon! oh,
sleep, my morning star!
Oh, sleep in peace till noon shall bring thy lover
from afar!
Oh, sleep, for in the city great I've ordered jewels
fair;
Venice shall send thee linen fine and diamonds
for thy hair.
Forty Constantinople maids are broidering for
thy bed
A coverlet both rich and fine against the day
thou'rt wed;
A royal eagle in the midst, the border peacocks
gay—
The king's son and the emperor's have none so
fair to-day.
Oh, sleep, for thee are coming soon shoes that are
fine and neat;
Red shall they be and sewn with pearls to fit thy
tiny feet.
Oh, sleep, child, in thy cradle small, and sweet thy
dreams shall be!
The Lady Mary, Virgin pure, shall bear thee
company.

In many English country districts beekeepers never omit to tell their bees of any death in the family. The hive is tapped twice in announcing the death of a man and three times in the case of a woman and crape is tied to each hive until after the funeral. This curious custom supplies the background to Habberton Lulham for verses in the London *Spectator* which have strong dramatic quality.

TELLIN' FRIENDS

BY HABBERTON LULHAM

"Where have ye been, then, Granny, dear,
Out in the garden in the dark?
Set down, ye looks that pale an' leer—
I heer'd a voice an' went to hark.

Who did ye talk to where the four
Old hives be by the medder's edge?
Was it the cows a-reachin' o'er
To crop our cabbage 'cross the hedge?

An' why've ye got the big door-key,
An' what's the black strip as ye hold?
You wants a nice hot cup o' tea,
Ye've well-nigh caught yer death o' cold!"

"Why, lass, I've been to tell wi' they
As should be told, an' took 'em these—
The key an' crape. Who's them, d'ye say?
There, you knows who I means—the bees.

Ah! just like us folk they be wise
An' must be told aught good 'r bad;
An' so I taps to wake 'em—twice—
An' tells how us've lost our lad.

I taps the key a-top each skep,
An' listens till I hears 'em buzz;
Then says as they'll not hear his step
Nor see him more—the same as us.

I tells 'em they must take a pride
'Cause o' the V. C. what he won,
An' how wi' Sussex lads he died—
The same as what his father done—

An' 'bout the chap he saved, as well,
An' them as they was chargin' at;
An' said he stung afore he fell—
I rackon they thought well o' that!

I wish as bees could take their part
An' fly to where they Jarmins be,
An' sting t' death the murderin' heart
O' him as made this misery!

I curse . . . a'right, Kate, I'll bide still,
An' curses they comes home t' roost;
But mind *you* tells bees good 'r ill
The same as what yer Granny used:

So they'll be friends, an' swarm in May
An' hive ye honey long an' late;
They'll bring ye *some* good luck, I lay—
An' pity knows us needs it, Kate!"

It is a far cry from the magnificent Australia of to-day to that happily remote period when in parts of this great country so many prisoners lived and died miserably. An echo of those earlier days appears in the Sydney *Bulletin* in the following lines:

AN OLD TASMANIAN ROAD

BY O'PHIMERTY

It comes from days of agony and shame,
This old Tasmanian road,
When men the souls of other men might tame
With stringing lash and goad.

I see them at their task, those convicts gray:
I hear a clanking chain
That fetters man to man along the way
Of toil and biting pain.

On hills where yellow-lichened she-oaks grow
The road winds up and down
To cross a stream, whose waters flash and flow
Beside a ruined town.

Gray fences by the roadway fall and rot,
Gates, wind-swung, creak and groan;
By unmown lawns bleak homesteads, long forgot,
Show fronts of crumbling stone.

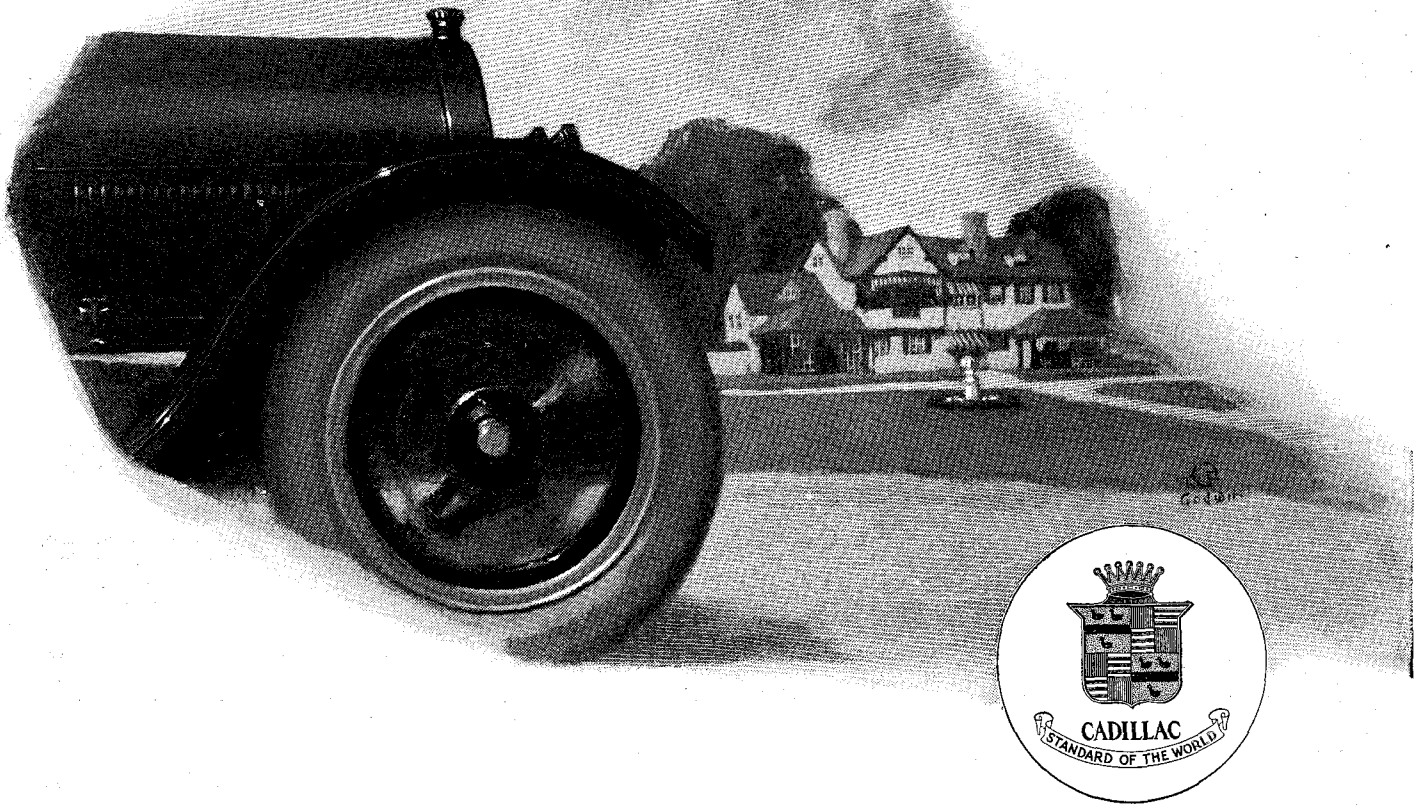
And in the town are moss-grown tumbling walls
That lapse round moldered cells,
Where, memory-born, a brooding shadow falls,
And of dark horror tells.

But lanes of alien oak and burgeoning elm
With summer's kiss are green;
Fair from forsaken gardens flowers o'erwhelm
The shame that once has been.

And all the town is held by quietness;
No more the lash and goad
Drive broken men with aching feet to prisons
This old Tasmanian road.

So Time, the craftsman, weaves a mingled tale
Along the changing years;
The old dark ways of shame in beauty fail,
Flowers bloom o'er olden tears.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



IF it were not a good investment, in the strictest sense of the word, the Cadillac could never hold so large and so fine a following.

There is a wonderful attraction, of course, in the peculiar Cadillac quality which almost produces the illusion of floating through space.

But not all of its buoyant steadiness could induce thousands of the same people to prefer it, year after year, if they were compelled to pay a penalty for this unique enjoyment.

It is one thing to possess a magic carpet—it is quite another to spend your life laboring to prevent it from losing its magic.

The magic that is in the Cadillac is a constant, a stabilized, a never-changing magic—a luxury of motion that results from definite, positive qualities of construction.

If there were ever any doubt, the American Army proved, in France, that the Cadillac is, above all else, a good and a safe investment.

No car that was not sound, and rugged, and standardized in every essential, and fitted down to an almost infallible fineness of measurement, could ever have made a record so enviable.

The Army proved, what thousands of others had proved before—the sameness, the soundness, and the invariability, of Cadillac construction.

Translated, this means, of course, the certainty, always, of getting there and back, with a minimum of adjustment and repair.

Cadillac owners hold fast to the Cadillac, not merely for the luxury of motion with which it provides them, but for the economy with which that luxury is provided.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICH.



PERSONAL - GLIMPSES



United States official photograph.

MEN OF THE 339TH REGIMENT IN WINTER QUARTERS NEAR THE VAGA LINE.

The rumored rebellion in this unit turns out to have been next to nothing.

THAT "AMERICAN MUTINY" IN RUSSIA

"THEY KICKED LIKE H—, but they went and never did a better job of fighting than they did that same day," said Sergt. Whitney McGuire, of Detroit, against whose order men of the 339th Regiment rebelled while fighting the Bolsheviks below Archangel. This trouble which, according to the *Detroit News*, "has caused a unit of Detroit men to be branded as mutineers throughout the world," was credited to Bolshevik propaganda at the time, and created a stir that has not yet entirely subsided. The main question on which the unit of the 339th based their "mutiny," "Why are we fighting in Russia, anyway?" has not yet been answered, *The News* points out, and the incident will not be considered closed until it is. The men are at home now. Their side of the story was presented in detail in a special cable to *The News* from Jay G. Hayden in Brest, just in time to arrive in their home towns before they did. According to Mr. Hayden, the French troops on this front were much nearer a real mutiny than were the Americans. As regards the report that has gone out about the Detroiters, he cables:

Never was a more unjust charge laid against brave men. It is safe to say no company of American soldiers in this war has shown more consistent bravery in the face of the enemy. Certainly no company has seen more fighting in north Russia.

From the day they stepped off the boat at Archangel, September 5, until April 10, they were in the front line, except for brief periods of rest, and the front line of the railroad front of Archangel where they were sent being under constant artillery-fire, they were surrounded by a most exasperating condition.

The Americans could go out and whip the Bolsheviks any time they liked, but they could not pursue them into the wilder-

ness with a temperature of fifty below zero, and, following an American assault, the Bolsheviks swarmed back around the position like flies round a sugar-bowl.

The men knew that Bolsheviks many times their own numbers were constantly in striking distance. They pictured in their mind's eye the masses behind these Bolsheviks, presenting the certainty of annihilation of the Americans if even the thousandth part of them joined the Red Army.

I might tell the detailed story of the incident as Sergeant McGuire told it to me, but I heard the same story from the lips of Capt. Horatio Winslow, commander of I Company; Maj. J. Brooks Nichols, of Detroit, commander of the Americans on the railroad front all winter, and from Lieut. Glenn Birkett, commander of G Company, with I Company at the time, and from several dough-boys, all from Detroit, who were among the protestants.

For the sake of clarity I will present the composite story as I got it from all these. The essential facts as here written are vouched for by all of them.

First they gave the day as March 30, when the incident occurred. On that morning I Company was ordered from Smolnoe, where they had had twenty days' rest, to the front-line post at Forty-five. (Post

Forty-five was the most advanced outpost of the front.) When Sergeant McGuire ordered the men to load the trucks for the journey they protested.

One man asked: "They say we are fighting for the Russians. Why don't they do some fighting for themselves? There are plenty of Russian soldiers here who have not been at the front at all." Another man said he would not go to the front, and the whole company showed signs of sympathy with this declaration.

McGuire, being a good soldier, did not waste time in argument. "I haven't told you to go to the front," he said, "I have told you to load those trucks, and the first man who hangs back will be locked up." All started grumblingly to hoist their loads, except one man, and McGuire promptly placed him under arrest.

While the trucks were being loaded, Sergeant McGuire told



United States official photograph.

THEY FOUGHT AS HARD AS THEY KICKED.



THE GOOD WILL OF AN ARMY

The written and spoken word of American Army men, at home and abroad, has given the very name of Dodge Brothers Motor Car a new and a stirring significance.

Dodge Brothers

Detroit, Michigan
May 7, 1919.

Gentlemen:-

Perhaps it will interest you to hear something of the experiences of one Dodge "Over There."

Although I'd been without a car of any sort for many tiring months, I was not wildly enthusiastic when my soldier chauffeur showed up one day with a battered, war worn old veteran and almost weepingly declared that it had been wished on him. "Them guys is just naturally rotten. Say, Colonel, even you'd had no better luck unless you carried your gun."

However, even if the old body did creak and complain, the engine hummed pleasantly and it was not long before I conceived a real affection for the old bus.

She carries us all over Northern France over all sorts of roads, all in bad repair and some shot all to pieces, without an accident or even serious delay. The only shelter she ever had was a bit of burlap camouflage to fool the hun birdmen.

Night travel was worst, for lights were absolutely prohibited in the forward areas where my duties lay. Many times she was side-swiped by stupid or reckless camion drivers and twice she was turned completely over in the ditch. She was plastered with mud all the time and truly a pathetic sight, but through it all her engine stood up to the work and never failed me.

If decorations were in order for cars she would certainly deserve the D.S.C. for one adventure in the Argonne. She had been grabbed by the B.G. one day when his car was out of commission and was rocking along over the St. Juvin road, dodging shell holes, but making her usual steady progress when blueey, a big 155 lit with a tremendous whang right behind and not 10 feet away. Dozens of fragments went through the top and back seat and the blast fairly stood her on her radiator, but down she came with a bump and fairly raced away without missing a stroke. The B.G. never said a word until the end of the journey, and then, while looking at the perforations, merely remarked "Some Car."

I had a feeling that something almost superhuman kept her together, and some day, like the "one hoss shay," she would drop into a medley of scraps and parts, looked for that final act when the armistice was signed, but nothing happened, and so far as I know the old girl is still cheerfully rattling and squeaking over battle-scarred France.

Sincerely

J.C. McArthur
J.C. McArthur
Colonel of Infantry.

JCMcA/lab.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

Captain Winslow of the situation, and Captain Winslow in turn informed Colonel Stewart, commander of all the American forces on the Archangel front. Thus the way was opened for an airing of American views on the Russian situation, as the correspondent relates:

Colonel Stewart appeared before the men and asked what was the trouble. The men said they wanted to know why they were being sent, when both Russians and French were due to take their turn, and also they wanted to know why they were fighting in Russia anyhow.

Colonel Stewart replied Americans were fighting in Russia chiefly because they would be annihilated if they didn't fight. "That is reason enough for me," he said.

It should be noted here that Colonel Stewart did not explain why Americans were fighting in Russia. The Colonel could not explain this, because he himself did not know. He had asked the authorities in Washington and they couldn't tell him.

The writer might add he addressed this question to President Wilson, Colonel House, General Bliss, and to every other official he could induce to listen in Paris during the last few months, and yet an answer has not been given.

The men listened to Colonel Stewart quietly enough, and when, at the end, he gave the order to proceed to the front, they proceeded without further argument.

The one man who had been arrested pleaded for the right to go with the others, saying he had misunderstood the Sergeant's orders. He was released.

This boy, the only one who actually refused to obey a direct order, is a Polish-American from Detroit; he is a recent immigrant and speaks bad English. His comrades say it is entirely possible he misunderstood the order, as he said.

Such are the bald facts and all the facts as they occurred. Entirely aside from the extenuating circumstances, it is apparent the most captious critic can not make a case of mutiny out of them. But there are extenuating circumstances: I Company had been in the front line continually from October to March 10, for the most part doing guard duty under the fire of the enemy and in a temperature which ranged down to fifty-five below zero. On March 1 it was slated to be relieved by the French. When the hour arrived instead of the French came word that the French refused to come.

When they did come some hours later the French force consisted of only one picked platoon, the three other platoons of the company refusing to come. One platoon was not sufficient to hold the position, so the Americans stayed on.

Even the French who came refused to do outpost duty in the daytime. The *poilu* simply said there was no sense in watching for Bolsheviks in advanced posts, and refused to obey their officers. The Americans thus were forced to go on cold sentry work, the most trying duty assigned to soldiers in the far north.

Twice before in the presence of I Company, the French troops had refused to obey orders. The French units in Russia, notes the correspondent, were veterans of service against Germany and as brave troops as ever marched, but they maintained that their presence in Russia had nothing whatever to do with whipping Germany, and refused to fight the Russians unless they were attacked. "So much for the French," says Mr. Hayden, and considers the attitude of the Russians:

At the same time there was a large number of Russians eating the bread of idleness. These soldiers had much more training than the Americans had, but the Allied commanders never dared to use them for any important service.

But the American soldiers had been told earlier that they were only expected to hold the positions until the Russians themselves were ready for service. This explains the specific question addressed to Sergeant McGuire as to why the Russians were not sent to the front.

The members of I Company knew British troops at Seletskoe, on the Kodish front, had mutinied only a few days before. On the morning of the American incident the rumor was spread that the whole French force in Russia had quit, and at the same time it was authentically reported that some forty loyal French troops had been wiped out by the Bolsheviks at the town of Solsheezersky.

Now, Solsheezersky is on the White Sea, in the rear of where the Americans were and close to their line of communication with Archangel.

Before this there had been constant reports of uprisings of Russians in the rear. The men say the defeat of the French was clear evidence of the formation of a force in their rear as a still further menace to their position.

One of the officers admitted to me he had the feeling all day that the whole expedition was done for. "It seemed to me we had become a tiny American force beleaguered on every side by our supposed friends as well as by tens of thousands of Bolsheviks."

Added to these facts the temperature of fifty below zero which prevailed that day, and it would seem there was some cause for these men to ask questions as to the why and wherefore of their situation.

There were two other elements which the officers of the expedition say had even more effect. The first was the agitation in the United States over the Russian question. The men had just received copies of the speech of Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, asking why the troops were in Russia, and had received also newspaper clippings asking the same question, and letters from their parents asking why the men themselves did not ask.

And all the men did was to ask this question, when the whole incident is summed up.

The second element was that Americans were commanded by British officers. There was a well-established belief among the men that the whole position was chiefly a business of pulling John Bull's chestnuts out of the fire. It is not surprising that, holding this opinion, they resented the situation.

Now let me point out what I regard as the most sinister feature of the whole matter. It has been stated previously that British, French, and Russian troops had mutinied, not once but several times; there is no doubt about these mutinies. I talked to-day with dozens of men who witnessed them, both officers and enlisted men.

Not a word of any one of these mutinies ever got through the British censorship which dictated every word that went out about the expedition; but when the incident, above related, occurred with an American unit the correspondents were given free rein.

American officers feel certain it was not from American sources the impression went out that a mutiny had occurred. The only internal disturbance, news of which ever was permitted to pass the censor at Archangel was this chronicle of the incident with the American force, which was totally insignificant in comparison with similar incidents in all the other armies.

And now a last word as to the fighting quality of I Company. This little force had not reached its position on the front March 30 before it was attacked aboard the train by the Bolsheviks. It fought off the attack and that night occurred one of the most thrilling incidents of the whole Russian warfare, in which nine men of I Company won undying fame.

These nine men with Corp. Cleo M. Colburn, Detroit, in command, were holding an isolated blockhouse when attacked by several hundred Bolsheviks.

They fought all night. In the course of the night Corporal Colburn, with a Vickers machine gun, fired 2,700 cartridges.

Private Harvey Minter, with a Lewis gun, fired 1,900 rounds. In the morning the Bolsheviks retired and eighteen dead lay where they fell, and a wide trail of blood left by the retreating forces in the snow showed evidence of many more casualties.

This was on the same day when the alleged mutiny occurred. The other men with Colburn and Minter in the blockhouse fight, all of whom were from Detroit, were Privates C. I. McCauley, Tony Chalkowski, John Becker, Richard Kleibea, Carl Kronke, Joseph Starbowski, and Carl Stemzyk.

The trouble at Smolnoe was published, but the story of this fight at the blockhouse on the same day never reached the ears of the correspondents.

A report recently received from Brackett Lewis, an Army Y. M. C. A. secretary in Russia, gives a vivid idea of the feeling of the Americans about Russian warfare at the time of the retreat from Shenkursk, on the Vaga River, approximately 175 miles south of Archangel. "The fact of being beaten, of retreating, was lost in the only ray of hope," writes Mr. Lewis. "They were moving a step nearer home. They hoped that they would be driven clear on to the vessels which, rumor told them, were already docked at Archangel, ready to carry them back to the States." His description throws at least one new side-light on this retreat:

Our own men swarmed in—engineers, medics, supply-men, Company D. None of them had anything except what he wore. The statement that military stores were not lost in Shenkursk is not true. None of the vast stores and ammunition and supplies—not even men's packs and mess-kits—were saved. Many troops did not return to barracks at all but joined the retreat direct from dugouts and guard duty."



Why Is The Essex Bought By

*Men In Remote Sections Where An Essex
Has Not Been Seen Mail Their Orders.
It Is An Unusual Mark of Confidence.*

Men Who Have Never Seen It?

There is a strange and strong interest in the Essex which we have not been able to fully explain.

You hear the most sincere endorsements for its qualities from men who have never seen the car. We believe that more than half a million people now do intimately know the Essex, but that does not account for what is being said about it in remote communities where no Essex car has yet appeared.

Distributors report having received orders by mail from persons who say they have heard so much about the Essex that they know it is the car they want.

Perhaps you, too, are one who has not yet seen the Essex. Yet you cannot be a reader of these words and not have heard what people on every hand are saying about it.

Because of what you have heard others say, you approach the Essex with the most favorable impressions. With so many thousands making the Essex the standard of their automobile desires, there is some explanation for the confidence evidenced when men send their money for a car they have never seen.

Surely It Is Not Because Of What We Have Said

All that you have heard about the Essex is what others have said for it. We have made no claim for it. We have published no descriptions. We have not said it is a better car than any other. We have not even intimated that its performance excels the performance of other cars. But on all sides you hear it compared to cars you know favorably and in most cases to the advantage of the Essex. There can be but one explanation for that and that is the Essex must through sheer merit have won the admiration of those who have seen and ridden in it.

Then It Must Be What Others Are Saying

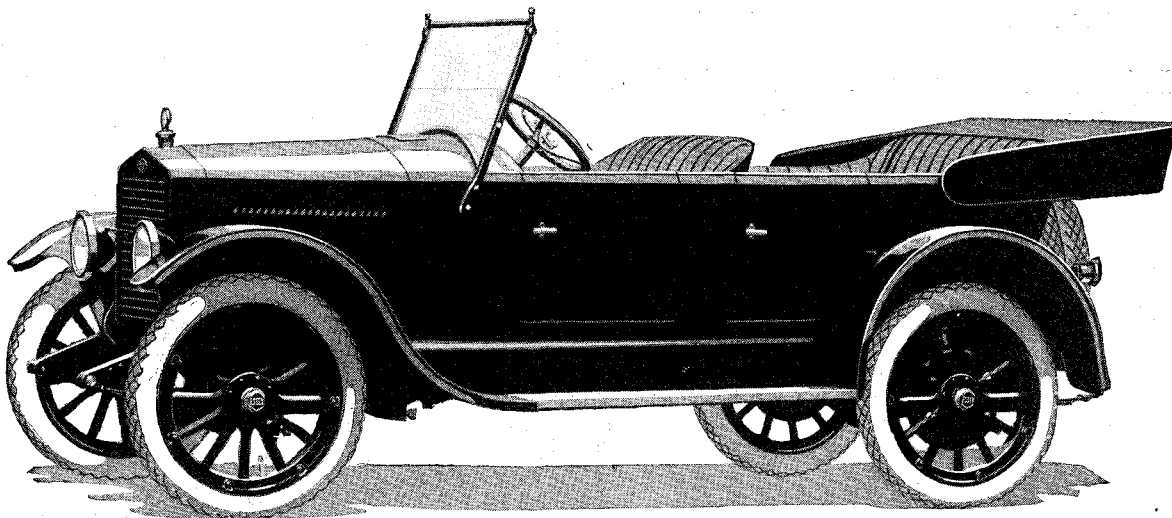
In every community some one car is recognized as leader. It is not just any car of a given make but an individual car that holds the best record for speed or acceleration or hill climbing. You must know some car in that way. And haven't you heard men attempt to explain the Essex by comparison with that car?

That is the way in which its riding qualities are described. Its finish and beauty are likened to similar qualities in other cars that people know favorably and well.

In attempting to explain the reason for the way in which the Essex has been accepted we return always to the car itself. It must have qualities men have wanted. It was our aim to meet that demand. We wanted it to have the advantages in economy of cost and operation of the light cars and to also have the endurance and performance as well as the appeal to pride which have been exclusive to costly cars.

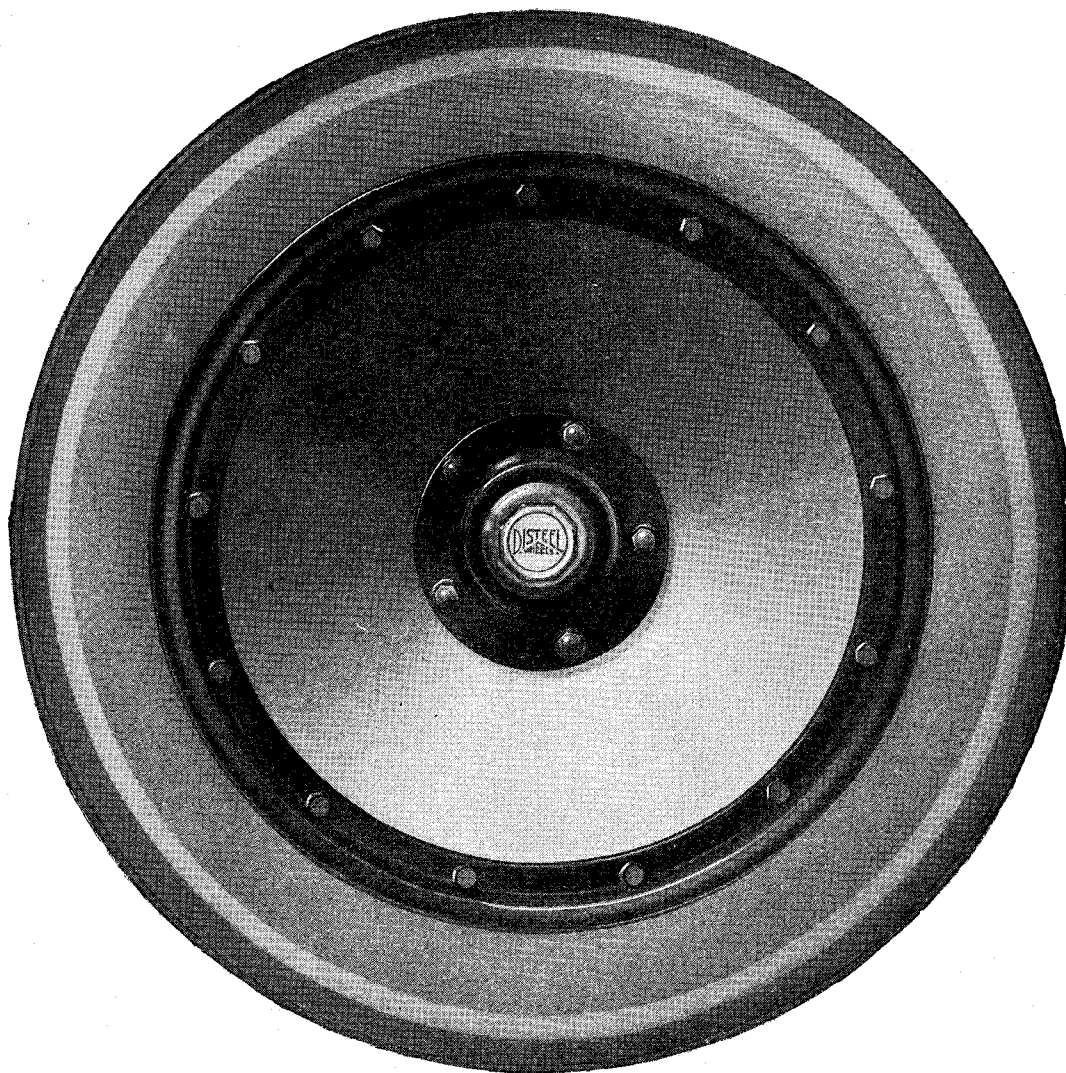
Its Sales Now Prove It

Essex sales have been in excess of deliveries from the very day the car was announced. The production now approximates 100 a day but does not begin to meet the needs. Ask any Essex dealer. If what others are saying carries the same conviction to you as it does to others, then you must sooner or later want an Essex. It is best to decide early.



(53)





DISTEEL WHEELS

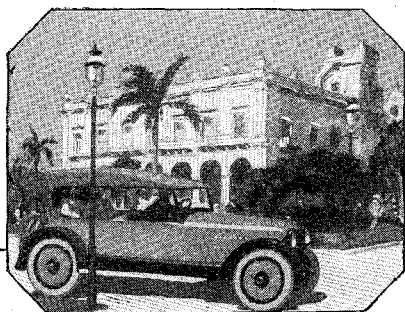
The Wheels That Complete The Car

For precisely the same reason that the tallow-dip has been replaced by the Mazda lamp and the hand-crank by the electric starter on your motor car—the irresistible march of Progress—Disteel Wheels around the world have been adopted as the most sightly, the most efficient, the most economical wheel-equipment for high-grade motor cars.

It is much to have your Car made distinctive, a reflection of your own taste and personality. It is even more to have a wheel (of steel) so LIGHT, that it

makes wheel-changing and tire-changing quick and easy; a wheel that saves tires and eliminates the old crudities of squeaking and rattling and loose parts; that is easily cleaned and enables you to banish wheel-worries in the greater comfort, safety and luxury of modern motoring.

That is what Disteel Wheels have done for the discriminating motorists of the world. The Disteel Wheel Book will tell you the details of the ideal equipment for Quality Motor Cars. Send for it.



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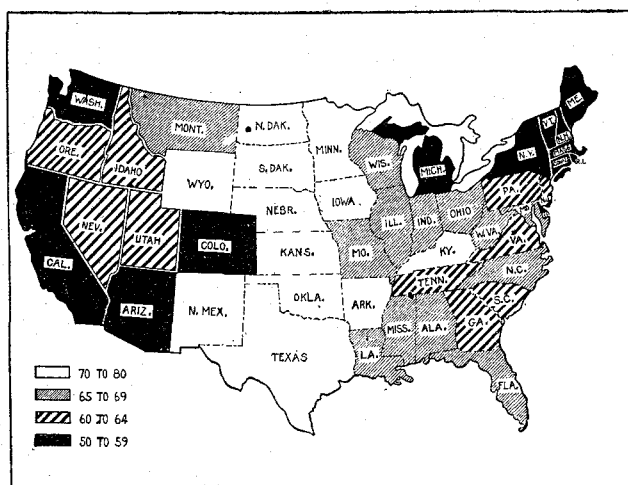


Denver

AMERICA'S MAN-POWER IN THE GREAT WAR

AMERICA PUT FORTH twice the man-power in the Great War that the North put forth in the war of the sixties. "It was almost true," writes Col. Leonard P. Ayres, in "A Statistical Summary of the War with Germany," whose publication has recently been authorized by the War Department, "that among each one hundred Americans, five took up arms in defense of the country." During the Civil War, it is pointed out, ten out of every one hundred inhabitants of the Northern States served as soldiers or sailors. In that struggle, 2,400,000 men served in the Northern armies or in the Navy. The great growth of the United States in the meantime is indicated by the fact that, in spite of a proportionate contribution in man-power of nearly two to one in favor of Civil-War days, a total of 4,800,000 men had been gathered into the armed forces of the United States between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, when the armistice went into effect. An American effort proportional to that put forth by the North during the Civil War would have produced nearly 10,000,000 American fighting men.

Colonel Ayres' summary is crammed with official information, gathered not only from the War Department reports, but from the American Peace Commission in Paris, the Inter-Allied Bureau of Statistics, and from the files of the Supreme War Council in Versailles. The map and three diagrams which are reproduced herewith give graphic answers to several live questions as to the growth of our man-power and our losses in human life compared with the losses of other nations. Of the com-



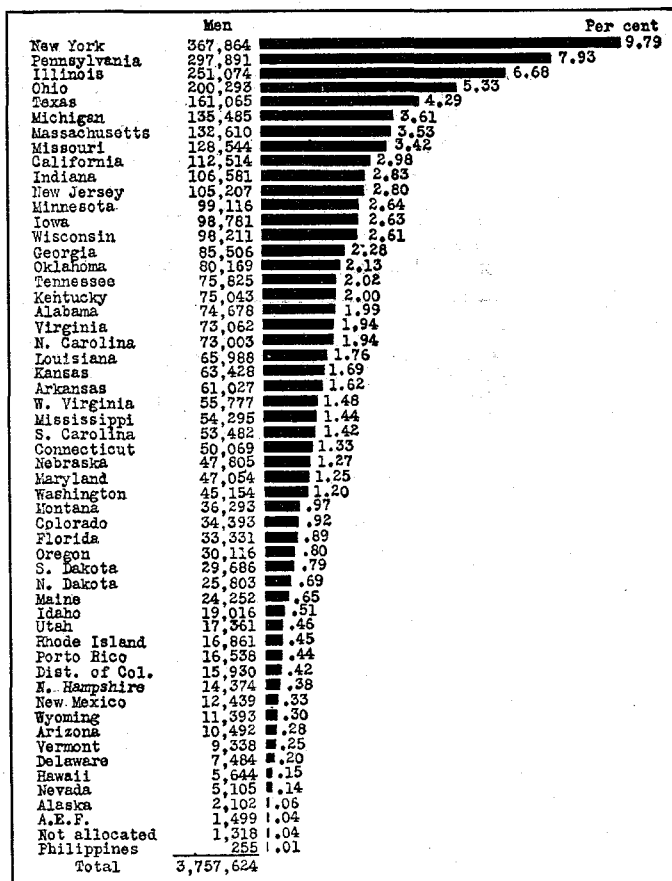
SOME "PHYSICAL" GEOGRAPHY.

This map shows the percentage of drafted men who passed the physical examination, by States. Note the high standing of the Prairie States.

parative number of troops engaged by the various nations, Colonel Ayres writes that while it would be interesting and instructive to make comparisons between the numbers in the American armies during the present war and those of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, unfortunately this is most difficult to do fairly and truly. The reason for the difficulty lies in the diverse military policies of the nations. There is, however, one comparison, Colonel Ayres points out, which may fairly be made, and that is between the British and American expeditionary forces. The British sent to France in their first year many more men than did the United States in the first twelve months. On the other hand, it took England three years to reach a strength of 2,000,000 men in France, while the United States was able to place that number overseas in one-half of that time.

"Six Months of Training" is the title of the second chapter of the Ayres report. The average American soldier who went to France received six months' training at home before he started overseas, says the *New York Times* in its digest of this chapter, and after he landed in France or England he had two more months of intensive training before he entered the battle-line, his actual combat service beginning with four weeks in a quiet sector along the front.

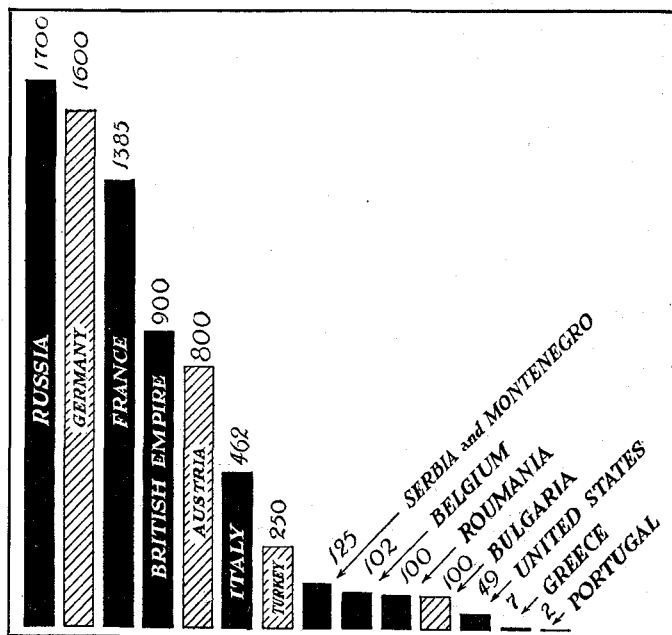
The typical American combat unit was the division, composed of about 1,000 officers and 27,000 enlisted men. Before the armistice was signed forty-two American divisions were trained and sent to Europe, twelve others were in training in



SOLDIERS FURNISHED BY EACH STATE.

this country, and four others were being organized. The plans on which the Army was acting when hostilities ceased called for eighty divisions overseas before July, 1919, and one hundred divisions before January 1 next.

Of the forty-two divisions that reached France, thirty-six



BATTLE-DEATHS OF THE NATIONS.

The figures represent thousands. The total battle-deaths of all the armies engaged are officially put at 7,582,000.

were organized in the summer and early fall of 1917, the other six being organized by January, 1918.

A chapter captioned "Two Hundred Days of Battle," which

is the story of St. Mihiel, and other major operations participated in by the Americans, is thus summarized by Colonel Ayres:

Two out of every three American soldiers who reached France took part in battle. The number who reached France was 2,084,000, and of these 1,300,000 saw active service at the front.

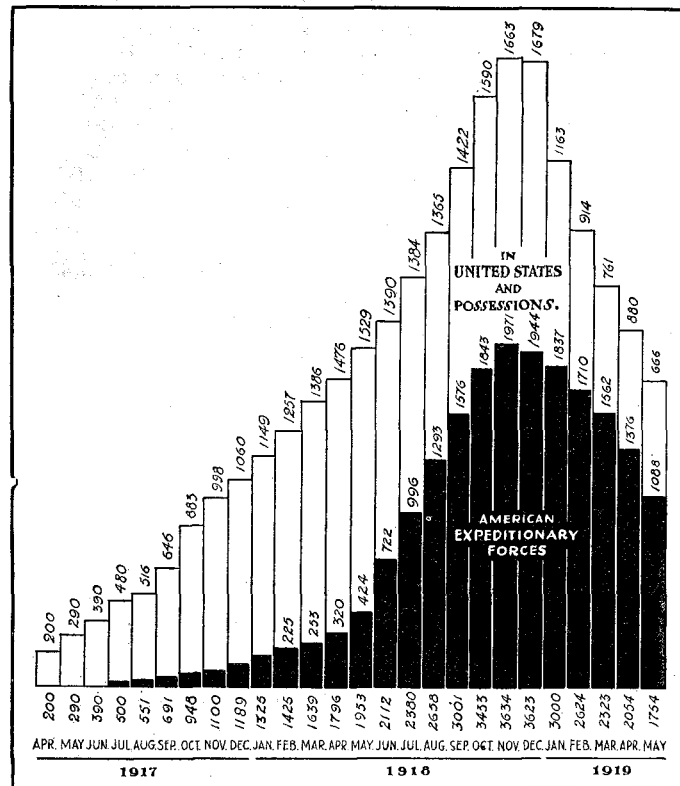
Of the forty-two divisions that reached France twenty-nine took part in active combat service. Seven of them were regular Army divisions, eleven were organized from the National Guard, and eleven were made up of National Army troops.

American divisions were in battle for two hundred days and engaged in thirteen major operations.

From the middle of August until the end of the war the American divisions held during the greater part of the time a front longer than that held by the British.

In October the American divisions held 101 miles of line, or 23 per cent. of the entire Western Front.

In the battle of St. Mihiel 550,000 Americans were engaged, as compared with about 100,000 on the Northern side in the battle of Gettysburg. The artillery fired more than 1,000,000



GROWTH AND DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The diagram shows the size of our forces, both at home and abroad, from the war's beginning through last May. The figures represent thousands.

shells in four hours, which is the most intense concentration of artillery-fire recorded in history.

The Meuse-Argonne battle lasted forty-seven days, during which 1,200,000 American troops were engaged.

The "Health and Casualties" of the American forces are summarized to the following effect:

Of every one hundred American soldiers and sailors who served in the war with Germany two were killed or died of disease during the period of hostilities.

The total battle-deaths of all nations in this war were greater than all the deaths in all the wars in the previous one hundred years.

The number of American lives lost was 122,500, of which about 10,000 were in the Navy and the rest in the Army and the marines attached to it.

In the American Army the casualty-rate in the infantry was higher than in any other service, and that for officers was higher than for men.

For every man killed in battle seven were wounded.

Five out of every six men sent to hospitals on account of wounds were cured and returned to duty.

In the expeditionary forces battle-losses were twice as large as deaths from disease.

In this war the death-rate from disease was lower and the death-rate from battle was higher than in any other previous American war.

Other chapters deal with the cost of the war, the American air strength, artillery production, and the work of the Quarter-

masters' Corps. Says *The Times*, briefly summarizing some of the most significant of these reports:

The war cost America \$21,850,000,000, or approximately \$1,000,000 an hour, and of the total, \$13,930,000,000 went for army expenses. The total armed force of the country when the armistice was signed November 11 last was 4,800,000 men, of whom 4,000,000 were in the Army, and the rest in the Navy, Marine Corps, and other branches.

The number of men sent overseas was 2,086,000, and of these 1,390,000 saw battle service. In the Meuse-Argonne battle, the greatest operation in which Pershing's men participated, the number of men engaged was 1,200,000. The casualties in the engagement were 120,000 officers and men. The battle-deaths in the war were about 50,000, the wounded totaled approximately 236,000, and the deaths from disease 56,991 up to April 30.

The greatest number of men sent overseas in a single month was 306,000 and the largest number who have been returned home from Europe in a single month, at the time the report was compiled, was 333,000. The supplies shipped from the United States to France amounted to 7,500,000 tons in the nineteen months that the American forces were in action. The number of men registered for the draft was 24,234,021, and of these 2,810,296 were inducted into service, the largest number inducted in a single month being 400,000.

ITALIAN AUSTRIA" FOUGHT FOR REUNION WITH ITALY

JUST AS THE FRENCH have felt about Alsace and Lorraine ever since the Huns robbed them of those provinces, so have the Italians regarded Istria and the Trentino under Austrian rule, according to Mr. Willard Price, who writes in *The World Outlook* (New York) on the claims of Italy to Fiume, which is located in Istria. As far back as the old Roman days these provinces were Italian territory. Later they were under the Republic of Venice. Altho they have been under Austrian rule for centuries, they are still largely Italian. "Austria herself, after annexing, commonly referred to this part of her domain as Italian Austria," says Mr. Price, who has just returned from a visit there. He found that while in the country districts of the interior the peasants are Croats, Roumanians, and Slovenes, the cities and towns and the country districts of the coast are Italian. "I have found it the Land of Hidden Flags—Italian flags," he says, "which had been concealed in nooks and corners, in attic and cellar, for years or decades, in some cases more than a century." Realizing that the sympathies of this part of her territory lay largely with Italy, Austria, when the war broke out, placed every town under drastic military control. As was the case in every other section so unfortunate as to be under the military control of the Central Powers, the people of "Italian Austria" were oppressed in various ways by their Austrian masters, particularly in the matter of having their property "requisitioned." Drastic tho the measures of the Austrians may have been in dealing with the people of these provinces, however, they failed to cow the spirit of the people. Says Mr. Price:

One of the most heroic chapters of the war will concern Istria. That chapter will tell of the men who altered their clothing and appearance, changed their names, slipped out of their villages under cover of night, crawled for days through woods and over mountains to avoid the roads, and by one device or another evaded the Austrian military and police and finally succeeded in crossing the border into Italy. There they enlisted in the Italian Army. Of course, from the Austrian view-point this was treason. These men, if taken prisoners, would not merely be assigned to a concentration-camp. They would be executed as traitors. They knew this. It would have been infinitely less perilous for them simply to submit, as subjects of Austria, to conscription into the Austrian Army. And, yet, thousands from Istria and the other "Unredeemed Lands" (so called because past repeated wars had failed to redeem them to Italy), not only at the risk of their own lives, but of the lives of the relatives they left behind, escaped to Italy to take part in the redemption.

The following incident illustrates vividly the attitude of many of the people of Istria during the war and the spirit in which they clung to Italy:

When the war broke out, a citizen of Capo d'Istria named



Hires All the Time

HIRES on hot days, cool days, any days at all. Always ask for "Hires." There's a difference between Hires and mere "rootbeer." Hires is genuine. Hires is natural. Ordinary rootbeers are artificially flavored. But Hires—let us tell you why you should always ask for "Hires."

Hires is cooling, not just for the time being—but really cooling. It quenches thirst. It invigorates and leaves a wholesome wish for more. Drink it to your thirst's content—it cannot harm you in any way. There's nothing in Hires to unduly stimulate—nothing in it to create an unnatural craving.

And the reason of it all is that Hires is Nature's own products—sixteen of them—put together to make a natural drink. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute. There are juices of roots, herbs, berries and barks, and pure cane sugar brought to our doors from the world over to go into Hires. That's why you must say "Hires" to get Hires.

Rehearse today by stepping up to the first fountain for a fizzing, foaming mug, or glass, or paper cupful. It's just as good one way as another,

so it's Hires. But be sure you get Hires every time. Say "Hires."

Hires

Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—sold in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

Bonivento escaped to Italy with his wife and children. His sister and aged mother remained in Capo d'Istria. In common with the other secret volunteers, he changed his name, the better to avoid detection. His adopted name was Sauro. He became commander of a submarine and constantly invaded the ports of the Austrian coast. The Austrians feared him because they knew him to be thoroughly acquainted with the ports, and absolutely fearless.

On one unfortunate voyage his machinery failed and he was captured. He was brought before the tribunal at Pola. There certain Austrians thought they recognized him as Sauro, the former Bonivento of Capo d'Istria. The tribunal submitted him to grilling cross-examination, but could get no admission from him.

Then they had a happy thought. They would bring the mother of Sauro before the tribunal, face to face with the prisoner. If this man was truly Sauro, and her son, there would at once be recognition and the traitor would stand betrayed by his own mother.

Weakened by months in an Austrian internment-camp near Vienna and wearied by the sleepless nights and crowded days of a long train-trip, the mother and sister were brought into the court-room. Before them stood their son and brother. They had not seen him for a year. But why was he here—before an Austrian tribunal!

Intuition was quick.

There was not a sign of recognition!

The watching tribunal was disappointed. Their task was not to be so easy as they had thought. They turned to inquisitorial methods.

"This man," they said, "is a traitor to Austria. He is to be hanged to-day."

The old lady cast a look of pity at the young man, seemingly quite impersonal pity. She said nothing.

"Is this your son?"

"No, that is not my son."

"Do not try to make fools of us, old woman. We have absolute evidence that this is Sauro, formerly Bonivento, of Capo d'Istria, and he is your son. No pretenses of yours can save him. Through the graciousness of the tribunal you have been permitted to come here to say farewell to your son before he is hanged. Take quick advantage of the opportunity. The time is brief."

And there was a bustle of simulated preparation in the tribunal. But the old lady stood unmoved.

"I am Italian," she said, turning her quiet, unflinching gaze on her judges. "My son is Italian, and somewhere he is bravely fighting for the *patria*. I am sorry for the fate of this young man who also has been fighting for our Italy. But at least I can be thankful that he is not my son."

By prearrangement, an officer entering the room announced that the executioner had arrived. He had brought the necessary rope and equipment. The gallows was being put in order.

But the brutal little trick did not succeed. The mother waited calmly for the court to have done with her. The prisoner stood straight, stern, and silent, contemptuous of his captors.

From eight in the morning until one in the afternoon the two women endured a constant cross-examination. They did not break down. They never wept. Even when the prisoner was led off to his cell, they made no sign.

During the afternoon, further Austrian evidence convinced the tribunal that this was truly Sauro. At 7:14 he was brought out to the gallows. The women were given another opportunity to say farewell. Still hoping against hope that they might yet save him, they declined this precious privilege.

"Surely," pleaded the old mother in the last desperate moments, "surely you can see that this can not be my son. He is indifferent to me. I am indifferent to him. You are mistaken and you will do murder if you execute this man without proof of his identity."

They waved her aside. Sauro was brought out. Austrian soldiers were waiting to conduct him to the gallows. He ignored them and went alone. The rope was placed. The world gave way beneath him. The body oscillated at the end of the rope.

The old mother fainted away.

Only then, when she had done all she could, when there was nothing more her glorious spirit could endure for her son, she let nature have its way.

The Austrians gathered about her, wagging their fingers at her. "Ah, ha!" they said triumphantly. "So he was your son, after all!"

The story of Sauro, and especially of [his mother's heroic conduct, is known to nearly every Italian soldier, says Mr. Price, and is probably the chief hero-story of Italy's war. He went to visit the home of Sauro's mother, where the events

connected with the son's death were related to him by the latter's sister. He says:

In their home, there was no impression of adamant about these women. As the sister falteringly told the story, the mother's weary old eyes glistened through tears and her cheeks trembled. She had just been tidying up the very humble apartment, altho there was not much to tidy since the Austrians had stripped it of everything worth while, and she still wore her apron and a cloth about her hair. One of her grandchildren, a tiny daughter of Sauro, had prest a doll into her unregarding hands. And as she sat there, half weeping, unconsciously smoothing the fuzzy hair of the doll, as she had doubtless so often caressed the head of her own martyred boy, she looked so gentle and small and helpless that one felt like taking her up in one's arms and comforting her like a hurt child. Yet this was the woman who to protect her son had defied the most brutal tactics of an Austrian tribunal and had been stanch to the death.

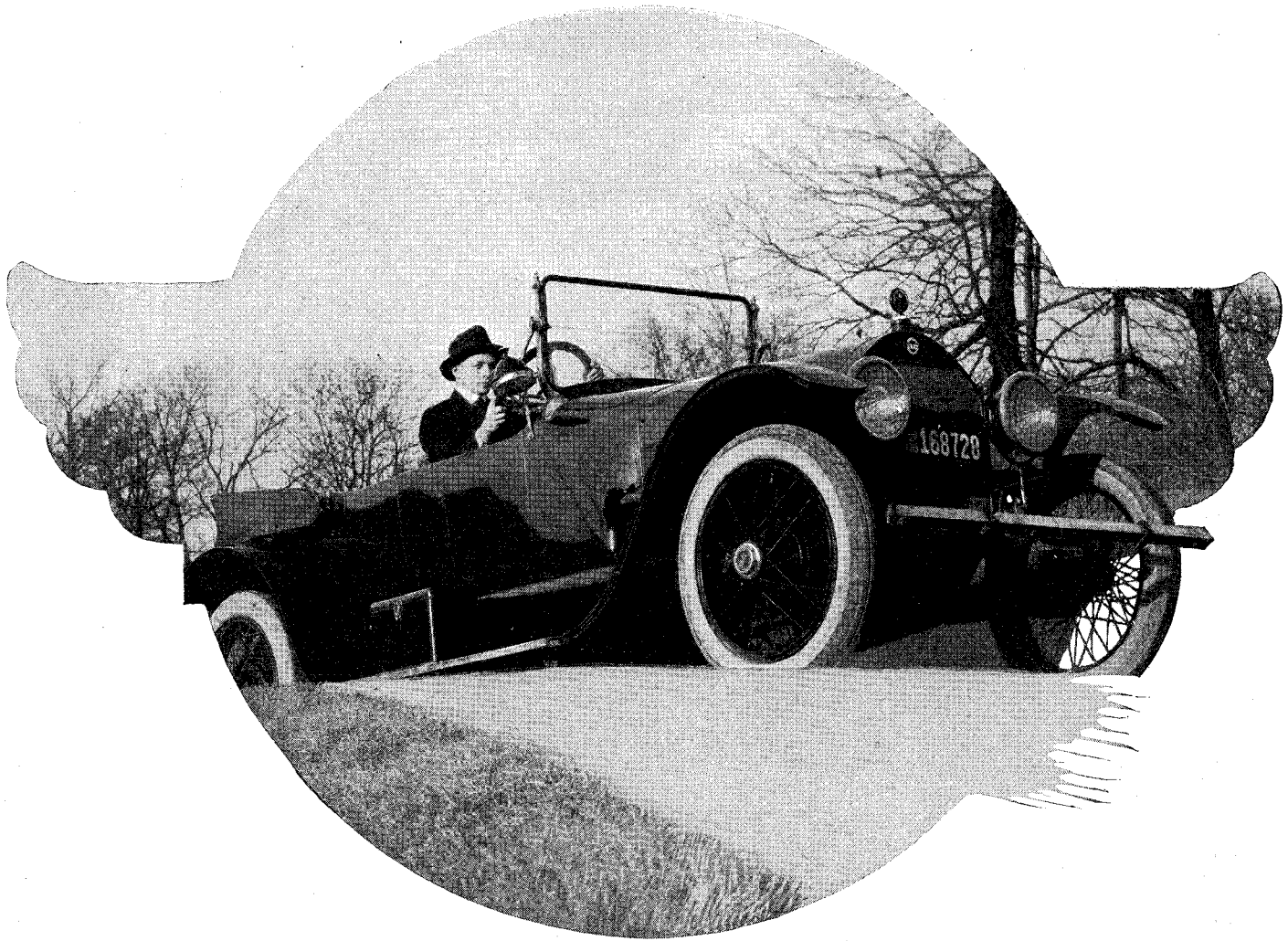
Naturally, every new manifestation of the defiance of the people of Istria brought on reprisal from the Austrians in the way of oppression. "Scores of towns and villages were stripped clean by the Austrian troops," says Mr. Price. He continues:

Grain, cattle, sheep, donkeys were taken away. The church bells were lowered from their places and sent to do their pious duty in more loyal parts of the Austrian Empire. Clothing of all kinds, suits, underwear, hats, stockings, shoes, even the nightdresses of women and the ten-foot strips of cloth in which babies are swaddled, were appropriated. The children of Istria have gone cold for three winters. The winter in Istria is not bitter—and yet there is considerable snow in some parts of the country, and during February I found heavy winter clothing, woolen trench socks, and a greatcoat none too much for comfort. Meanwhile little tads sought the sunny places, drest only in ragged shirt and breeches, their legs blueblack from exposure. Influenza and pneumonia have reaped a heavy harvest.

GERMAN HUMAN NATURE AS SEEN BY A FRENCH ALSATIAN

THE MODERN GERMAN "has neither the talent nor the taste for liberty," and the Germans as a whole, men, women, and children, when they encounter this taste elsewhere, "do not respect in other peoples feelings and ideas which are not ripe in themselves, or which have been smothered." This is the gist of the opinion of a lifelong student of German character, Prof. Charles Andler, a French Alsatian born in Strasbourg, now a professor of the German language and literature in the Sorbonne. His study of conditions in the Germany of to-day, made with the carefulness of a philosopher even tho it is presented with unusual simplicity and "readableness," has lately been translated by Grace Fallow Norton, and published in this country by the American Association for International Conciliation, in *International Conciliation* (New York). "What should be changed in Germany?" asks Professor Andler, and he finds the root of the difficulty in the German people, the same German people with whom we announced, from time to time, that we were not at war. It seems to be the moral of Professor Andler's study that we were at war with the German people, and that we may be at war with them again unless they change their minds and habits. As an explanation of the type of mentality that most of them have carried over into the present days of German humiliation—and that many of them, no matter what happens, will carry into their graves—Professor Andler shows them as they were in the years just previous to the war:

If I picture to myself correctly the average Germans, both the common people and the *bourgeoisie*, they are people without vision, men of a limited horizon, strictly specialized each in his own work, for whom the days pass in methodical labor, without overwork, and strangely secure and regular. In the evenings they do not disdain a glass of beer, a game of skittles, or choral singing. Some find leisure for communal or corporate interests. Yet, excellent patriots almost all of them, they feel no other concern in the direction of the destinies of this country which they love. They tell themselves that it is safe behind the most powerful army in the world. They think the direction of



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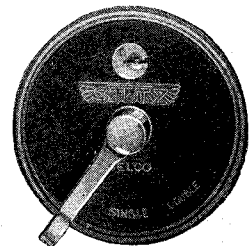
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It could not well be otherwise, for wherever
high grade motor cars are driven it is known and
acknowledged that Delco Equipment represents
the maximum in quality, ability and certainty of
performance.

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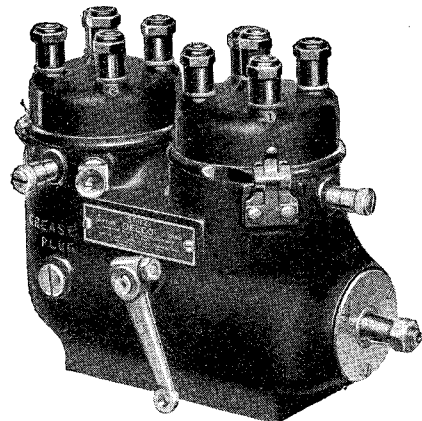
Delco

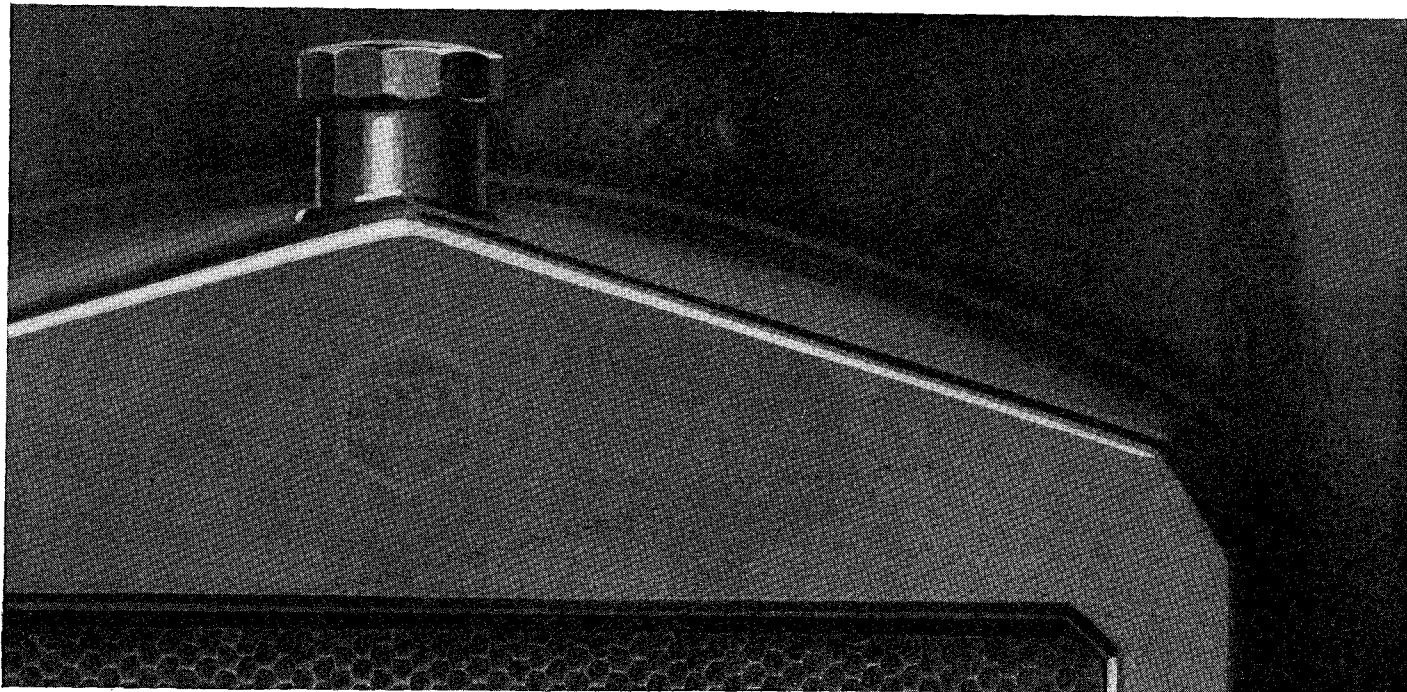
Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems



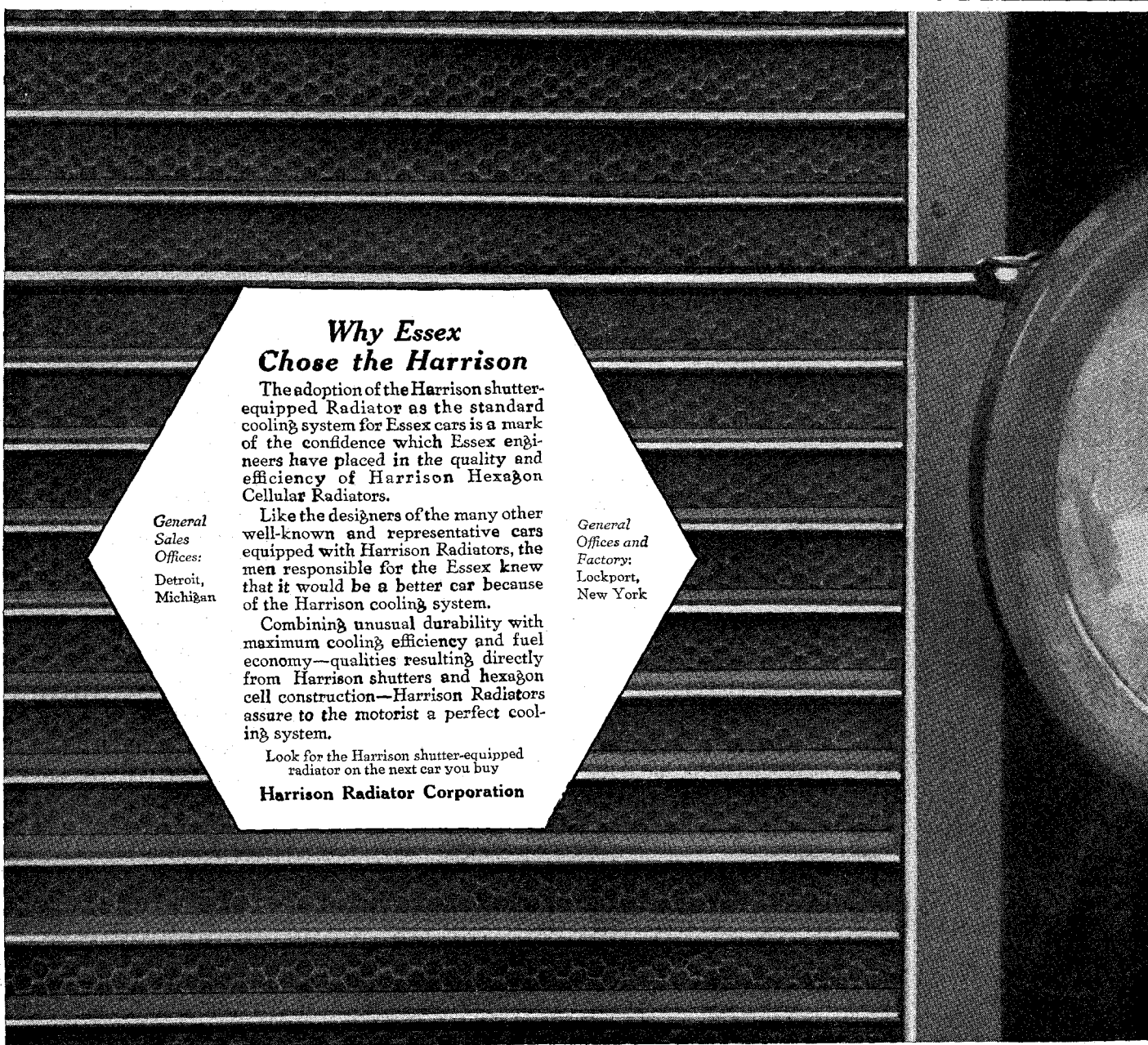
*Above: Delco Switch used on
Stutz Car.*

*Below: Delco distributor for
Stutz 16-Valve Engine.*





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public affairs is a trade like other trades a specialty demanding an apprenticeship which the average German has not served. They consider that there are officials who have gone into this special study and who will toil with method, regularity, and patriotism to carry on these affairs. The average German has more confidence in the officials than in the Reichstag, because the Kaiser has more confidence in them than in the Reichstag—the Kaiser and the Government passing as “above all parties.” They say this and they are believed! Nor is it to be questioned that the Government has at heart the protection of the material prosperity of the German people, as far as this is possible. It knows that material prosperity, particularly when conquered by the rude discipline and immense effort which the rapid economic expansion of Germany made necessary, puts every other preoccupation to sleep. The mass of the people has not time or does not care to demand political rights when collective energy and individual effort are exhausted in the immense work for which people and Government know so marvelously how to combine: the work of the economic expansion of Germany.

Meanwhile, what becomes of the internal liberties? And what of the external relations of the state? What use does the Government make of the enormous force springing from the German people? The multitude takes no thought of this. Certain powerful leagues, the conservative League of Agriculturists, or the recent League of the Hansa, a more liberal organ of the great Jewish bank, have opened up a propaganda for economic ends. The Social Democrats made it their business to carry on in the press and in their public meetings a purely negative and theoretical criticism. Powerful enough in the city administrations, they claimed no title to the actual management of state business and their work of control was as devoid of sanction as is all the rest of German parliamentarism. “You have neither a revolutionary opposition nor a parliamentary opposition!” cried Jaurès to the German Socialists at Amsterdam.

Where then lay the political life of Germany before 1914? It was the privilege of those leaders to whom the German people had confided their destiny. It was confined to that caste of Junkers who furnish the high officials just as they furnish the generals, and who sometimes associate with themselves talent selected outside, from among the specialists in law or in the technique of industry or finance. In order to escape control, up to 1907 this caste placed the greatest obstacles in the way of the liberty of the press and the rights of assembly and association. Thus the people of every class, from Germany’s great industries and her great commerce, her ancient and new middle class, and her intellectuals—all remained politically without culture, in spite of the overflowing wealth of the country and the enormous progress in technology.

The unique political task and the duty *par excellence* of the good *bourgeois* patriots was to cry “Hoch!” at the passage of the court carriages and to decorate for those dynastic anniversaries which German particularism furnishes in quantities every year in each monarchy of the Empire. If one was reckoned among the “high lights of society,” on these anniversaries one was invited to the usual banquet, dreaded for its dullness, where the “high lights” communed in a spirit of monarchic loyalty. And if any profound uneasiness troubled the German people, other well-known leagues, the *Wehrverein*, the *Flottenverein*, the general association of *Kriegervereine*, the Pan-Germanist league, or simply the salaried press, would combine to stir up a roaring wave of chauvinism which would sweep all internal grievances away. Discord ceased at the approach of real or imaginary national peril. No one asked if there might not be certain men, powerful tho few in number, whose interest lay in having some peril threaten from without, in order that they might be spared the sight of their power shaken from within.”

Some years before the war, says Professor Baldensperger, a colleague of Professor Andler on the faculty of the Sorbonne, now attached to Columbia University, Professor Andler “held the belief that a liberating force, spreading from the organized proletariat of Germany, would sooner or later bring over the world a peaceful and idealistic reform of economic conditions.” As early as 1912, however, he gave up this hope, and attacked German socialism as imperialistic, “mainly interested in material ameliorations, higher salaries, and the like.” Writing in the midst of the war, he asked what Germany could bring to the reorganization demanded by peace. “Thus far they have not known how to organize anything but war and an invasive industry to prolong or prepare for war.” In another place he points out that the German intellectuals, who should have been interested in the good of their country, have buried themselves in great business enterprises, leaving their beloved fatherland

to military dictators and bureaucrats. Perhaps, he argues, “under the crushing pressure of facts,” they will awaken to new ideals:

Their critical spirit, applied to so many subjects, will perhaps some day be applied to political subjects abandoned formerly to the mysterious decisions of the staff and the bureaucracy. Their humanitarianism of other days will reawaken.

They will then find it profitable to reread such theoreticians as Nietzsche, in whom is to be found at the same time the last child of the Hellenizing classicism of Goethe and the most rigorous of lay moralists, formed in the school of the Nazarene. As Plato wept to see the Greeks spill Hellenic blood in floods during the constant wars of extermination from city to city, so Nietzsche, more eloquently than any other of his generation, wept at the idea of seeing Europeans spilling European blood. He could not endure in Germany “the spirit of littleness and servility which penetrates everything, down to the last little village, down to the least little village newspaper, and up to the most respected artists and savants.” He could not accustom himself to the German idea of force. “The Germans imagine that force is necessarily manifested by hardness and cruelty. They submit, therefore, willingly and with admiration. . . . They taste of terror with devotion. It is not easy for them to believe that there is force in gentleness and in silence.”

He observed of the Germans that the psychological basis of every soul is the will to be strong. But to this psychologist who seeks to apply the results of transformism to the moral world, “the will to be strong” is only the rude trunk out of which are developed the refined and ennobled instincts. This will does not exist in its primitive dimensions, he says, except in the avid slave, for whom the discipline of slavery is necessary, as is afterward the slow rising up which transforms him. Real power, on the contrary, he says in *Morgenröte*, lies in gentle and courteous souls. The thoughts that direct the world come “on the feet of doves,” declares Zoroaster. For the importance lies in the values; and throughout the system of Nietzsche it is the values which in the last analysis give direction to the use of the powers. This is the Germany, attached once more to the immaterial values of civilization, that we could receive into the Society of Nations.

GLIMPSES OF FAKE WAR-HEROES, AND SOME OF THE STUNTS THEY PULLED

THE WAR REVEALED many heroes, and it also developed a few crooks. One class of the latter have been going around posing as great warriors who have gone through untold perils; or as military geniuses with plans for campaigns or contrivances that were sure winners; or merely as stately and dignified officers, chiefly impressive for the beautiful fit of their uniforms. What P. T. Barnum said about the birth-rate of suckers being as applicable to-day as when P. T. said it, these imposters have always been able to gain a following. A number of these men have been British, and hence that Government has stationed an officer in America, known as the British Army Provost Marshal, whose duty it is to see that Americans are not imposed upon by criminals and fakers wearing the uniform of Britain. This officer is Lieut.-Col. Norman G. Thwaites, and he holds forth at 44 Whitehall Street, in New York City. One of the officers under Colonel Thwaites recently related to a representative of the *New York Times* a number of interesting cases that had been brought to the attention of the B. A. P. M., of which we quote the following:

There was the young aviator whose Scotland Yard record was bad. He had done his two years in the penitentiary for forgery. He came to America and joined the air force in Canada. A call was sent out as a measure of warning. The B. A. P. M. had a signature and a poor amateur snap-shot as the only clues. He had changed his name and his appearance. He was found, however, and brought to the New York office. He told his story, admitting his past offenses. He wanted another opportunity. His commanding officers gave him an excellent character as a fearless pupil in aviation and an observer of military discipline. Presently he won his wings. Not a word was said to any one of his past career. In due time he went to France and became a scourge among the Hun air-men. He won a decoration and met a hero’s death over the enemy’s lines.

In opposition to this case is one that deserves identifying,

for the rogue in question will probably remain a rogue no matter what tenderness is shown him. This person, an American, changed his name and his habits with great frequency. At one time he was the Hon. Westmoreland Davis, occasionally he was a peer of the realm. Always he had the habits of a sultan, and in the course of his career in the United States he married five women, who "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

There is no record of this cadet's ever having seen service in the field. A judicial court in Virginia gave this betrayer of women five years' penal servitude. It is regrettable to have to state that this man escaped from the jail in spite of the kindness received there, sympathy being felt for a man of his intelligence, which led to the superintendent placing him in the office instead of on the rock-pile. He is believed to have returned to Texas.

In addition to this man's bigamies there was a long list of defalcations. He wooed a waitress at a New York restaurant and took \$200 of the girl's savings from her. He masqueraded as a British officer, altho he never attained any commissioned rank. His victims in fraudulent transactions were always women. The curious thing was that it was impossible to get the defrauded women to prosecute. It is as well that his description be widely known. Beware, then, of a man with fair complexion, weighing about 130 pounds, of five feet nine inches in height, who walks with a slight limp, and has on his right leg a scar as of a burn. He may call himself anything, but he was fond of "Kenneth" as a first name.

Then there was a British "Tommy" who had an inventive turn of mind. He had one or two ideas about hand-grenades and was so impressed with his genius that he promoted himself to lieutenant, then to captain. On leaving a London hospital, after serious shrapnel wounds in the head, he took his inventions to the War Office. They were found to be worthless. Presently he decided that the U. S. A. would be more appreciative of his talents. By the time he had borrowed some hundreds of dollars he was convinced he could win the world, and when he arrived in America his rank had mysteriously risen to that of colonel. He had brought with him the necessary insignia. He mentioned several names of notables in England and found what appeared to be mutual friends. He was asked to dinners. Persons of note in New York society were asked to dine and meet the interesting "British colonel" who had revolutionized trench-warfare.

His travels took him to Detroit, where he was exposed by a young Irish officer in the British service. The newspapers, which had been full of his exploits, were eager to publish the story of his confession of fraud, but the same papers presently published a cable purporting to have come from Gen. Sir William Robertson, Chief of Staff, War Office, London, correcting the misapprehension, and stating that a regrettable delay in gazetting the gallant "Colonel's" promotion was the cause of the error. Again the "Tommy" was raised to his pedestal of genius.

But the cable spoke again and the B. A. P. M. was able to inform the public press and a too-hospitable, not to say gullible, public that Jones was still Private Jones and that the charitable view to take of the case was that the wounds in his head had caused mental aberration. But even after all this some good-hearted citizen lent the humbug \$5,000 to "continue his inventive experiments."

Among the persons who were able to fool the public and get away with it to their profit, some of the most successful were preachers. Others were doctors. All of them obtained money by their representations, usually by posing as officers of high rank. A typical case is the following:

A youth of eighteen, of good family in England and of excellent education, arrived in New York upon a French steamer recently. He wore the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Air Force, correct in every particular and with a chestful of decorations. He had the order of St. Anne of Russia, the *Croix de Guerre* of France, the Military Cross of England, and the Mons Star.

He told a story of having flown from England to France and to have shipped from Marseilles to Oran and thence to America. Asked for his papers, he produced a certificate stating that his papers were by accident on another ship and that this document would serve as identification. On the way to America he borrowed \$200 from a magnanimous American to pay for his ticket. He had managed to get on board without one. The American called at the Provost Marshal's office a few days after landing to inquire as to the whereabouts of the good-looking young officer. Unhappily for the "Colonel," there is on the staff of the British Provost Marshal a young flying officer who also is a student at Columbia, and whose wits amount to genius in the apprehension and the diagnosis of frauds.

By some sleuthing the "Colonel" was traced to Philadelphia, where he was staying with one of his fellow passengers.

He was handed over to the immigration authorities on a charge of illegal entry into the United States, after he had broken down in boyish fashion and revealed his true name, his entire lack of military service, and other facts.

Some were able to put it over with thrilling tales of heroic achievement or the wearing of decorations, the following being examples:

There was the case of an Irish lad who married a girl in New York in November and a Texas heiress in December, both last year. This "superman" had fought, so his story went, against Villa in Mexico, he had faced and slain Germans in Southwest Africa, he had been an aviator and had conquered and killed his man 10,000 feet above the submarine base at Zeebrugge. He is now in custody.

When young "Scott," a second-lieutenant, put up the V. C. and swaggered around New York he thought it great fun. He found an accommodating organization willing to supply motor-cars to Allied officers. He applied for one "to make a tour of inspection of training-camps around New York." For the sake of company he picked up some colleagues. They presented their cards to the sentry at a certain camp and in a few minutes the commanding officer bade them welcome. Behold them later in the reviewing-stand, solemnly taking the salute of some 10,000 youngsters of their own age.

A few of these fake heroes proved themselves truly heroic by the really noteworthy stunts they pulled off, not in the line of military duty but in connection with their faking. Such was the leading figure in the following story:

A deserter from the Canadian Army came to the United States at the time of one of the Liberty Loan drives, and by his eloquence succeeded in obtaining subscriptions of \$50,000 in one evening. While he made his speech officers of the Provost Marshal's office patiently waited, feeling that such good work should not be interrupted. At the conclusion he was firmly led away. In the course of his speech he had held up his left hand, showing, so he said, he had lost two fingers in a desperate hand-to-hand fight with a German. Investigation showed, however, that he had never fought in France, and that the fingers were lost when he was a youth during his apprenticeship as a printer's assistant. In the course of his career in America he bought \$60,000 worth of Liberty bonds, altho at that time he had but \$4 in his clothes. He entertained friends in New York to the tune of \$189, and when the bill was presented issued a check which, of course, was returned with the comment, "No funds."

He was a member of one of America's most famous universities and established a reputation there as a remarkable boxer. When first locked up as a deserter from the Canadian forces he made a brilliant escape, altho handcuffed. He first knocked out his keeper, stript him, and locked the officer in the cell which he had been occupying; then, wearing his victim's uniform, he went to the prison gate, walking down a dark passage right into the arms of the guard.

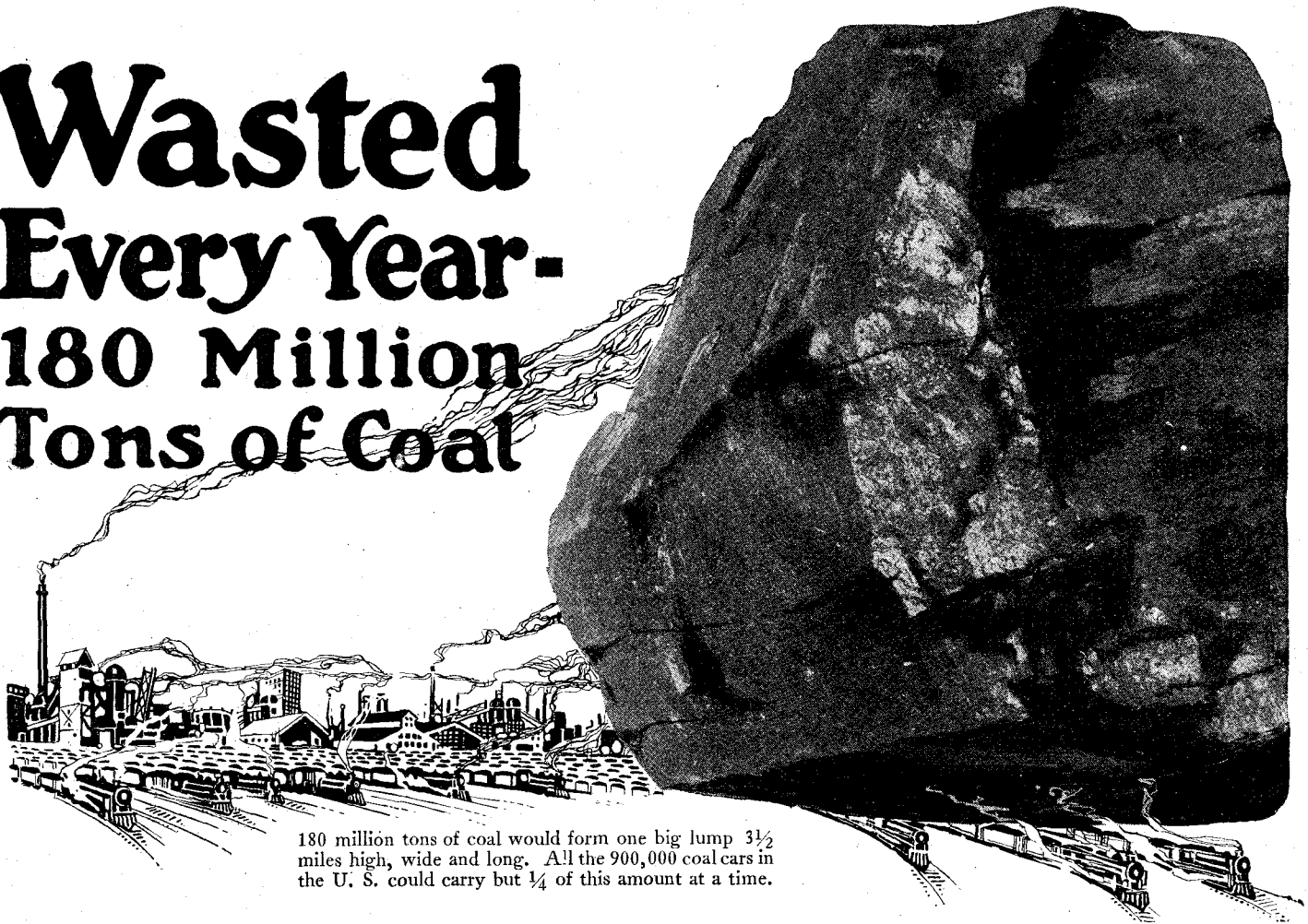
The four keepers were armed with bayonets, and in the battle which ensued the darkness undoubtedly was of assistance to the offender, as he managed to escape after putting the four guards out of business, some of them being badly wounded by their own bayonets. The prisoner himself did not escape scot-free, as a trail of blood was discovered. He was not picked up again until sergeants of the British Guard captured him as related.

From a party named Percy Plantagenet Willoughby one would naturally expect something, and as a matter of fact Percy cut quite a swath for a while—

The name belonged to a private of the British forces who deserted from one regiment to another, according to his taste in uniforms. His hair was curly and his voice was smooth, and his success with ladies in New York was immense. As a captain of a Highland regiment wearing staff badges he made a sensation on Fifth Avenue when he rode in the preparedness parade on a "charger" hired from a livery stable. The Provost Marshal was severely berated by more than one charming girl when Master Percy was arrested.

A New York newspaper took up the young man's cause and talked of persecution, publishing a long interview with the young man intending to show that an ungrateful Government was careless of the welfare of a gallant officer who had shed his blood for civilization. The fact, however, remained that a jury found that Percy Plantagenet was a petty pilferer, a forger of checks, and an impostor.

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ALL ABOUT THE ENTITY OF THE "EGO" IS TAUGHT AT THE HOBO UNIVERSITY

THE LATEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION in New York City to open its portals to persons yearning for knowledge is Hobo University. No, this is not a joke. It's a real institution. Also, it is referred to as a movement, which seems quite appropriate when you consider that it is for hoboes. "And what do they teach at this university?" asks somebody. "How to become hoboes?" Nay, nay, far be it. They delve into hefty subjects. They learn all about monads, the ultimate constituent, the goneness of the past, the whatness of the which, religion and the absolute, the traffic regulations of space, man's relation to the infinite, and many other fundamentally important things. Also, the school serves "eats" to its students, or, as it is referred to by President James Eads How, S.T.B., M.D., "a light luncheon." Presumably it's light so as to encourage the hoboes who have a desire for a "square meal" to seek that form of gastronomic delectation elsewhere and not hang about the university premises all the time. The university is located at 202 Bowery, and has been in operation only a short time, but it's grinding right along. While the number of students is not yet as great as it probably will be, especially if the university authorities should conclude to add a few more "eats," those already enrolled appear to be picked men, so that what the student body lacks in quantity it more than makes up in quality. The most interesting figure, of course, is the president, Mr. How, who is thus described by B. M. Johns in the *New York Tribune*:

James Eads How is the president of the Hobo University. He is also the dean, the committee on admissions, and if there are any fellows, he is one of the fellows too. Aside from this James Eads How is an organizer of Migratory, Casual, and Unemployed Workers and Their Friends, but above all he is president of the new movement, the Hobo University. He is admirably fitted to be president. Look him up in the catalog of Harvard University students, and you will find he was under the elms of Cambridge from '87 to '89. From the same source you will discover that he is able to write S.T.B. and M.D. after his name. He has attended the Meadville Theological Seminary and the College of Physicians and Surgeons at St. Louis. Not that Mr. How mentions any of these things. He is interested in his university and not in himself. And just as he is admirably fitted to be president of a university, Mr. How is drest for the part.

From first appearance he does not look as tho he had a string of initials after his name. His clothes hang about his slim and slightly drooping figure in undulating folds. His trousers are bagged at the knees. His coat is an old one. His shirt is of the O. D. type worn last year by Young America and minus a necktie. But his face is the face of a scholar, a long, kindly face, with the brow of a thinker and a mouth that twists into a gentle smile.

Mr. Johns interviewed the president at the university. "Yes," said Mr. How, placing chairs in neat rows in the center of the principal lecture-room, "we are getting back to fundamentals." He continued:

"For instance, there is the question of wealth. Our friends in the Hungarian Republic allow a man 10,000 kronen at 4 per cent. interest. Every one is on the same plane as every one else, and we have a true democracy."

Mr. Johns says he was anxious to have the president continue his exposition of this interesting line of philosophy, but the university was about to go into session and Mr. How was busy—

He had come all the way from Atlantic City to assume the duties of office. Where he would be later he did not know. He lived almost anywhere. He slept almost anywhere the night over—took him—any lodging-house or park bench. It was all the same to him, because Mr. How is a man of the world if there ever was one.

"At 9:30 in the morning," he explained, "the students assemble to see if there are any prospects of a job in sight. Should they fail in getting a job we meet at 11:30 and try to find out why there are so many more men than there are jobs. We study civil economics for an hour. Then we join in a light luncheon, and after that we study industrial law."

"That," Mr. How concluded, "is the curriculum as it stands at present."

At this moment there entered a tall man whose face was

"wreathed in the untrammelled reaches of a beard as long and glowing as Canute's." Mr. How explained that this individual was Brother Meaker, adding, "Doesn't he look like the Apostle Paul?" The account continues:

Brother Meaker's face was ruddy from the outdoors. Through his beard his chin was square and determined. If he resembled the Apostle Paul he did not seem overpleased with the comparison. W. Lathrop Meaker is a leading light in the Liberal Socialist League, which sponsors a number of reforms, including a four-hour day at fifty cents an hour, in order to provide employment for all without overproduction, not to mention a project for the seizure by the Government of the entire food-reserve, thus guaranteeing three meals a day to all who are willing to work. Brother Meaker had come to speak to the students of the university.

"I have been through two colleges," said Brother Meaker, "and this one makes the third, but I think Mr. How has hit upon a big idea."

Then footsteps sounded in the room. The student body, all five of them, excepting the one who came in at lunch-time, was convening. They did not look like hoboes any more than their president. They affected a careless dress suited to the casual worker. They were not talking or laughing, but filed in solemnly and took their seats, and Mr. How shook hands with each in turn, which is a great deal more than most university presidents will undertake.

Then the session opened and Mr. Johns, feeling that his knowledge of "fundamentals" was not what it should be, concluded to remain and partake of such intellectual provender as might be handed out. President How opened the session with a few well-chosen remarks about the laboring man and art. The account proceeds:

"Down where I come from," said Mr. How, "the negroes sing a song that goes, 'Every day'll be Sunday by and by,' and if we only had shorter hours and right conditions every day would be a day of gladness."

And to prove that the laboring men are writing poetry and music and gradually inculcating it into their work, he led a song, and sang it very well, too, with the following refrain:

Hold the fort, we are coming,
Union men, be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Even in the interval of wondering whether "strong" and "come" rhimed Mr. Meaker was introduced, prepared to talk on social economics; but first he also sang a song in a strong barytone. There was no doubt about it, Mr. Meaker knew how to sing:

Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength and loose thy bands:
Arise and shine! thy banners all unfurled;
Go forth! Go forth! united sons of many lands,
Proclaim the year of jubilee to all the world.

When the song was finished Mr. Meaker, who had addressed the university before, put on a sort of review of the ground previously gone over. He invited the students to ask questions, and one came right back at him:

"Is it true," he inquired in the pleasantly argumentative voice of a man of learning, "that man is naturally egotistical? Is man a social being? Is religion essential to him?"

This was a pretty large order to place with any man, even if he did wear whiskers like Canute's and looked like the Apostle Paul and was reasonably prepared to clear up almost offhand any old mystery regarding the universe or man's relation thereto, that might be suggested to him. It gave him pause for a moment—

"Hold on," expostulated Mr. Meaker, "you are asking three questions instead of one." But Mr. Meaker was not to be daunted by any of the vagaries blamed on man. Mr. Meaker holds the title of the Hobo Philosopher, and he was ready to display it.

Mr. Meaker called for a paper and a tack, and then equipping himself with a fragment of brick, he endeavored to nail the paper against the door, the better to explain his point. It proved to be an interesting struggle of mind against matter, with matter well up in first place. After hammering for a time, Mr. Meaker discovered the door was made of iron and likely to resist the efforts of the tack. Undaunted by the possible symbolism, he tried the wall, and there the paper remained affixed.

While the university watched him he made a dot in the geometrical center of the circle.

"Let this dot," said the lecturer, "represent the human



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entity, since all the philosophy of Descartes, Leibnitz, and the rest must come down to this in the last analysis.

"And these other dots will represent other human beings besides the ego, and this circle represents human society, because there must be a limit to human society somewhere.

"And let this circle represent the limit of the animal kingdom, and this circle," and here he drew a very large one indeed, "this circle represents all."

"Of course," he acknowledged, "there is infinity, which is commonly supposed to represent everything beyond human comprehension, but we can include everything, even the universe, in the term 'all.'"

The Hobo University had not moved, had not shifted its position. It sat in quiet contemplation, staring at the whole plan of things as it hung, shivering slightly from a draft from somewhere out of the cosmos that tested the hold of the tack on the plaster.

"There you have it," Mr. Meaker continued. "There you have the ego which has been brought forth by society. Consequently man, the egotistical, is social, and man in turn has come from the universe by the process of evolution. He has come from the animals, just as the animals came from plants. And if man comes from the universe, if we come from the universe, why the universe must at least be as alive and real as we are. Hence man is essentially religious and man must adjust himself, both to society and to the universe."

Which all goes to prove that they teach philosophy at the Hobo University; real technical philosophy. As the president says: "The laboring man has listened and clapped and cheered the sentiments of people he can not understand.

"He has done all this too long. Now the time has come when he is going to learn about society, and all the rest of it for himself."

A SEA TALE FROM REAL LIFE AS THRILLING AS LONDON'S "SEA WOLF"

A STORY OF DEATH, alleged mutiny, and stern disciplinary action upon the high seas, rivaling Jack London's tale of his famous "Sea Wolf," was told at the recent trial, in New York City, of Adolph C. Pedersen and his son, Adolph Eric Pedersen, captain and second mate of the barkantine *Puako*, who were charged with murdering one of their seamen. The defendants were acquitted of the charge of murder, but they are still under indictment for alleged cruelty to their crew, as is also the first mate of the *Puako*, who is another son of Captain Pedersen. The events which led to this development took place on a voyage made in the first part of 1918 by the *Puako*, carrying a cargo of lumber from Victoria, B. C., to Cape Town, South Africa. Captain Pedersen experienced considerable difficulty in securing a crew. At last he had thirteen men—unlucky number—of whom, however, only one—Peter Jergensen—had had any experience as a seaman. The account of the voyage is thus given in the New York *Tribune*:

On the morning of April 27, 1918, the gallant ship started on its fateful voyage. From the very first the two mates, both sons of the captain, were set to the task of instilling into the minds of the crew the mysteries of the compass, of sails, of ropes, and the art of steering, while navigating the ship at the same time.

All went well apparently until May 13. No sign of the impending tragedies appeared in the life of the little community housed upon a 1,000-ton ship in the vast waters of the Pacific. Then came the first incident that proved to be the forerunner of a series of events that culminated in the death of the ship's cook and a seaman.

In the language of the pallid-faced eighteen-year-old second mate, told on the witness-stand, the incident was as follows:

"In the morning we had a new coil of rope on deck which we wanted to send aloft to hoist a gant-line on deck. The first mate ordered Frank Grielen to take it aloft. The captain came on deck and asked Grielen what was the matter with him, and why he did not go forward. Grielen replied, 'Shoot me, shoot me, I will jump overboard.' The captain put him in irons."

This is the same incident described by the crew in another manner. It led to Grielen's detention over a period of five weeks, in which he was constantly in irons. At night he was placed in the paint-locker, a small storeroom, 4 feet 5 inches high, without windows.

Ten days later the first death of the ill-fated voyage took place. The second mate in relating his narrative on the witness-stand described the incident as follows:

"On May 23, at 10:15 A.M., John Stewart, the cook, jumped overboard. I was on watch at the time. I threw him a rope and it fell right on him, but he would not take hold of it. I saw him with his hands over his eyes and his mouth wide open swallowing water. The weather and sea were calm. I shouted to the captain that the cook was overboard, and he sang out, 'Go get him.' By the time we got to the boat there was no sign of Stewart. From this time on the crew acted very queer, stupid, and defiant."

From this point onward the cabin-boy, L. A. Smithson, was the storm-center of the ship. On June 25 he brought a jug of milk into the captain's cabin for breakfast. This jug of milk led to his undoing and placed him in the bad graces of the officers of the ship. In the narrative of the second mate the incident was related as follows:

"The cabin-boy, L. A. Smithson, was the next one to cause trouble. He had been neglectful, disobedient, neglected to clean the cabin, and we had to keep at him all the time to get him to work. He had a jug of milk, which he placed on the table, and it was sour. It had been in the jug for about three days and he poured hot water on it and put it on the table for breakfast.

"The captain asked him what was wrong with the milk, that we could not use it. It was all lumps and it smelled awful. We placed him in irons for disobedience. He had been insubordinate on several occasions before. We put him in the lazaretto until noon, when he apologized to the captain."

One of the most sensational portions of the evidence brought out at the trial was that dealing with the "water cure," which it was shown had been administered by the ship's officers as a disciplinary measure. It was described by William Jones, who declared he had been one of its victims. Jones testified as follows:

"I was chained with another man in the pump-hold. We were down there for three days. The captain and mates started the gasoline-pump and then pumped bilge-water on us as long as there was any water in the bilges. This would last for half an hour at a time."

The second mate on the stand did not deny Jones's story, but gave his own version of the "water cure" as follows:

"Peter Jergensen was tied down in the hold with the cabin-boy, Smithson, for insubordination. We had found Jergensen with thirteen shirts on his back, altho the temperature was 80 degrees Fahrenheit at the time. He was in a very dirty condition.

"Matson, the carpenter, came to me and told me that the two men in the pump-hold were very dirty. 'All right,' I said, 'let's wash them down a bit.' We went down and turned the hose on them until we got them clean."

The account tells of various other incidents which took place, each adding to the irritation. Thus, one man made a complaint that somebody had put tobacco in the beans, making the entire crew sick. The cabin-boy finally confessed he had done this because he wanted to cause bad feeling between the cook and the crew. Then came the trouble with Axel Hansen, the seaman for whose death by drowning, on August 6, the captain and his son were placed on trial. As the story is told:

He first appears upon the scene in Los Angeles in the winter of 1916 as an I. W. W. agitator. There he was arrested three times while delivering orations from a soap-box in one of the streets of the harbor district of Los Angeles. After serving short terms in prison he finally turned up in Victoria, B. C., where he became a member of the *Puako's* crew.

Altho he had several minor encounters with the two mates and the captain, the first serious incident occurred on July 30. The testimony of both sides agreed on the main points of this incident, but the interpretation placed upon them was opposed.

John W. Campbell, one of the crew, describing it, said:

"I was called into the captain's cabin to witness a statement made by Hansen. When I got in Hansen was handcuffed. His face was a mass of blood and his eyes were almost closed. There was a big gash across his face.

"The captain said to him: 'Confess, you —, confess,' Hansen would not confess. The captain said, 'Wake him up,' and the second mate hit him on the head with a club. When he would not confess fast enough the second mate hit him again. Finally, he confessed and I witnessed the statement."

Captain Pedersen related this incident in the following manner: "When Hansen came into my cabin his face was badly bruised. His eyes were almost closed and his face was bleeding. He had been fighting with the cabin-boy, Smithson.

"I said to him, 'You've got a fine face for your foolishness,

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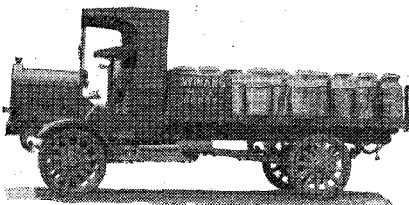
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One day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called and explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts to meet conditions instead of as a hardware man sells nails. The Purchasing Agent, Mr. Engelgau, was interested, told him about the countershaft drive that cost \$28.26 a month, and asked him to look it over.

The G. T. M. — our Mr. J. G. Taylor — studied that drive, studied all the conditions carefully and in detail. After making his measurements he told the P. A. he recommended for that drive a certain type of Goodyear Belt costing then 68c per foot — \$36.04 for the belt. The P. A. thought he couldn't lose anything at that price—even if the belt ran only five weeks—and told him to send it along.

On Dec. 1, 1917, that belt was installed. At the time this advertisement goes to press—the belt is still running and in good condition. It has already given 17 months' service for the \$36.04 spent for it. That seventeen months' service for the double \$1.60 belt would have cost at the prices of the time at least \$480.42. The G. T. M.'s service in specifying the right belt for the service represents a saving of \$480.42 minus \$36.04, or \$444.38.

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If you have a belt-devouring drive that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Good-year Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings they effect for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants served is certain to come to us within a few years.

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haven't you? It was all your own fault.' I had to hold his eye open with my hand while he signed the statement."

The statement signed by Hansen on this occasion was as follows:

"I, Axel Hansen, state that we planned from the beginning of the voyage to kill the captain and the officers and to take the vessel into some island or somewhere off the coast of Chile. I implicate myself, Frank Grielen, Lester Jensen, and B. Olsen. We first planned to throw the master and the mate overboard. We were to sail the ship into some place and turn the vessel over to the authorities and tell lots of lies.

"We never spoke about getting ransom for the ship from the Germans. Lots of times we did not answer the officers when orders were given so that we might cause trouble and be able to shove the master overboard.

"July 7, at one o'clock, the captain was on deck tacking the ship and walking around the deck straightening out things and helping the crew. I tried to shove the captain overboard, but failed. I was treated all right on this ship and I am signing this statement wilfully. I am not forced to sign this statement.

"AXEL HANSEN."

Both the captain and his young son testified that they caught the cabin-boy, Smithson, trying to get the captain's revolver. On being caught, they said, Smithson admitted he had been threatened by Hansen and other members of the crew with death if he did not get the revolver. He also stated the crew were plotting the captain's death, according to the captain's testimony.

The good ship has now rounded the Horn and is straightened out on her course for Cape Town, due east. We have reached the morning of August 6, and the fateful hour of four, when the first morning-watch came on deck. There is about to be enacted the final tragedy which led to the captain and his son being tried for their lives, and their final acquittal.

A long rolling swell is running and the tops are turned to whitecaps by the fresh breeze blowing. All the sails on the foremast below the royal are set, and the main-sheets of the mainmast and mizzenmast are set. With this gear the barkantine is plowing through the waters at the rate of six knots an hour.

The second mate and his watch come on deck to relieve the first mate. There followed the usual report of the watch between the two officers. The first mate reported the breeze had held steady through the four hours of his watch and suggests that now daylight is about to appear the royal sail be set to get a little more speed out of the craft.

The second mate agrees with this and sends Hansen up aloft to loose the royal.

It was on the interpretation of what happened after this that the outcome of the trial depended. The prosecution put a member of the crew on the stand whose testimony was as follows:

"Hansen loosed the royal and then sang out to the second mate: 'All ready; loose the buntlines.' The second mate said, 'What's that? Come down here, you —!'

"Hansen came down, and went over to the mate. I heard a noise and turned around and saw the mate strike Hansen, first with one hand and then with the other. Then he turned Hansen around by the shoulders and kicked him. Hansen started away and then began to run. He ran to the side and then jumped overboard into the sea.

"The second mate ran aft and I ran after him. He ordered Jack Joe, who was at the wheel, to turn the ship about. He then went for the captain who came on deck about two minutes later.

"Before the captain reached the deck he saw Hansen grab the log-line trailing aft in the water. He kept crying for help. As soon as the captain got on deck he looked up and said: 'To hell with the man overboard, put the ship back on her course.'

"The second mate went to the wheel and helped Jack Joe to put it over until the ship came back on her course. The sails were flapping against the masts. An hour later the second mate sent me aloft to see whether I could see Hansen."

The story of the second mate was to the effect that after he had ordered Hansen aloft he saw a black cloud and changed his mind about setting the sail. He continues:

"I ordered Hansen down, and told him that I would not set the sail until I had seen what was in the squall. I told him to go about some other work.

"He started to walk away from me, and then when he had gone about forty feet I saw him break into a run and make for the side. He sprang on the deck-lumber cargo, and then leapt over the side into the sea.

"I called out to him, 'What are you doing? Come back!' but he went on.

"I ran to the side and saw him in the water. I then ran aft and told Jack Joe to put the wheel over and bring the ship about.

Then I ran below to the cabin and waked the captain and told him Hansen was overboard.

"The captain pulled on his trousers and a pair of slippers, and rushed on deck after me. He said, 'Where is he? go get him.' Then he looked over the stern of the boat, but we could not see Hansen. The storm was growing and the ship was aback. The wind was taking the sails full in the front, threatening any minute to dismast the ship.

"The captain saw this and ordered me to put the ship back into her course immediately. He said 'Poor fellow, there is nothing we can do for him. No boat could live in this sea.'"

The captain stated that when he came on deck the sails were flapping dangerously, threatening to dismast the ship. He heard a cry for help in Hansen's voice, but did not see the man. Then he says:

"It was impossible to launch a boat in such a sea, and the ship was in great danger. I ordered the second mate to put it back on its course, because, in the condition it was then, there was serious danger that we would all be drowned.

"I ordered Campbell to go aloft and see if he could see Hansen. After a while he called down that he could not, and we continued on our course."

When the vessel arrived at Cape Town the captain reported the events of the voyage to the authorities, and filed with them several statements of members of the crew. The seamen in court all declared they had been compelled to sign these statements, one of them at the point of a revolver. A sample of these statements is the following, made by the cabin-boy, Smithson:

"I hereby confess to all I have done in disobedience. I signed on the ship on April 4. I left home in Vancouver and the last thing my father said was be careful of yourself and the same thing with my sister, but in place of that I have been doing everything wrong: first I had trouble with the first cook and I thought I was smart and knew it all, and I use to give him a calling-down whenever there was one thing wrong, till he couldn't cook at all.

"Then on May 23 he didn't have any breakfast ready and I went down and helped him, but I called him down and at half-past ten he jumped overboard. Then the other cook came in, and then I stole some stuff from the captain, such as one pair white pants, five packages Bull Durham, three packages cigaret-papers, two pairs socks, one bar soap, one undershirt, one pair handcuffs which I was going to take home, but I got frightened and threw them overboard; and I stole some candy from the can and some matches.

"And then I got chummy with the new cook and we planned to run away in Cape Town, and he started to talk I. W. W. and I fell out with him, and then I told the captain and then the cook denied it.

"Then one day I put some milk on the table that was not fit for any one to use, as it was poisonous, and I was put in irons till my disobedience was gone and I apologized and promised not do it again, and I was let loose; the captain and mates were extra good to me; they helped me in my work; they told me time and time again how to do it, but I was too stupid to understand; the captain even warned me against what I was doing, but I didn't seem to pay any heed till I got so far into trouble that I made it impossible to get along, but I have to suffer, as it was my own fault.

"Another thing I did was to put tobacco in the beans and tried to get the cook in trouble, but the tobacco that I had proved that a piece had been cut out, which compared with that which was in the pot. The only thing that I ever planned was to run away with the cook in Cape Town.

"I don't know anything about this work, as I never worked, only on the farm for my father, and at my trade as dentist, and another thing, I run down my father, but when it comes down to the fine point, he is one of the best men that ever lived, and my sister the same, and I never stole a thing in my life before until I came on this ship, and my sister thinks the world of me, and if she ever heard that I was such a criminal and do such a thing it would break her heart.

"What I want to do is to get my work done and keep things clean in living conditions.

"On the morning of May 20 I and the cook planned to kill the captain; the way I planned it was that the cook was supposed to come back and supposed to be after something from the storeroom and I was to give him a knife when he asked me, which I did, and then he was supposed to kill him and then we were to throw him overboard, and then we were to get the second mate, and then get the mate and make him take us to shore.

"I hereby close and sign this paper this tenth day of July, 1918.
"L. A. SMITHSON."

PEELING SPUDS TAUGHT DOUGH-BOYS THAT ALL MEN ARE EQUAL

"WHAT did the 'kid' bring back from France outside of his *Croix de Guerre*, his 'game' leg, and his sworn determination never again to partake of beans or beef stew?" asks Frank J. Sullivan, writing in the *Anaconda* (Montana) *Standard*. He answers his own question by pointing out a lot of new ideas picked up by the Bills and Johns and Toms and Dicks during their service in the Army, which make them different from the boys of the same names and practically the same appearance who entered that service a year and a half ago. Among other things, according to Mr. Sullivan, the returning dough-boys know better the meaning of that part of the Declaration of Independence which asserts that "all men are created equal." The Army is no respecter of persons. The dude and the roughneck get together on a common level. Each learns several things about the other that he didn't know before. When they part, each has a feeling the other is not so very different from himself. Also, Mr. Sullivan is of the opinion that the returned dough-boy is a better patriot than he was. He has learned that the Government, instead of being an institution as far removed from himself and his affairs as one of the fixt stars, in fact moves and has its being right around the home premises, and, upon occasion, will reach over and take Jim or Bill by the hand and tell him just where to go and what to do, with no regard whatever for his own personal and private plans. Then the writer discusses the increased self-reliance of the man who has seen service, the improvement in his physique due to army training, and last, but not least, his broader views, resulting from his chance to get away from the narrow confines of his home community and to see something of the world. We are also reminded of the influence this development of the dough-boys will have upon the life of the nation when it is considered that it involved three million of young Americans. Says Mr. Sullivan:

During the months that separated the beginnings and the ends of some three million military careers, things of essentially the same nature happened to three million men. They changed their views; they think and act differently about any number of things—ships and shoes and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings, especially kings.

If it hasn't done a thing else this war has taught one-half of the masculine American world how the other half lives, together with various other items of information concerning the else prominent brothers, including the fact that they are just as human as anybody else, quite as susceptible to emotions, good and bad, and very often capable of staging little performances that resulted in their being kissed on both cheeks by a French general with a ticklish beard, who at the same time pinned a little cross on the left side of their blouses.

Everybody was in pretty much the same boat during those nineteen months. It didn't make a heap much difference if your dad did happen to be the high mucky-

muck back home, or your uncle a Senator, or your mother one of the millionaire Smiths of Smithtown, you know. Despite any golden spoons that might have adorned your physiognomy at the moment of birth, you got your hell as quickly and as effectively as anybody. "K. P." came to you as often as it did to Pete, the butcher boy from Avenue A. And somehow, hours and hours spent at the ceremonial rite of peeling potatoes, with Pete peeling away at the other side of the tub, brought about discussions that cleared up many misunderstandings between your point of view and Pete's and led to the discovery that you had many things in common, and the further discovery that on the basis of real accomplishment Pete probably was a lot more of a man than you.

Maybe your platoon commander had been your chauffeur prior to April, 1917. It made no difference, however. He did not hold it against you as long as your rifle was free from oil and dirt Saturday morning. And naturally you were inclined to forgive him for his unwarranted assumption. The piano-player in the "movie" house captured a hundred or so Germans and all the decorations he could carry without getting round-shouldered, while the world champion prize-fighter stayed at home. So it has been. Who does not know of cases where the la-de-dah boy went forth to corner the market on bravery, while the football hero of the class of 1912 took his out in talk. It's a funny world.

In the service men were judged for what they were. The trimmings didn't count, since machine-gun bullets penetrate the prince and pauper impartially and with the same result. Flashes of yellow have been known to appear in the fiber of the chosen ones as often as in the "rabble." Thus it was that the old standards were cast to the four winds and a new order brought into existence in which the aristocrat was the man who came nearest to being the answer to Kipling's "If"—the man who had courage, nerve, and humanity, and who didn't tell you about it.

One often hears of a person "running a bluff" or "operating on his nerve" in some line of endeavor, without other excuse for his being engaged therein. No doubt many people do those things and "get away with it" in civil life, but it would appear from accounts of life in the Army that conditions there are such that one is "shown up" for approximately what he is worth. Thus, Mr. Sullivan says:

Men learned to judge men by what they showed. If a man had the goods, he passed, he was a member of the crowd. If he didn't, the delightful intimacy of barrack life soon disclosed the fact. Barrack life, as every soldier knows, has about half the privacy attributed to the goldfish.

There were several types that might be met with in an outfit. The crawler, who always had an excuse ready to get himself off a fatigue detail and who was always on sick-call when there was a prospect of a hike with full packs. The hand-shaker, sometimes called shorter and uglier names, seeking advancement for himself by "soup-ing" around the officers and carrying tales. The tightwad, who saved twenty-nine of his thirty dollars every month, who, the boys declared, wouldn't spend a nickel to see the Queen of Sheba. Finally, the kidder, continually bemoaning his cruel fate and refusing, like Rachel or Job, or whoever it

was, to be comforted, kicking at everything, good and bad.

The three million learned to spot those "birds" with unerring accuracy, and don't think they are going to be hoodwinked by their parallels in civil life. They exist there just as in the service.

The spirit of brotherhood that has been born in the heart of the American soldier by the common experiences of army life is something beautiful and wonderful to behold, but believe me, it is more beautiful and wonderful to feel. And every soldier knows that. Knocks and buffetings fell alike on the rich dough-boy and the poor dough-boy, and made them all kin.

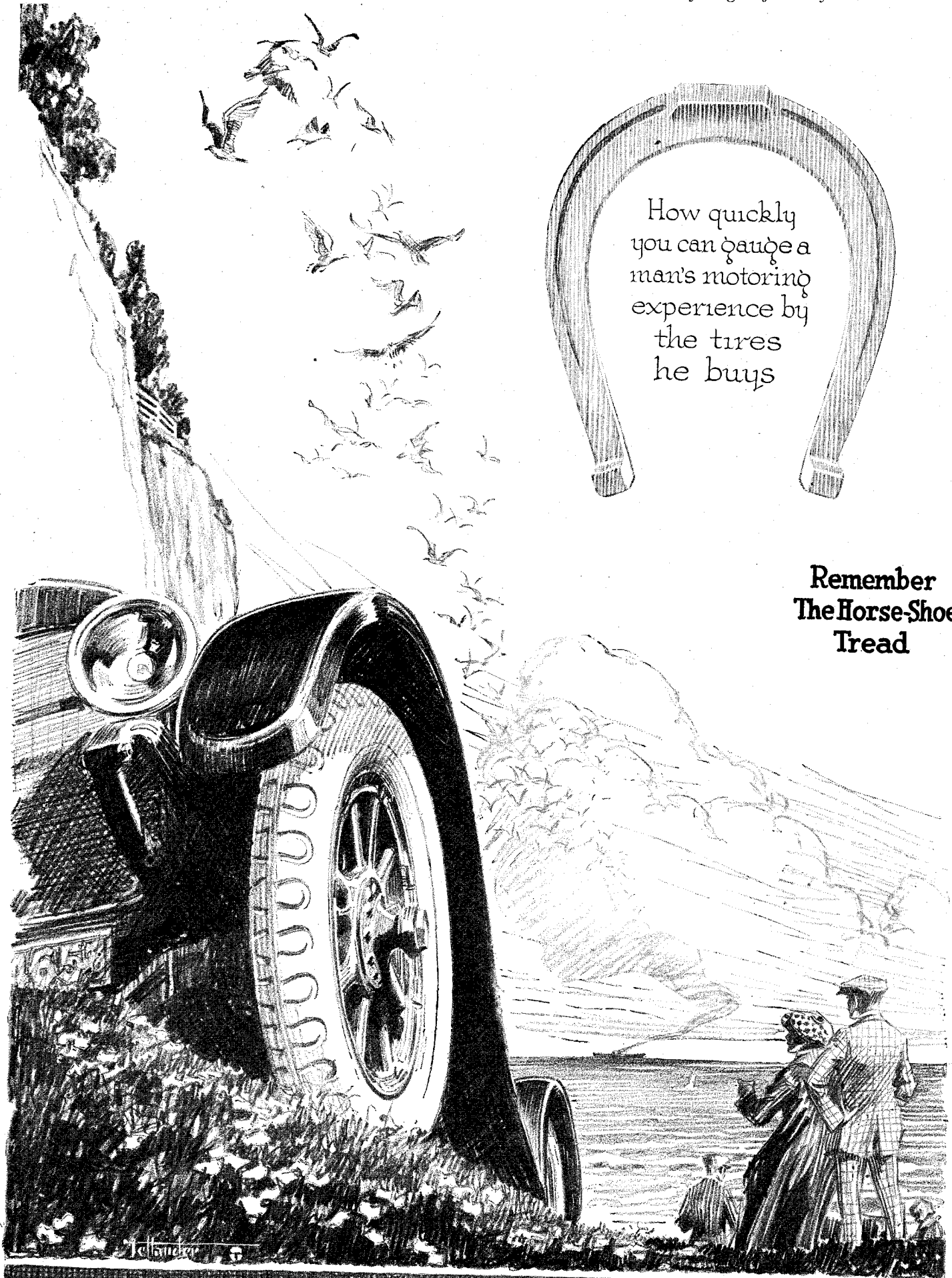
They who left the camps of America for the mud and hardtack of France know what it means to be weary and footsore, heartsick and discouraged to the point of utter despair, and in the moments when things seemed blackest and home and the home-folk seemed lost forever, it was the men themselves who tided each other over the gulf. Every one had his blue Mondays and sometimes Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. If to-day your buddy was sitting on the edge of his bunk looking like the personification of the anatomy of melancholy, it was your bounden duty to hustle him back to his old self by fair means or foul. For to-morrow it might be your turn to sink into the shadows, and it would be his turn to convince you that all was not lost as long as one's feet rested on the upper side of the lawn.

In the Army no one ever inquired a man's fraternity or club or religious affiliation before giving him first aid. The old helping hand was out for the derelict and high-brow alike. Those of the three million who walked in the valley of the shadow at Château-Thierry, St. Quentin, and the Argonne know how simply the street-cleaner or the banker can lay down his life for his fellow. And the souls of both entering upon their great adventure could not be distinguished one from the other.

The purgatory the men went through has cleansed their vision as well as their souls, and they come home with a sense of values they never had before. They know the things worth while and the trivialities, and they will not be handed the latter. I fancy that when in the future some rising young statesman with designs on the votes of the three million mounts the platform in frock coat and "fellow-citizens" them in honeyed accents, they will want to know what he was doing between April 5, 1917, and November 11, 1918, before giving ear to his plea. And if it should happen that he was doing nothing during those momentous months, except possibly talk, he will be politely but firmly told to clear out and make way for a veteran of the world-war.

Numerous stories have been told of how the boys "over there" yearn to come home, and it is the burden of practically every soldier's letter one sees. Accounts to the effect that the dough-boys don't like the French worth a cent usually end up with the explanation that the main trouble with the boys is that they are homesick and probably would hate their best friends if they met them in France. "They have learned to appreciate their homeland," says Mr. Sullivan, and he tells the reason:

The first night each individual of the three million spent in the Army he began to adjust himself to a new set of values, and it is this adjustment that has worked in



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him the greatest change of all. Perhaps he had a repast of cold mush, served on the board table of the bleak mess-hall, which was not hung with pictures of fish and game and fruit, as in the dining-room of the old home.

With the cold mush giving him a sensation of extreme heft in the middle, he slept, or rather lay, that night on one blanket spread over the springs of an iron cot. In the morning the wire springs had printed a neat red checkerboard pattern on his anatomy and he felt about as limber as the iron bed.

In his *ante-bellum* days clean sheets, sugar in his coffee, butter on his bread, and proper respect for his inherent right as an American youth not to do anything he didn't want to do were matters of course. One was never without those, you know. But when he went weeks and weeks without a taste of sugar in what it would be flattery to call coffee, when he got to the point where he was willing to sleep on anything that wouldn't roll away from him, and when, in fine, nobody seemed to think he amounted to one, let alone a row, of pins, then realization came with a dull thud.

The man that wrote the line about a fellow's never knowing when he's well off was a soldier in some war. Whoever could go through one month of army life as a buck private in the rear rank and then be able to go home and conscientiously kick to his wife because the butter was salty or the sheets not folded properly, ought to have his head examined.

Those who didn't get over saw enough and experienced enough to make them want to run the author of "Home, Sweet Home" for President, and those who did go over—well, watch them as they climb off the transports. The fact of the matter is, the American youngster has had a lot of foolish, pampered notions bumped out of his bean. He has been face to face with the fundamentals, and he is coming out like tempered steel.

Uncle Sam's kindly old visage may well spread itself into a broad Yankee grin as he strokes his goatee and watches the three million coming home. He knows they are three million fairly good guaranties for the future safety and prosperity of the country.

There's something else that every soldier now knows. In his earlier days, on such occasions as Washington's Birthday and Flag day, he used to mount the teacher's platform to declare, in halting accents, oftentimes wild and always polysyllabic beyond the faintest notion of his understanding, the glory that was and continued to be America. But it meant little or nothing to his young life, except possibly that Washington was a goody-goody boy who never told a lie and that Lincoln's Gettysburg address, Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty!" and the rest of [the time-honored favorites were ogres that held horrible pitfalls in every line for the youth of faulty memory. He grew to hate "pieces," and, since patriotism was generally associated with them, he viewed it also with suspicion.

To his youthful understanding the Government was an abstraction invented solely for purposes of argument by the men down at Pop Winship's store. It was not a thing to concern him. It was as vague as heaven and, to the mind of childhood, as uninspiring. The notion followed him into years of discretion. He never gave the Government much thought. It never occurred to him that Uncle Sam could hand a fellow a gun, whisk him a couple of thousand miles off, and plant him in a trench a hundred yards opposite a *Boche*.

Then the day came along, and the three million learned the age-old principle that to appreciate anything you've got either to work for it or suffer for it. The soldier emerging from the late conflict has an idea of how the man without a country must have felt and why it was that the men of 1776 carried on when it really didn't seem as if there was much use of carrying on.

Chances are that in the majority of cases that feeling which no soldier will talk about, but which every soldier has experienced, first made itself apparent the night he stood retreat for the first time. Probably he had that day received breeches, wool O. D., one pair; blouse, wool O. D., one; shoes, russet, one pair; leggings, canvas, one pair, and so on through divers and sundry articles not necessary to mention. He was togged out in his go-to-war clothes, and he felt queer. At a quarter past five, when the top kicker blew a piercing blast on his whistle and thundered from the door of the orderly-room. "All out for retreat!" he made his way shamefacedly and uncertainly to the rear rank. In a few minutes the buglers at regimental headquarters blew attention.

Then, dignified and solemn, rising and falling clear in the silence of dusk, the notes of retreat, and at its close the band and the "Star-Spangled Banner," as the ranks came to a present arms. He saw the colors float down, down, down into the arms of the guard, not a thread of the precious fabric allowed to touch the ground. Something came up in his throat and he choked.

He felt he was a part. It was his uniform, it was his flag, it was his country. And from that day on, altho like every true soldier he was ever ready to voice an impatient desire to go some place other than where he was, he secretly liked the Army. The three million will never laugh at the older veterans as they get all "het up" over Bull Run or Gettysburg.

And every one of those three million dough-boys is a better man physically than when he entered the service. The benefits to that many pairs of shoulders and lungs and sets of muscles can not be measured. However—

The United States is going to feel the effects of the change for a long time to come. It took the war to make the nation physically fit. The law clerk who weighed 115 pounds when he enlisted and worried nights about his cough would have dropt in a swoon if you had told him that the end of the year would see him carrying a seventy-pound pack fifteen miles.

Yet he did it, and without swooning. It is one of the peculiar things about the war. So many impossible things were done. The law clerk weighs 150 pounds now and sleeps so hard at night that he hasn't time to worry about anything. And if he did he'd have to pick out some other subject than the cough, for that disappeared long ago.

The intensive training which the general staff placed in effect when the spring campaign of 1918 made the demand for men imperative and immediate seemed almost cruel. The idea of taking men from sedentary occupations in cities and towns and expecting them to become fitted for service at the front in six weeks or two months seemed to savor too much of the magic wand. Many officers claimed it would be a physical impossibility. But, strange to say, the men seemed to thrive on it. A crowd of recruits would arrive at

a camp. For the first few days they would be dropping along the roadside like flies. But after the effects of nostalgia and inoculation had worn away, they were back again and eating it up.

What normal man wouldn't be attracted by army life? The out-of-doors, the thrill of constant excitement, the freedom from all care. It is the ideal life. At any rate, it is the ideal medicine for body-building, and every one knows that a healthy body engenders a healthy mind. As the proverb that hung above the door of the gymnasium at the old university put it, "A sound mind in a sound body."

That is why the three million want universal military training for their kid brothers and their children, when that time comes. Not that those who were in the thick of the fight want their flesh and blood to take a bayonet and go through what they did. Not so you could notice it. But they have seen what this man's army has done to themselves. They have seen the regular hours and the life in the open put the kibosh on the pains and aches they brought with them when they enlisted. And they also know that a year of good sensible military training under firm discipline is the best cure for that growing American evil—the fresh kid.

Moreover, those three million boys have seen the world to an extent that neither they nor the ancestors of most of them as far back as the eleventh generation had ever dreamed of. A semi-occasional trip to the county-seat, attendance at the annual picnic of the Ancient Order of This-or-That, and events of equally broadening tendencies—these were the things that had gone to make up the sum total of the experiences of the large majority prior to the great adventure of going to war. But now—

Let any one dare tell the three million they "don't know nuthin' and ain't been nowhar." They've been to places, they've seen things, they know things. Name any place in the United States or Europe that the American gob or dough-boy has missed since we dropt into the fray. It must have been pretty well camouflaged if he passed it by.

The thoroughness with which he "does" a town when he gets a pass or liberty establishes a model for all professional sightseers. There's not a trick those keen Yankee eyes miss. There's not a cubby-hole nor a spot of interest into which that curious, critical Yankee face isn't peering. And there's not a detail that the equally keen Yankee memory does not store away for future reference.

Three years ago young Tom Jones was wont to gaze open-mouthed at the metropolitan glories of Omaha or Chattanooga. He now comes home to yawn at Broadway and stir the family circle to profound admiration by casually familiar remarks about the Champs Elysées. Our wounded lads sun themselves on the verandas at Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, and the Riviera, and they know how to enjoy it. The old resorts must appreciate the difference between these husky convalescents and the neurasthenic, bored idlers of the prewar days.

Young America has seen the world. It has broadened immensely. He knows the ways of the world. He has rubbed against fifty-seven varieties of its citizens. He has acquired something that once belonged solely to those who had the price and the time to travel. You stand about as much

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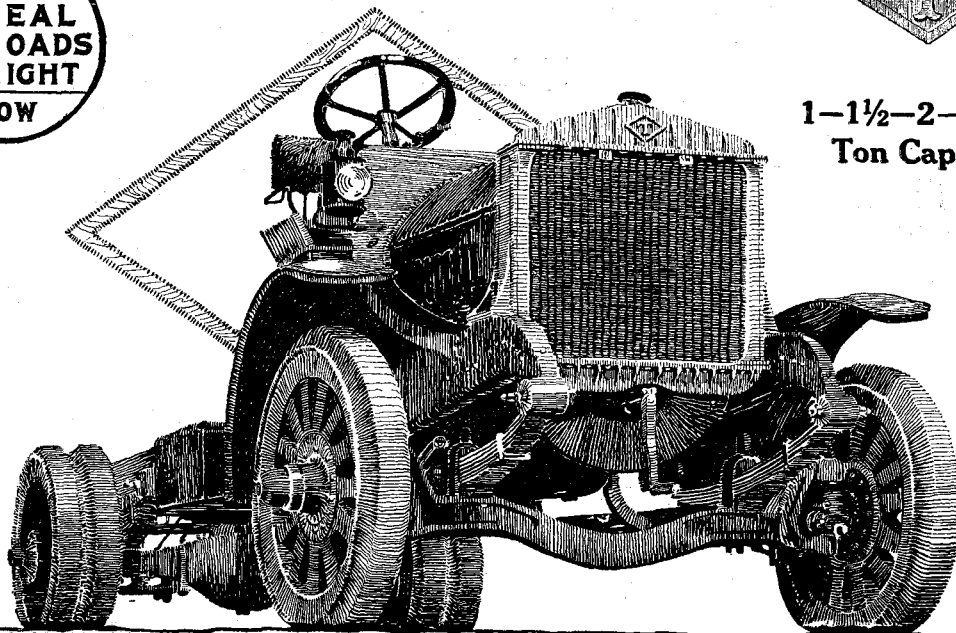
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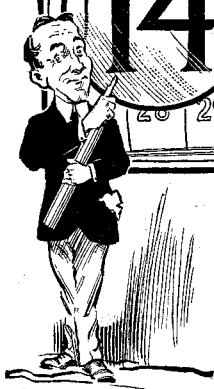
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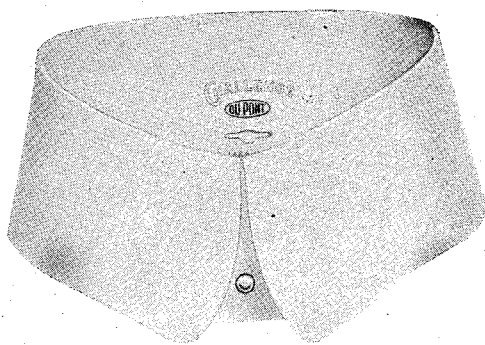
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chance of selling him a gold brick as Hindenburg has of being elected Lord Mayor of London. The only question that arises in passing is, "Will he want to go back to the old life after all this?" In the words of the song, 'How you gonta get him back on the farm after he's seen Paree?'

The same question is asked by the well-known writer, Fannie Hurst, in a recent article in *McClure's Magazine* (New York), discussing the opportunities the soldiers have had of becoming acquainted with men and conditions entirely different from those to which they had been accustomed, and the probable effect upon them as a result. Miss Hurst also quotes the lines from the song referred to by Mr. Sullivan, and in connection therewith relates the following, which would seem to furnish a solution at least of the problem presented by the possible dearth of farmers suggested by the song:

I know a second lieutenant slightly from East Sixty-seventh Street who before the war wore chamois gloves and a gardenia to his Wall Street office and who since his discharge is working an alfalfa ranch, with a brother lieutenant from Flagstaff, Arizona, whom he dragged in one night under shell-fire.

And as a further illustration of the desire for a change manifested by a large number of the returning dough-boys, this is told:

Two privates walked into the New York link of a gigantic chain of retail shoe-stores that stretches from coast to coast. One had been employed there as a clerk previous to enlisting.

"Mr. Smith," he said to his ex-boss, "my pal here used to be a salesman out in the Spokane store before the war, and I want to know if you can take him on in my place?"

"What's the matter with yourself?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is, I want his Spokane job. We're going to swap for a while and take in each other's end of the country."

Miss Hurst concludes her article with this illuminating incident, noted from the window of a sleeper:

During one of those ghastly night trips across the Middle West, we ground and shrieked, toward dawn, to a rail-protesting standstill. For the twentieth time I raised my shade to peer out, this time into the break of a day that was filigreeing with the first lacy foliage of spring.

We were alongside one of those hamlets that huddle close to the tracks as if flung there off the emery-wheel of hot steel. There were a few packing-cases of gray frame houses the color of cold dish-water. A tree, bridal with many blossoms against a dingy barn. A Main Street of feed-store with an open door and a crane in the peak of its roof, and the inevitable general store with a slant of wooden awning out over a sidewalk battalion of barrels. A rutty street of breakable mud petered out into field and meadow not yet clear of mist.

One of the Western-bound troop-trains that had flashed by all during the night had deposited a soldier. There were a little hunch of an old woman in a black shawl and a lank Uncle Sam sort of figure with an ineffectual lantern against the pinkening dawn out to greet him.

There beside the little shed of a station was a long, quiet moment of meeting as the big-boned soldier printed his kiss into the hooded head, and an emotional and embarrassed gripping of the male hand that was free of lantern, and the three moved across the tracks and into a side-entrance of the general store.

I must have dozed, because when I awoke again we were still standing, the air as hot as if enclosed in a biscuit tin. Outside, a May morning as pink as a baby's palm, had climbed up. There was a curl of smoke winding from what appeared to be the kitchen chimney of the general store. The lean, Uncle Sam-like figure, in what did not seem his workaday clothes, was creakingly and excitedly winding up water from a rear well. But in front of the store facing the gilded east was the young private. His head was bare and his back to the somnolent hamlet, as if already it were in his retroactive pluperfect. There was that in his face that must have been writ into Jason's when his desire for the Golden Fleece was born. Ten to one, the general store and the salt-barrel crowd will never claim that boy. He will set forth again, because what he has seen will not turn out.

HEROISM OF THE OHIO PATROL THAT FIRST ENTERED MONTFAUCON

WHETHER the credit for the capture of Montfaucon should go to the 37th Division or to the 79th, is a matter much disputed both here and in France, but as to the heroism of the patrol of the Ohio boys sent forward to clear the way for the advance both of the 37th and of the 79th, there can be no dispute. Jack Koons, original champion of the claims of the 37th, tells the story in defending his account of the capture of the stronghold against several 79th-Divisioners who have asserted that the honor belongs to their unit. Side by side with the achievement of Lieutenant Kochli, of Alliance, Ohio, and his twelve men, for whom is claimed the honor of being first in Montfaucon, appears a piece of German treachery at its bloodiest and vilest. Mr. Koons's account, originally published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, runs as follows:

When the official history of the 37th Division (Ohio National Guard), now being compiled by Lieut.-Col. Ralph D. Cole, of Findlay, is completed, one of the most heroic and daring deeds recorded will be that of the capture of Montfaucon, on September 27, 1918, by a patrol of twelve Ohio boys of Company K, 146th Infantry, led by First-Lieut. Fred Kochli, of Alliance, according to Washington dispatches.

Kochli came out alive—with only two of his men—Sergeants Lee and Brumbaugh, of Shreve, Ohio—but they had won an important enemy position, had captured three German officers and twenty-three enlisted men, killed as many more, and taken fourteen heavy machine guns and three large guns. Nine of the twelve members of Kochli's party were killed.

Lieutenant Kochli, his right arm blown off three days later by an enemy shell, now is at a Washington hospital. When Major-General Farnsworth, commander of the 37th Division, landed at New York, his first act was to summon Kochli and obtain from him affidavits making secure

the 37th's claim to the capture of Montfaucon six hours before the time set by the 79th Division, which now is claiming the honor.

"Our regiment took its position on September 26," said Kochli. "The great Argonne drive was on and the 37th Division was in the lead. Montfaucon, still strongly held by the Germans, was on our right flank, exposing us to an enfilading fire, if we drove ahead.

"So two patrols of twelve men each were organized. All were volunteers. First-Lieut. Michael Deardorff, of Akron, was put in command of one and I of the other. Before dawn we went out in patrol formation, with the idea of flanking the positions and coming in on their rear.

"Lieutenant Deardorff and all but one of his men, we afterward learned, were the victims of Hun treachery. Eight Germans came over a hill shouting 'Kamerad!' Four of them carried a stretcher and two, walking ahead, wore Red-Cross brassards. Deardorff motioned them to come toward him, he and his men unsuspectingly standing up waiting. Suddenly the Huns dropt their stretcher, uncovered a machine gun, and began firing. Deardorff and all but one of his men were killed or fatally wounded. In Deardorff's body were found no fewer than forty machine-gun bullet-wounds. He left a widow and two children in Akron.

"My patrol had better luck. Under cover of mist we got to the flank of the ridge position with two machine guns and their crews in sight. From close quarters we opened fire, all of my patrol being crack shots. We picked them off fast and then rushed them before they could swing their guns around to fire on us. The Huns who showed fight we bayoneted, but most of them surrendered. We found strung along that ridge not two machine guns, but fourteen. We captured the whole lot with their crews, a captain and two lieutenants.

"Until then not a man of our patrol had been injured. I sent two men back with the prisoners and with the other nine started ahead, but the mist was rising and enemy machine guns opened a hot fire on us. We scattered, but they got seven of us. With Lee and Brumbaugh I leapt into a shell-crater, remaining there for several hours, until detachments of the 79th Division came up."

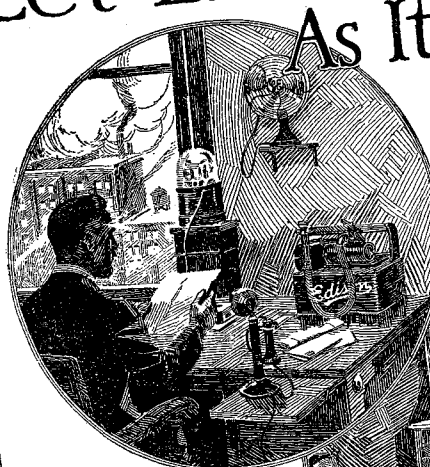
The writer enlarges upon his story, and explains the circumstances that moved him to take up the challenge of the 79th in a letter that appears to be as full of shrapnel for the champions of the 79th as of meat and flavor. His explanation runs:

In THE DIGEST of April 12, you very kindly carried a résumé of my pamphlet, "Bullets and Billets of the 37th." I told of the capture of Montfaucon by the 37th Division, former Ohio National Guard troops. The narrative, according to your issue of May 24, 1919, has been contested by Capt. C. H. Griffith (discharged), formerly of the 313th Infantry.

In part explanation of my story I will enclose a clipping from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, written long after I had been discharged from the service and months after I wrote the story of the capture of Montfaucon. Authority for the capture of Montfaucon can be obtained from Maj.-Gen. Charles S. Farnsworth, War Department, and Col. Dana T. Merrill, former Chief of Staff of the 37th Division, now in Washington, D.C., War Department,

A Business

**Let Electricity Help Her
As It Has Helped You**




Larger volume, more economically handled—that is, briefly, why you use an electric appliance in every available way in your home or office. Household appliances will save as much time in your home or office as they will save work and worry—they will dignify the common task. But in addition to the dollar measure, your gain will be measured in increased comfort and convenience of all those dear to you.

And this name, so much in evidence on your etc., is now attached to a complete line of household electrical appliances.

Here are some of the greatest labor-savers:

RANGE This Electric Range will do all the cooking for you. It will save food and scientific cooking. See details in the advertisement.

IRON General Electric Type Iron will save you time and labor. It is less time and with a cost only four or five cents.

GRILL Do summer-time cooking in, maximum comfort. special cooking dishes which lower dish while you are cooking, or hundreds of other dishes.

PERCOLATOR The General Electric Percolator is a pot with a special cover to prevent boiling over.

General Electric Type Ranges
The Electric Range has well passed the experimental stage as is best evidenced by the fact that more than 31,000 homes now do all their cooking on electric ranges.
The entire absence of fuel, of smoke or soot or fumes makes it the sanitary way of cooking. The exact control of the temperature at all times saves a vast amount of time, produces exact results and makes it the scientific way of cooking.
The one shown above is our type K R 30, with four hot plates, 2 heating units in the oven, a separate broiling oven and warming closet.
We suggest that you take up the matter of an electric range installation with the manager of the Central Station which furnishes your current.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc.
NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA
ONTARIO, CALIF.
Manufacturers of these four well known lines of household electrical appliances: Hotpoint General Electric Edison Hughes

The announcement at the left is part of an advertisement in an earlier issue of Digest which has attracted so much attention that we decided to incorporate it in this announcement.

Learn How to Electrify your Home

By installing a few electrical appliances it is often possible to dispense with a servant—it also insures that the house will not be heated up by cooking or ironing operations—it means that drudgery of house work is banished and home-keeping is thereby dignified.

Kitchen—In the upper circle are three appliances which alone will revolutionize the methods of household work. The General Electric Type Range illustrated is sturdy, reliable and fully competent to handle the cooking of a large family. Consult your Lighting Company.

The Cleaner, attachable to any lamp socket, keeps the entire house always immaculate.

General-Electric Type Iron is the most widely used of our appliances. 6lb. iron \$6.50; 3lb. \$5.50.

Table Cooking—The central picture is quite typical of the vogue which General-Electric Type table appliances have secured throughout the country.

The 3-heat grill furnished with 2 dishes enables you to cook above and below the coils at the same time; \$10.00.

The paneled Percolator shown is 7-cup size, highly polished nickel, \$13.75. Other percolators from \$10.00 to an elaborate Silver Coffee Urn at \$95.00.

Ornamental Radiant Toaster shown in the illustration toasts 2 slices at once, crispy and brown. Price \$7.00. Another model with detachable rack at \$6.50.

Other willing servants—Every lamp socket in the house furnishes a willing servant to do your bidding.

For instance, the Immersion Heater. Ideal for heating the baby's milk. Also hot water for any emergency. As illustrated \$5.50; larger size \$6.50.

The Flexible Metal Heating Pad as shown is the modern way to apply heat to the body, under instant control, \$9.00; another style, non-flexible, made of aluminum, \$6.50.

Our Portable Electric Sewing Machine is furnished in three models. A small motor runs it—you simply start and stop the motor with a handy switch; nothing to do but guide the work.

Rotary Model \$55.00; West of Rockies \$57.00. Large Vibrator \$50.00; West of Rockies \$52.00. Small Vibrator \$45.00; West of Rockies \$47.00.

Man's Answer

YOUR answer would have been the same—action. Had you read that earlier advertisement of ours in the Literary Digest ^(fragment shown at the left corner) you too would have said “Certainly, let’s order some of these

General Electric
Type

appliances—whatever will make our housework easier and the family more comfortable.”

That is probably the attitude of every man who reads the Digest. The trouble is that this matter of systematizing and expediting the work of the household hasn’t been given proper consideration in some homes.

At every lamp socket in the home there is a servant eager to do your bidding, day or night.

Then why let the electric wiring lay dormant except for those brief hours when it is used for lighting.

Think of the pleasure of table cookery during the hot weather—prepare the meal right on the table wherever there is an electric light socket.



ask your dealer to show you

ting Companies and dealers all over the country who l-Electric Type Appliances and will gladly explain te them to you in detail. Or write to our nearest not easily locate a dealer.

G-E DIVISION

lectric Appliance Company, Inc.

Chicago

Ontario, Calif.

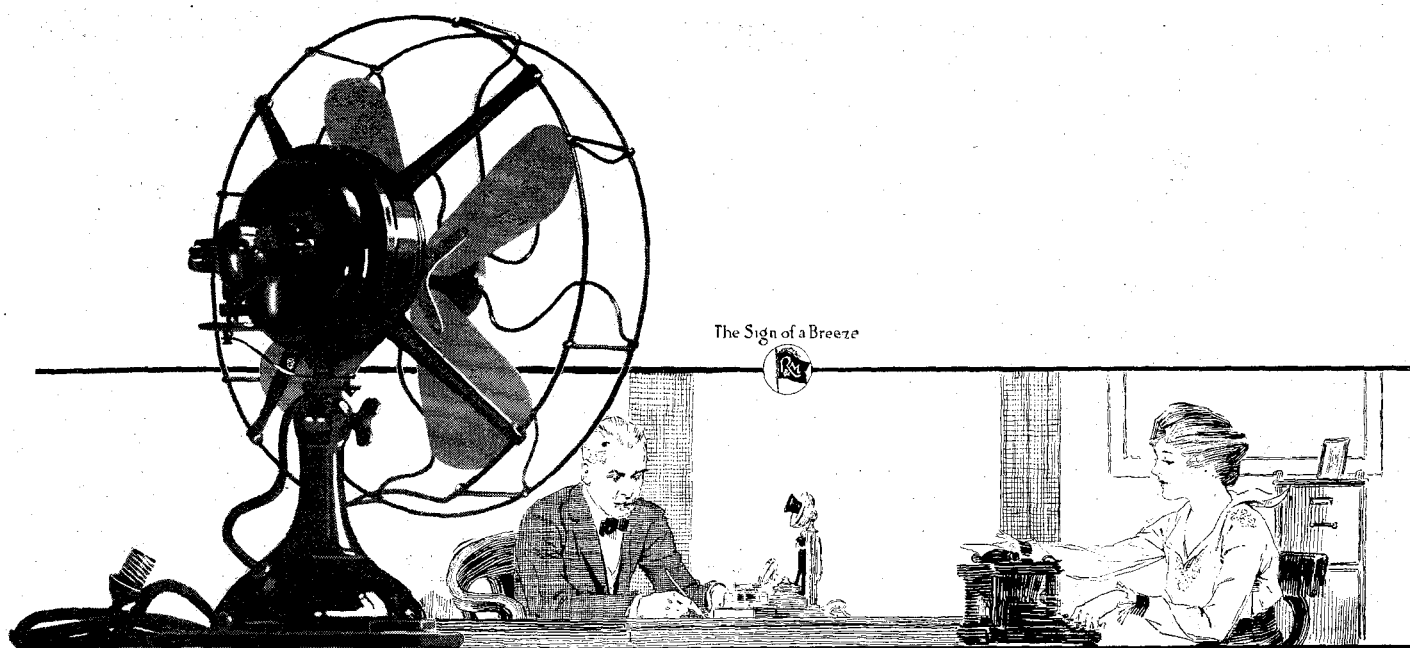
Atlanta

s of these four well known lines of appliances

General Electric Type

Edison

Hughes



Judge a Fan By Its Motor

The breeze starts with the motor. That's the big thing to remember when buying a fan.

Of equal importance is the name of the maker. If the name is Robbins & Myers then you *know* that your electric fan is built throughout by a maker of motors.

Fan durability is a matter of motor excellence. A fan should last a lifetime—and it will if the motor is right.

So, for utmost comfort and economy, look for the R&M flag on the guard, a guarantee of the motor back of the blades.

An R&M Fan is a friend for years, for every Robbins & Myers Fan is warranted as to workmanship, performance and durability.

All sizes and styles: ceiling, desk, wall, oscillating, non-oscillating, ventilating;

for home, office, factory; for operation on direct or alternating current.

Judge a fan by its motor; and the motor by the name—Robbins & Myers.

* * *

R&M Motors for general power purposes range from 1-40 to 50 horsepower. They are also found on the better electrically equipped devices for factory, store, home and office.

A Robbins & Myers Motor on any such device is a guarantee of superior construction throughout, as well as uninterrupted service.

Power users, electrical device makers and dealers find an unusual trustworthiness in the Robbins & Myers line, the result of 22 years' achievement in this one field.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, O.
For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Fans



also Maj. Sumner Waite, 37th Division Intelligence Officer and Assistant Chief of Staff, who remained in France.

It is true that Montfaucon lay to the left of the 37th Division sector, but it was practically on the line dividing the 79th division from the 37th. I happened to be in the Division observation-section who entered Montfaucon on the morning of September 27th, and my affidavits were taken in France. With me were four other members of the section. Our infantry, commanded by Lieut. Fred Kochli, of Alliance, Ohio, had advanced through the town. During the assault the officer was severely wounded.

Captain Griffith speaks of the château in which the Crown Prince had directed attacks against Verdun. I may state that I, together with Percival Hudson, a naturalized Englishman, of Boston, Mass., crawled into this château while enemy machine-gunners were busy in the town, cut all electric wires entering the building, captured not fewer than two hundred maps revealing the German artillery positions as far back as the Meuse River. These maps were taken to the Intelligence Officer of the 5th Army Corps and used to advantage. We also captured German intelligence summaries written on September 25, the day before the drive started, one of which I have in my possession now. The Germans had reported actively in the back area and suspected a drive in the vicinity but could not determine at what point the "push" would begin. We also captured aviation panel-code books and other codes. I venture to say we took every map in the château, which was believed to have been a German divisional headquarters.

In the building were life-size pictures of the Kaiser and army officers. These we destroyed. On the table, strange to say, were plates and a large vessel filled with cabbage. Bottles of wine were found in a closet. German newspapers and a half-finished letter were taken by us.

Outside, in a tree, our observers were busy, and one, Howard P. Haight, of Elyria, Ohio, was knocked from the tree by a high-explosive shell. We had telephoned liaison with an artillery regiment stationed two miles to our rear.

Probably Captain Griffith remembers this incident. We had taken the maps and were carrying them back to our division headquarters when we saw, for the first time, a detachment of men from the 79th Division, commanded by an officer. He stopt us and told us we had no right in Montfaucon, for it was on the sector occupied by the 79th Division. It was shortly before noon on the morning of September 27 when this discussion took place.

We assured him that we were there to fight the Germans and not to discuss whether we were in France or on the top of the north pole, and that Montfaucon presented the greatest point of vantage for military observation along that particular salient. He passed on over the hill. At that time the enemy were maintaining a line approximately six hundred yards beyond the town of Montfaucon.

The article written in "Billets and Bullets" was based upon personal knowledge. I was there, so was Captain Griffith. I do not seek notoriety for the 37th Division and appreciate Captain Griffith's criticism. However, he says in his letter, "The entire engagement is, of course, a matter of official record and the accuracy of my statements may be verified by reference to the commanding officers of the organizations concerned."

I refer him to the three officers named

in the letter and refer you to the enclosed clipping.

"The popular debate on the burning question of who won the war," remarks *The Stars and Stripes*, taking up the other side of the controversy, "has been drowned out of late by the more furious inter-divisional arguments as to who took Rouge-sur-Noire, or who stormed Bloody Hill." The editor continues:

For instance, Montfaucon, that German stronghold the resistance of which was holding back our entire line when darkness fell at the end of the first day in the Argonne, was eventually overrun by troops of the 79th Division. That division, therefore, is entitled to write that fact big in the pages of its history. But it certainly is not entitled to deny a share of the credit for the capture to the 4th and 37th Divisions, which, by pressing ahead on either side, rendered aid without which the 79th, or any other division, could not have taken the hill at all. It has, however, a perfect right to laugh sarcastically when, as happened recently, a literarily inclined officer of one of the 37th's regiments let the home-folk back in Ohio in on the previously well-guarded secret that the 37th Division alone took Montfaucon.

Private George Inglin and Sergeant Frank J. Kirk are among the 79th-Divisioners who write from abroad to object to Mr. Koons's first account of the capture of the disputed city. The latter sends us a copy of a letter by General Pershing, which seems to list him on the side of supporters of the 79th's claims. General Pershing is quoted, under date of April 13, 1919, as follows:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
France, April 13, 1919.

MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH KUHN,
Commanding 79th Division,
A. E. F.

My Dear General Kuhn:

It afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction to inspect the 79th Division on April 12, and on that occasion to decorate the standards of your regiments and, for gallantry in action, to confer medals upon certain officers and men. Your transportation and artillery were in splendid shape, and the general appearance of the division was well up to the standard of the American Expeditionary Forces. Throughout the inspection and review the excellent morale of the men and their pride in the record of their organization were evident.

In the Meuse-Argonne offensive the division had its full share of hard fighting. Entering the line for the first time on September 26 as the right of the center corps, it took part in the beginning of the great Meuse-Argonne offensive. By September 27 it had captured the strong position of Montfaucon, and in spite of heavy artillery reaction, the Bois de Beuge and Nantillois were occupied. On September 30 it was relieved, having advanced ten kilometers. It again entered the battle on October 29, relieving, as part of the 17th French Corps, the 29th Division in the Grande Montagne sector to the east of the Meuse River. From that time until the armistice went into effect, it was almost constantly in action. On November 9 Crépion, Waville, and Giberoy were taken, and in conjunction with elements on the right and left, Etraye and Moiréy were

invested. On November 10 Chaumont-devant-Damvillers was occupied, and on November 11 Ville-devant-Chaumont was taken, a total advance of nine and one-half kilometers.

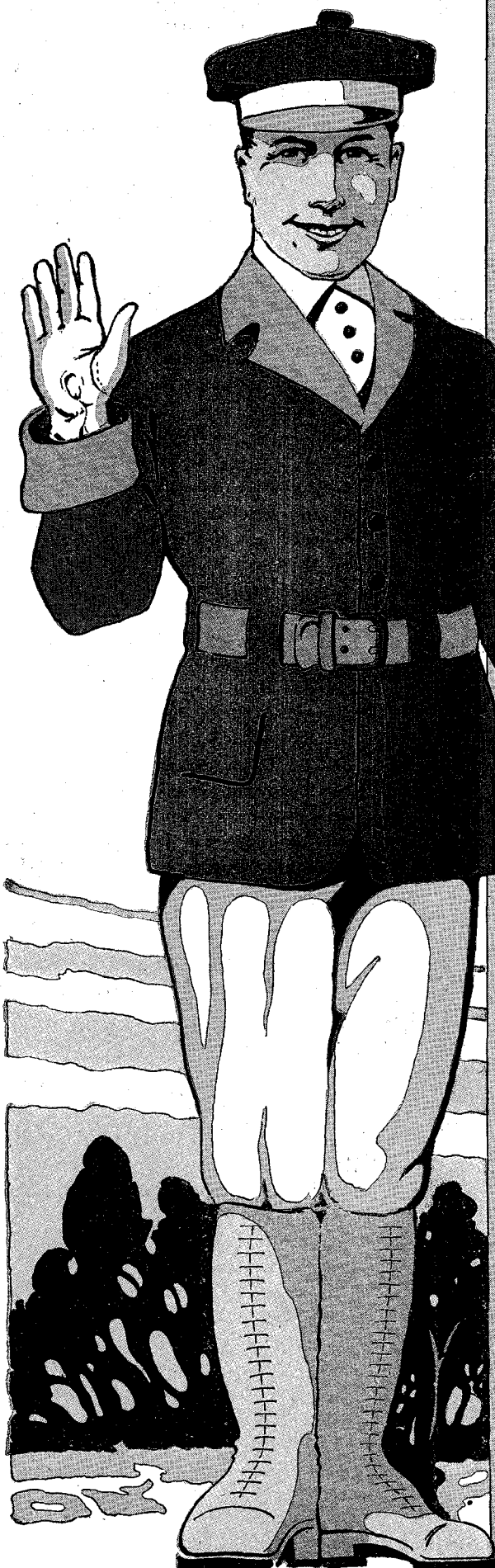
This is a fine record for any division, and I want the officers and men to know this and to realize how much they have contributed to the success of our arms. They may return justly proud of themselves and of the part they have played in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

HOW AN INNOCENT NATURALIST BUTTED IN ON A WHALE FIGHT

THE life of a whale, of the most pacifistic species, seems to be far from a peaceful one even in the Pacific Ocean. Whales have their enemies, and deadly ones too, not only of the human race, but among fishes and among other whales of a militaristic type. We read in the current number of *Asia* (New York) how an American naturalist happened to be on hand when some whales who desired only peace were attacked at once by a school of deadly enemies below the surface and by a well-equipped whaling-vessel above. The ship belonged to a Japanese whaling company and the incident occurred off the Korean coast. Japan, according to the witness and narrator of this incident, is now the premier whale-hunting country of the world, and the largest and most progressive whaling company doing business to-day is the Toyo Hogeï Kabushika Kaisha. Stories that Japanese whalers had been capturing the so-called California gray whale or devil-fish, which had not been seen off the California coast for twenty or thirty years, came to the notice of the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Andrews, who is one of the foremost living authorities on whales and whaling and the author of "Whale-Hunting with Gun and Camera," went to the Orient during the winter of 1911-12 to investigate for the Museum. Mr. Andrews now tells in *Asia* how on the day after his arrival he saw a dead specimen of the whale the Japanese call *koku kujira*. He at once saw that it really was the long-lost California gray whale. This whale is apparently not much of an offensive fighter, but he has an interesting method of defense both from whalers and from the "killer whale" which is his chief enemy and a regular sea terror. The plan of the gray whales is to speed along the shore, hiding behind rocks and sometimes wallowing half submerged in the surf. In this way they often baffle the human hunter, as they head "straight for shore and lie in the breakers where no vessel the size of a whaler dares go." And except when they are quite paralyzed with fear of the killers, who attack in schools, "they make straight for the shore and slide in so close to the rocks that the sea-wolves will not follow them." The arrival of the whaling-vessel *Main* at Ulsan, gave Mr. Andrews



"Count the Oysters in Bill's Quart"

That's the way Bill Hartigan, fish dealer, worded his advertisement when he found a competitor selling oysters for 30c. a quart when his own price was 60c.

Counting the oysters in one of Bill's quarts proved that there were exactly twice as many as in the other fellow's—the balance of the 30c. quart being water.

Perhaps you think it's a far cry from oysters to tires—but compare the number of miles of service in a Hood Extra Ply with any other tire of equal size and you'll see what we are driving at.

For example: You can pay about \$34.75 for a 33" x 4" tire of so-called *standard* make and get for your money about 4,000 miles. But for an additional \$10.78 you can buy a Hood which—based on the records of the past year—should run you from 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

To give you 8,000 miles, the *standard* would—at its own cost per mile—actually cost you about \$69.50 as against the Hood price of \$45.55.

Put on a Hood to-day
Forget it for a year



You can buy
HOOD TIRES
at this sign.

Ask the Hood Dealer for proof. And write to us for free booklet, "The Why of the Extra Ply." It tells what you want to know about tires.

HOOD TIRE CO., INC.
21 Nichols Avenue
WATERTOWN . MASS.

the opportunity on the next day, of seeing how gray whales conduct themselves in the face of simultaneous attack by "killer whales" and by the human killers. Captain Melsom, of the whaler, was an old friend of Mr. Andrews and asked him to go whaling with him. Mr. Andrews went on board in the evening. When he awoke the next morning the ship was steaming northward about three miles from the coast where the surf "was breaking in a ragged white line on the dangerous cliffs." Mr. Andrews had not long to wait before the excitement began. Here is his vivid narrative of the three-cornered fight he saw:

It was six o'clock when I came on deck, and the sun was just rising out of the sea, a great red ball of fire. I was glad to see the sun, for the wind cut like a knife and the spray froze when it was flung across the rigging. There was a heavy swell, the aftermath of a storm, and the *Main* bobbed like a cork on the great waves. I huddled up in a corner of the bridge, partly under a canvas screen, watching Captain Melsom guide the ship toward shore. The man in the "barrel" at the masthead was swinging about watching the water ahead. Suddenly he clapped the glasses to his eyes, gazed toward the open sea, and shouted excitedly: "*Kujira!*" (whale). I jumped as tho a bomb had been exploded on the bridge, and whirled around just in time to see a silvery fountain of spray shoot up almost in the eye of the sun. It hung a moment in the air, then drifted away on the wind just as two other white jets spurted out of the water near the first. A moment later I saw three black bodies which revolved slowly and then disappeared in the hollow of a great swell. Instantly the ship was all astir. The captain shouted an order to the man at the wheel, who jammed the telegraph handle far over and back into the "full-speed" notch, and the mate took the bridge. The crew were rushing back and forth along the deck. The little vessel leapt forward, describing a long swing, and headed for the whales. Captain Melsom and I ran forward toward the gun platform, where the captain loosened the screw which held the huge weapon fast and swung the gun from side to side to make sure that it was working easily. The hundred-pound harpoon with its explosive point projected from the heavy, black muzzle of the gun looked like a medieval catapult instead of the modern engine of destruction that it was. I stationed myself just behind the gun platform with one arm about a rope and my camera in my hands, open and ready for instant use. In five minutes, the ship had reached the mirror-like patches of water where the whales had gone down, and with her engines at "dead slow" was swinging in a wide circle waiting for the animals to come up and blow. Suddenly three snow-white jets shot up about a quarter of a mile away. The engine-room bell clanged impatiently and the vessel leapt through the water at full speed. The whales came up astern next time and we swung about to intercept them, but they spouted only once, and slipped under water and headed toward the beach. "I've got to keep them away from shore," Melsom shouted, "for I can't go inside in this sea. We'll try to run across their bows and head them off." The wind had risen with the sun, and I was deathly seasick, for even the best of sailors

lose their sea-legs aboard one of these little eggshell boats after a long period ashore.

The *Main* was now twisting and writhing about as tho possessed of a demon. Every time she climbed a huge wave, rocked uncertainly a moment, then plunged headlong down the green slope of a swell. I was certain she would never rise again. We circled about, each time coming closer and closer to the shore and presumably closer to the whales, but the animals were still heading for the rocks not more than half a mile away. Captain Melsom saw that he had not succeeded in turning them away, so he steered his vessel straight toward shore. It seemed ticklish business to me. We were so close to the coast that the terrific battering of the surf sounded in a continuous roar, drowning completely the voice of the wind. Around us the green water was tinged with white foam swept out from the weed-hung ledges of rocks. It seemed hopeless to me to try to kill a whale in all that roar and rush, and I fervently hoped that Captain Melsom would give up the chase.

Then something happened which made me forget my seasickness and the cold and the wind. The man in the "barrel" with both hands to his mouth was bellowing "*Takamatsu! Takamatsu!*" and pointed wildly out to sea. Melsom wheeled around, his face red with excitement and shouted: "Killers! Now we'll get 'em. The killers are coming. Stand by and you'll see some fun."

I jumped to the gun platform by the side of the captain and when the ship rose to the crest of a huge billow we saw half a dozen scythelike black fins cutting the water in streaks of white foam. On they came, six abreast, their high dorsals aloft like the standards over a charging cavalry troop. They were the dreaded killer whales, the savage sea-wolves, which hunt in packs and are the terror of everything that swims. Just then the gray whales spouted two hundred fathoms away. The killers darted forward after the gray whales like bloodhounds. They seemed literally to fly through the water toward their victims, who were now blowing lazily. Suddenly one of the gray whales spied the killers, and, hurling his gigantic body half out of the water, he turned head-down in a long dive. The others followed, but by this time the racing killers had nearly reached them and all went down together. The ship was running at full speed in the wake of the whales, but lay to with engines stopt at the spot where the animals had gone down. Melsom shouted in my ear: "The killers will bring them up in a minute and there'll be a great fight. Get your camera ready, for I am going to shoot the first one I see."

The camera was open in my hand and I tried to protect it with the flap of my coat, but it had twice been soaked when the ship dug her nose into the heavy sea. The case was covered with ice like my boots and sou'wester. Putting in a slide I tried the release. There was no result and push as I would the shutter did not fall. Squatting on the gun platform, I removed the magazine-holder and found the curtain frozen solid. The camera was utterly useless. It was a bitter disappointment, for I might never again see killers in a battle, but there was nothing to be done.

We hovered for fifteen minutes over the spot where the killers went down, the *Main* rolling drunkenly on the swell. I was watching the man in the "barrel," who seemed to hang half-way out of his precarious little nest, gazing at the water below.

Melsom stood silently at the gun alert and tense, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. There was not a sound on the ship, except for the retching and groaning of a pump and the swish of half-frozen water in the scuppers. It seemed hours before I saw the sailor in the "barrel" point to the starboard bow, and heard him shout: "They are coming! Look out! Look out!"

About fifty fathoms off the water was beginning to smooth itself into a glassy green patch within two circles described by the animals swimming just beneath the surface. A devil-fish shot to the surface followed by two killers. The huge black whale thrust itself half clear of the water, falling back in a shower of spray as the killers dashed for its head. The devil-fish twisted about, thrashed the water with its ponderous flukes, tried to dive and escape, but the killers closed on it. Instantly it rolled to the surface, this time almost under the bows of the ship. I saw the captain bend over the gun, the tip of the harpoon drop a little, and the next instant a blinding cloud of vapor shot into our faces. The blast of the gun was deafening. Through the clearing cloud of smoke I saw black flukes hurtling out of the sea, and the devil-fish fell back with a tremendous, smashing blow upon the water. Then the gigantic figure quivered, straightened out, and slowly sank. For the flash of a second there was not the slightest movement or any sound on the ship save the measured "flop, flop, flop" of the line on the deck as the deadweight of forty tons dragged it from the winch. The killers had disappeared at the flash of the gun, but before the winch brought the carcass of the devil-fish to the surface we saw all six of them in full pursuit of the other two gray whales which were racing for the shore. I tried to follow them with my glasses, but they were lost in the surf.

Mr. Andrews adds a few interesting facts about the life of the killers and the gray whales in the Pacific. Stories that the killers attack other whales by forcing open their mouths and eating their tongues were for a long time doubted by this writer, but during the trip on which the above-described incident occurred, Mr. Andrews saw seven whales brought in with mutilated tongues. A Captain Hurum told him that once while hunting a school of seven gray whales, fifteen killers suddenly appeared. Then—

The devil-fish became so terrified that they made no attempt to escape, but lay on the water, belly up with fins outspread, paralyzed with fear. A killer dashed up to one of the whales, forced its nose between the closed jaws, and tried to put its own head inside. It had torn great chunks out of the soft tongue and was half within the whale's mouth when Captain Hurum shot the devil-fish and drove the killer off.

The gray whales, we are told, are the most migratory of the large cetaceans. They come annually from the icy waters of the north to seek the warm lagoons along the coasts of California and Korea, where they raise their young. Mr. Andrews has studied the habits of whales very carefully and has questioned whalers in all parts of the world, but no one has been able to tell him what these gray whales feed on. He examined many stomachs

while at Ulsan, "but except for quantities of green water they were always empty," and he believes that "the animals do not eat at all while on their annual migrations, but draw their nourishment from the fat stored up on their bodies."

But if the gray whale is abstemious, his enemy, the killer whale, a large species of the Dolphin family, reaching the length of thirty feet—has a "capacity for eating almost beyond belief" and is a veritable "sea-terror," preying upon all things that swim. As Mr. Andrews tells us—

I have heard of thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals being taken from the stomach of a specimen twenty-one feet long. While almost every book of the sea deals with stories of the terrible killer, I think the most remarkable authentic tale is that told by the late Captain Scott. His ship was moored at the edge of an ice-floe, and to the stern line not far from the water's edge were tethered two Eskimo dogs. Captain Scott observed a half-dozen killers diving excitedly back and forth along the edge of the ice. He called the photographer of the expedition to snap the killers. The man ran forward with his camera and the next moment the ice under him heaved up and split into fragments. The killers had risen under the ice and by team-work had smashed it with their backs. The photographer reached shore, leaping from cake to cake, and by chance the ice had been split around the dogs so that neither of them fell into the water. Captain Scott saw the killers rear themselves several feet out of the water to find out what had become of the dogs. He said it was a great revelation to him and his companions that the killers would act in unison and with such cunning.

THE COMMON PEOPLE OF GERMANY ON THE PEACE TREATY

JUST what do the Germans think of the Peace Treaty? This does not mean the so-called leaders in Germany, but the sauerkraut-maker, the party who raises the cabbage that goes into the sauerkraut, and the ultimate consumer of said common form, of provender in the land of the Teutons. After all is said and done, they are the ones who have to put up the needful to meet the demands that are imposed, and bear all the real hefty burdens involved. Being under the impression, therefore, that the opinions of these people would make interesting reading, Allen W. Porterfield went among them for nearly the entire month of May, asking everybody what he or she thought, and an account of what they had to say is published in a recent issue of the *New York Times*. The chief feature of all these expressions is the contention that the terms are too severe, especially the part relating to the payment of indemnities. These will never be paid, they say, simply because they can't be. Next, they don't want the former Kaiser punished. They feel he has already reaped his reward, and nothing more should be added to the horror of an already horrible situation. And they don't believe the League of Nations will work. Here is Mr. Porterfield's report. First, we have—

A leading citizen, a wholesale wine merchant:

"I read the terms and became ill. The articles dealing with the Sarre Basin, militarism, army, fleet, occupation of left bank of Rhine, and so on—these are all right. Nothing else could have been expected. But there are two points that are unthinkable. It made me sick to read them over. In the first place, the indemnity can never be paid. Germany does not have that much money. You might as well try to get a \$1,000,000 from me personally. It is of no use for the Germans even to try to pay the indemnity. It can not be done. And I believe that this idea came from America, where money is ten times as abundant as it is here. To Americans the sum may not sound so incalculable. But to us Germans—oh, no, that will have to be changed. In the second place, the trial of the Kaiser is a loathsome idea. If that be attempted, there will be an affair in Germany such as has hitherto been unheard of. Why not dig up the bones of Louis XIV. and try him for the wrongs he committed against Germany, and against France, too? No! No! No! That will never do! The very thought is repulsive to me. The man is done for already; we have said that we have enough of him. He is sick and out of the world even now. It is therefore not only wrong, but irritating and disgusting, to think of his being tried. It is also useless."

A saloon-keeper:

"The Treaty of Peace is all right. We deserved good hard blows. We were defeated and nothing else can be expected. The main thing for us now is to start up, so soon as possible, business relations with the outside world. If we can do that we will soon be on our feet again."

An attractive young woman, aged twenty-one:

"That is a dirty Peace Treaty. I wouldn't sign it."

A barber:

"The fifteen years of occupation will not be borne. Of course, it will be all right to have an Army of Occupation until the indemnity has been paid. But for fifteen years! My Lord, why not take the country and send us all to some island? That would be more just. It is nonsense to try the Kaiser. It is too late to do that. It will also be unjust. He was not responsible. It is his crazy fool of a son. The Allies should have hanged the Crown Prince long ago. But to try the Kaiser now—there the Allies are off the track and on the wrong road. And as to the indemnity: I sat down in my garden last evening and tried to figure that out. Why, that's more money than we have all told. We haven't anything now but debts."

A woman who runs a jewelry store:

"I heard a few of the conditions of peace and they were enough for me. I don't want to read any more. I never heard of any such thing in my life. What do the Allies think we are? money-bags?"

A cobbler who has had a son in the United States for ten years and whose wife comes from Lorraine:

"They got just what they deserved."

A Catholic priest:

"The financial claims of the Allies are beyond all reason. They can never be paid without a revolution that will cover the entire world. If the German workingman sees that he has to make a slave of himself in order to earn money that is to go to foreign countries, he will quit. He can not be blamed. The workmen of the rest of the world will not let the

German workingman die of starvation. It must be remembered, too, that Germany never had a good financial system. We did not invest our money in foreign countries where it would now have value—as did the English. I myself lately fell heir to some bonds in Bavaria. They are now worthless. Were they in English investments they would be good. I have only one remaining hope—that the statement I read in the Coblenz newspaper was a typographical error.

"As to trying the Kaiser, that is all wrong. As to the military side of it—all Germans will welcome that change. We have had enough of soldiers."

A village president:

"The terms are far too severe. We did not start this war. Russia had her troops mobilized three months before we thought of declaring war. France had thrown up trenches three days before we declared war. As to the Sarre Basin, why not give it back to France right now and be done with it?"

A barber who was on active service in various capacities during the entire war:

"If Wilson sticks to his fourteen points, and we believe he will, I can assure you right now that a monument will be erected to him in Germany, not simply in the memories of the people, but an actual monument of stone and bronze, with appropriate inscriptions.

"It is difficult for a foreigner to realize how important the work is that is now being done by the Spartacides. As a whole, they are a pack of lousy rascals, but they are preventing the old Imperial party from carrying out their real wishes. Were it not for the Spartacides the old Imperial party might be in a position to prepare the throne for S. M. (meaning *seine Majestät*, i.e., his majesty), invite him back to Berlin, and start up another generation of just what we have gone through with. Thanks to the activity of the Spartacides, this is at present unthinkable, impossible.

"We are beaten, it is true; but we are not lost. We have our energy, our ambition, our strength to reproduce and recreate, our science, our industry. Why, just take our railroads as compared with those of France: France can not run our heavy locomotives over her tracks. We have real locomotives and excellent road-beds."

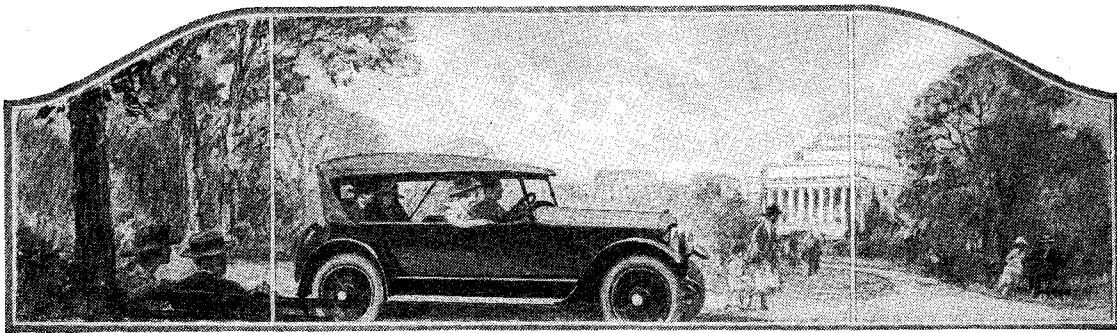
Some declared they had been deceived by their officials. When there began to be a scarcity of food, they were informed that this improved the health because it prevented overeating. A local judge said:

"Ludendorff himself was deceived by the German Admiralty. He had no idea how weak our U-boats were in the face of the Allies.

"When I see now how strong America was in the war, and then reflect on the reports that were placed in our hands as to the impossibility of America's participation, I am forced to believe that we must have had either children or idiots at our headquarters.

"When the people discuss the U-boat war here, they were divided into two parties, for and against. Then Valentin (one of Germany's most famous U-boat commanders) came here; when he left, we all believed in U-boats. His remarks are inexplicable to me now.

"We have absolutely no power of resistance left. A famous physician said to me yesterday: 'I don't give a damn



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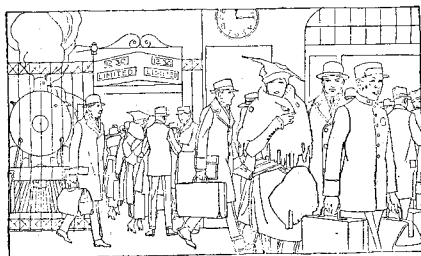


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(*das ist ganz wurscht*) who comes to constitute a part of the Army of Occupation or who takes Germany. Hottentots would be just as uninteresting to me as any other people. I am done and through."

A distinguished physician:

"The terms are frightful. The money can never be paid. Where are Wilson's fourteen points? Germany will never sign the terms. It will do no special good to declare national bankruptcy. Should the terms be signed the present Government will be overthrown at once. The English are the greatest hypocrites of the world."

A village judge:

"We were expecting harsh terms, but our imagination never carried us so far. The amount of indemnity asked is not too large, but the terms are fearfully unjust on three points, as follows: (a) To take Danzig away from Germany is a cosmopolitan horror; (b) to give Alsace-Lorraine back to France, without recompensing Germany for the money she has spent on Alsace-Lorraine since 1871, is the last word in injustice; (c) to snatch Germany's colonies away from her on the ground that Germany was never a good colonizer is an act of stupidity. Germany's colonies have never been a paying investment. We spent loads of money on them by way of bringing them up to a state of reasonable civilization, and in time they would have been valuable. And to take them away now, with the comment that Germany is a poor colonizer, is to misinterpret our intentions and underestimate our ability."

A captain in the German Army (recently demobilized):

"The thing that worries me most in the Treaty of Peace is that the Poles should get something out of it. That our real enemies, the English, the French, etc., should be indemnified, that I understand. But that these Polish people should also receive a slice, that beats me (*das ärgert mich unsagbar*)."

The wife of the captain, and an author of note:

"It is now with Germany just as it once was with Greece and Rome. We, like them, brought culture and civilization up to the highest point. And, having accomplished this, we fall, for those peace terms are impossible."

Two boys, about twelve years of age, gave expression to ideas which indicate the change that has taken place in the instruction given in the German schools. Said they:

"We don't have an empire any longer. We have a republic, and that is much better. The Kaiser would not allow us little boys on the streets when the season was on. Now we can go where we please."

"You came into the war because your President warned our Kaiser that he must not sink any more of your ships. But he sank them anyhow. And then you went to war. We are glad you did. It is going to be hard on us when you leave, tho. The Germans will come here from the right bank of the Rhine and take our food away from us."

"There is a big difference between a state and a kingdom. We will not have any more kingdoms; we will have only states. The one has citizens (*Bürger*), the other has subjects (*Untertanen*). We are now citizens."

These boys said they were taught all this in school. They, and indeed the Germans in general in this locality, never

refer to the "armistice" or the "defeat" or the "retreat," but to the "revolution."

A local German official:

"If the Kaiser is tried, then it is necessary that King George, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau be tried, too.

"Our greatest enemy is England. She tried to starve us out by her policy of economic blockade even before the war. We do not hate the French. Indeed, we pity them because of their great suffering. We do hate the English very much.

"We were not the first to use poison-gases, and we never did use dumdum bullets.

"The real traitors in this war were the Italians. They owe an incalculable debt to Germany. They entered into an alliance with us, and then, when the time was ripe for them, they deserted us and went to the Allies. Blacker treason is not recorded in history.

"If America had entered the war one year earlier, American soldiers would have been mowed down like so much grass. We had food then. In 1918 we were hungry. It was hunger that defeated us.

"The League of Nations will never stop wars. I am sixty-three years old and my days are therefore numbered. But I expect to see the day when there is real war among those states that now make up the Allies. And I believe that one of the first countries that will have a war on its hands is the very country that had the leading hand in the drawing up of the League of Nations. But in this war we Germans will sit with folded arms and read the accounts in peace.

"Our young generation will be of great help to us in rebuilding the new Germany. We have many more children than the French. Then, too, half of the French population is tubercular. There is no instinctive hatred between the Germans and the French. It is a matter of economic rivalry and civic ambition and the feeling of revenge on the part of the French since 1870-71. We do hate England. She saw that we had already outstript her and she started this war, not because we invaded Belgium, but because of our prosperity.

"The original feeling of keen disappointment at the peace terms gradually turned into one of absolute indignation and bitter resentment among the better educated people. One German made this comment: 'If America had never sent ammunition to the Allies, and there was no reason why she should, we would never have sunk your boats.' Had America remained neutral, the war would have lasted but a short while and we would have won. This was for us a war of self-defense. You forced us to give you an excuse for declaring war against us. Then came Wilson with his fourteen points. I have never seen such enthusiasm for a man and a cause as was manifested at that time in Germany for Wilson and his doctrine. He thereby inveigled us into the armistice. We had then two million able-bodied soldiers, an abundance of ammunition, and unshaken determination and will-power. But we stopt, since there was no reason in our continuing the war, Wilson having assured us all that we wanted.

"And now we have the terms of peace. The fourteen points are nowhere to be found. Wilson has put his foot in it (*hat sich blamiert*) before the entire world. And think of the sacrifices we made and were willing to make? I gave so much and was ready to give all—for what? For an honorable peace. And now we are offered this peace, a peace impossible of execution even if it were just, inconceivable in its terms even if it were drawn up by men who



"I certainly did look funny peering over those reading glasses"

"Well, if here isn't the old drawing that daughter made of me when I was wearing those bothersome reading glasses! What a revelation to see ourselves as others see us!

"I realize now how awkward and comical I appeared, ducking my head to squint over the top of my glasses every time I wanted to see objects a few feet away. And what a nuisance it was to take them off and put them on every few minutes all day long! But that bother is ended now that I'm wearing KRYPTOKS. I can see both near and far objects clearly and distinctly. I never have to take off my KRYPTOKS from morning until night."

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Dental authorities believe that 95 in every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth," and that it is the chief cause of tooth decay. But how will you make sure that you have "Acid-Mouth"?

Make the Litmus-Paper Test *That is the way to find out*

We will send a set of Litmus Papers and a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco free to you on request.

Place one on your tongue and keep it there until moistened. If it remains blue, you are free from "Acid-Mouth." If it turns pink, your mouth is in an acid condition.

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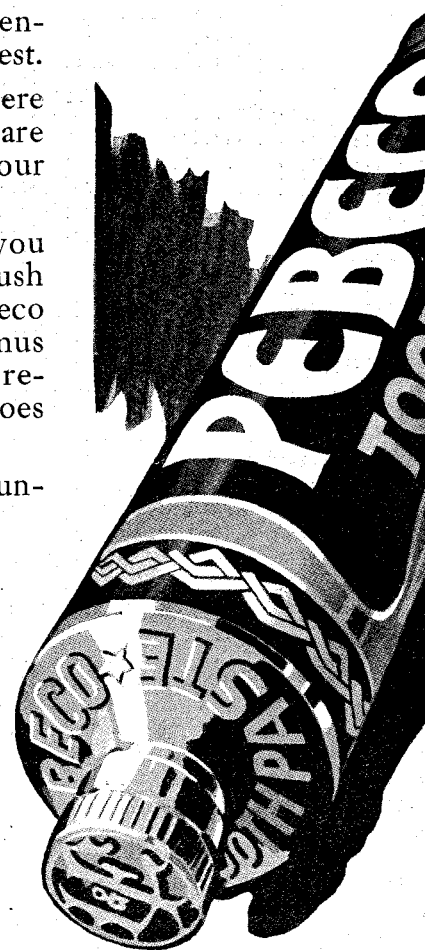
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TOOTH PASTE

knew no better, unreasonable in its severity even had Germany committed all the acts of which she has been accused."

The German soldiers are mighty sick of fighting, and they express contempt for their officers. Nor do they have any deep reverence for the men who worked out the peace terms. The following conversation took place between a German soldier, who had served in the 33d Division during the entire war, and an American officer:

"Did you like the life in the army?" "Not on your life" (*Den Spass mag der Deibel holen*). "Who was your company commander?" "Lieutenant Kampf" (*kämpfen* means "to fight"). "Lieutenant Kampf must have been a good fighter" (*Kämpfer*). "He was not; he spent his time studying the backs of our heads" (*Er hat uns immer von hinten angeschaut*). "Where were you when the armistice was signed?" "In a rest area near Verdun." "Were you glad?" "Oh, the signing of the armistice didn't make much difference to us, for we had decided not to go to the front any more anyhow." "What do you think of the peace terms?" "I can not possibly see why so many men worked six months in order to get that stuff together, for the whole thing could have been said in just four words: *Wir nehmen ganz Deutschland*" (We take all Germany).

When asked what he thought of the peace terms, a citizen of the Moselle Valley replied: "We would much rather die than accept those terms. The Allies even want our live stock. Do they not realize that it tears at our heart-strings to part with a faithful sheep or affable cow? Moreover, our present herds are already sadly depleted."

Less than ten minutes later we passed a flock of about sixty venerable sheep and enough lambs to prove that all connubial duties had been scrupulously attended to. In reply to the remark that there were so many children in this area, the German replied: "Oh, that's easy; they come of their own accord" (*Ach Gott, das ist leicht. Die kommen von selbst*). If this be true, somebody remarked, the denial that the *Boche* are supermen needs revision.

I asked a prominent citizen whether he had read the constitution of the League of Nations. The question evoked this comment: "Never! In that I have no interest at all. It will never work. For fifty years at least Germany is out of the war-business, but I expect to live to see the day when I can put my hands in my pockets or fold my arms across my breast and read war *communiqués* that concern Germany in no way." The man in question is forty-five years old.

The same German who made the remarks about the League of Nations said: "If a vote were taken on the matter the Rhineland would go back to France almost unanimously. There might be an individual here and there who would prefer to remain with Germany solely because of peculiar business relations. But as a whole we Rhinelanders prefer France to Germany."

A Catholic priest who was on active duty as a missionary in Belgium, Syria, and Damascus during the war made the following remarks:

"The chief difficulty with the terms of peace lies in their elasticity. Germany does not know just how much she will have to pay in one form and another. Tell us

now exactly what we have to do, and an honest effort will be made to do it.

"This war was brought on by a confusion and derangement of thought (*Geist*). The confusion and derangement in question were brought on by material prosperity, in which always lurks the germ of immorality.

"I was in Belgium during the first year of the war. Things happened of which no one can approve. But many atrocities were reported that never occurred. I myself, one morning, had to take a document from the Rector of the University of Louvain to the Assistant Rector. When I entered the latter's office he exclaimed that the Germans had just shot the Rector. No argument or evidence on my part could persuade him that the Rector was still living. And he is still alive and working at the University of Louvain.

"General von Bissing, the Governor of Belgium, had petty difficulties with the civilian population of Belgium, but the reports as to his inhuman cruelty are unfounded, while his wife devoted her entire time to relief of the Belgians.

"In Turkey I saw hundreds of people die on the streets of starvation. And one day a ship loaded with foodstuffs reported at Beirut. The Pasha became offended and forbade the unloading of the ship, declaring that there were no hungry people in his realm.

"When the English took Damascus I fled with seven Sisters. We traveled from Damascus to Cologne in a truck. The journey lasted fifty-nine days. In times of trouble the spirit bears one up."

Two of the men interviewed spoke of Hindenburg, once the idol of the German people. One was a barber who had been the official hair-cutter to Hindenburg during the war. He was asked how the Field-Marshal conducted himself in the chair, and he replied:

"He was always remarkably reticent." "Did he seem worried?" "No, but he seemed utterly indifferent to the fact that I had him under the scissors or the razor." "Was he generous on leaving?" "I can not recall that he ever left a really visible tip."

A leading German citizen made these remarks: "As an official of the Red Cross I went through this whole war. Tho I was employed in S. O. S., I had a chance to see some things that could not have been seen had I been in the front-line trenches. During the war I saw many officers come to grief, and in November I saw the entire German Army go down in despair. But my heart goes out in sympathy to only two Germans, Mackensen and Hindenburg. I pity Mackensen primarily because of the way he has been treated since the armistice. He is an old soldier. It is impossible for him to think or act or feel in any terms other than those of a soldier. He did good work in good faith, and in the face of much criticism on the part of his own colleagues. And then, as the crowning point of his entire career, he is interned. God and Mackensen alone know what that man has suffered.

"And then Hindenburg! He is a remnant of 1870-71. Every drop of blood in his veins is soldier blood. You know what the Kaiser did to him after that famous maneuver. Then the war came on and the Kaiser was forced to submit and have Hindenburg resume his command. His victory in Russia is history. A plainer, more unpretentious officer never

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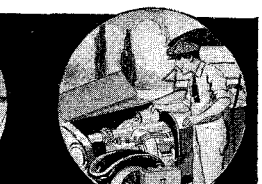
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Size, 13"x9 1/2"x4"
Weight, 21bs. 6 ounces

wore a German uniform. I had frequent occasion to confer with him while he was in his private railway-car. The old man would sit in his stocking-feet, with his clothes all mussed up, and talk to me. Every word he said was the incarnation of frankness, sincerity, and interest in his field-gray boys (*feldgraue Jungen*). And think of him now! Financially he has enough to live on. But spiritually that man's heart is being gnawed to shreds by the mistakes of other people. I pity him, and I pity Mackensen. But as to the rest of them, they may go to the devil (*die hölle der Teufel!*) so far as I am concerned."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

THE following sprightly letter from Miss Lulie Nettleton, a Seattle teacher doing Y. M. C. A. work in France, written to friends in her home city, describes in an interesting way how some of the soldiers amuse themselves on leave. Miss Nettleton is engaged in leave-area work in the French Alps. Being an enthusiastic mountaineer, her particular stunt is to lead large squads of dough-boys, many of whom have never seen anything higher than an ant-hill, on hikes through the mountains found in the district where she is stationed. She writes:

I have the very finest job in France, am Assistant Recreational Director at St. Gervais, one hour's ride from Chamonix.

We are billeted in the famous and fashionable hotels in real elegance. The lovely slopes are full of violets, primroses, and daffodils and myrtle and crocuses! High, snow-covered peaks loom all around. Everywhere are trails and roads and perfectly adorable peasants' cottages and more pretentious chalets, the summer places of wealthy French people.

As for my work—it is strenuous, for each week come 1,200 dough-boys for a good time. Usually they arrive on Saturday afternoon with their packs. They are very tired after two or three days on the horrible trains and they are always disappointed that they were not sent to Nice.

Their clothes are somewhat wrinkled for they have to go through the delousing machine before coming here. However, they begin to cheer up after a night's sleep in a white soft bed, the first, usually, since arriving in France.

One man said he stood at attention and saluted his white bed when he saw it.

By Sunday noon they are brightened, and when I suggest a Sunday afternoon stroll to get a view of Mont Blanc, they fall in and I nearly always have a hundred out.

At first it was absolutely appalling to look back and see that avalanche of olive-drab at my heels.

They are such a gallant lot and they treat me so wonderfully. We hike over the mountain roads and trails and they sing and shout. We make the hugest jokes of all military orders.

I have been given all ranks, Top Sergeant being the favorite, altho General Pershing was my official title last week.

They are so adorable about their language: if one forgets and swears he is nearly killed with haughty glances from the other soldiers.

When they roar, "The Gang's All Here," you remember it ends, "What the h— do

we care?" there is always a horrible gulp and either they look wildly at each other and hurriedly substitute "deuce" for the profanity or they hum that part.

They honor American womanhood so that it is a real inspiration. It is an obsession with these soldiers, and how they love to tell you about their wives and sweet-hearts at home, and the little children they have left behind.

Such pretty girls are shown in most of their pictures. I have come to believe that the typical American girl wears a sport skirt and pumps, a soft blouse, and has fluffy hair. But whatever her appearance, she rests upon a pedestal with the American soldier now, for the soldiers certainly do not honor Frenchwomen.

I took out 553 men last week, and surely get the pick of the men, as the cognac crowd does not care for hikes or couldn't keep up anyway.

Every week I take at least eighty men to Mer de Glace and we get some glorious coasting. It is a joyous sight to see them roll in the snow. Most of them never saw a glacier before. I also take about one hundred to Basson Glacier, which comes directly from the summit of Mont Blanc. It has some great terraces and ice-caves.

After Mer de Glace and Basson Glacier, we always walk to Chantonix and drink chocolate and eat sandwiches at the "Y." Then we take the train down; clean up; eat a fine dinner; then go to the "Y" to a show. After that hiking, boys gather round, and no matter how tired or how stiff, they say, "Where do we go tomorrow?" We are a happy family; and then our Saturday comes and they shoulder their packs and we tearfully part.

Lately I have been giving citations and decorations to all who go on five trips. These citations are for gallantry in action, and it is action, believe me!

I tie a bow of ribbon in a little St. Gervais bell and pin them on, and the soldiers are quite "set up."

I have been overwhelmed with gifts; the greatest and most wonderful being a real Chamonix ax, given by a little group of boys of the 5th Division. This ax has the 5th's insignia burned in it. I have been given orders that no other insignia be allowed on it.

We have auto trips, too—really lovely ones—one to Lake Geneva that is a dream.

My boss has been in Paris most of the time so my duties have been manifold. I am running a billiard-room, "Seeing the Alps" auto trips, about eight walking trips a week; and one night put on a wrestling-and boxing-match with a party afterward for all participants.

I have an old French guide at my own service and he promises to take me up everything as soon as climbing is possible. Mont Blanc is an easy ascent, but very long. Aguille Grépon is right here, but very difficult, and impassable now. My guide says we can climb a fine peak near here next week. This is Aguille de Woren, that looks fascinating.

So fate has had her way; she has kept me out of war-work and has set me down for *après la guerre* play it seems. I am hoping so desperately, tho, that giving these men a good wholesome time is helping keep up the morale of our troops—and so my bit is of service—and they do go away happier I know.

E. M. Hoffman, a "Y" worker, en route to his field of operations in Russia, spent several weeks in Japan. He went about a good deal in the city of Yokohama, and

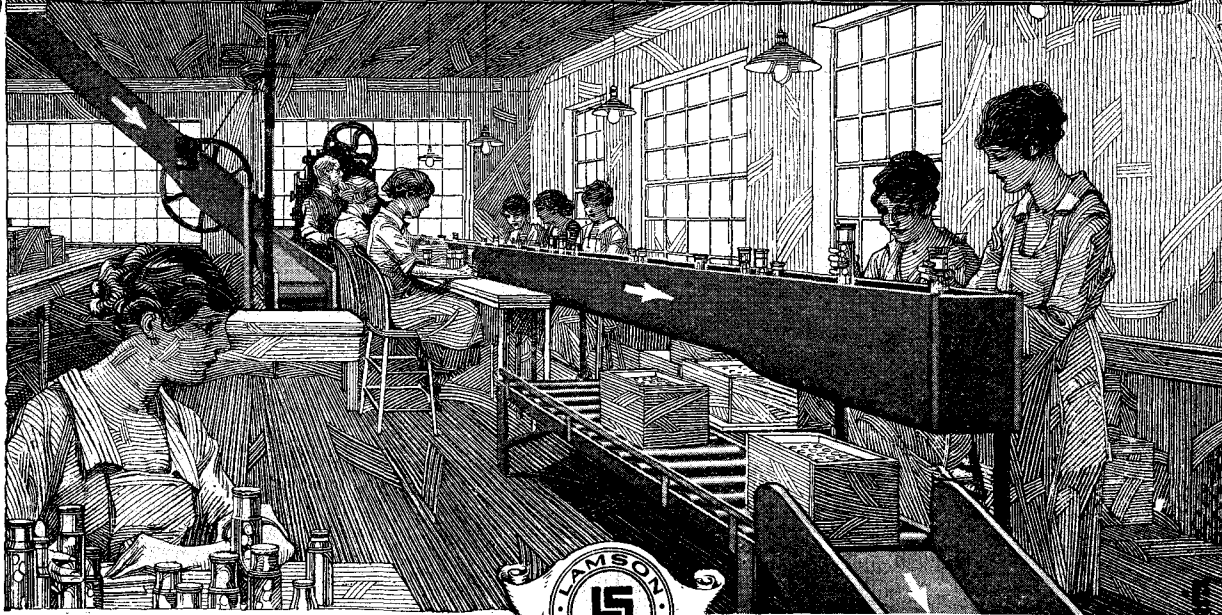
has written some interesting letters to his wife about what he saw. His description of a Japanese theatrical performance which he attended is especially diverting. He writes:

Last night Kawanaka-san and Hatori, my two boy friends, acted as my guides through a Chinese restaurant and native show. There is really nothing unusual to relate about the restaurant. It was dirty and smelled of booze, and it was filled with revelers. We had first some funny little sausages fried in dough. They looked like pickled dough, but they were not. Over these you pour *sho-yu* sauce, the oriental Worcester sauce. Our real dish was called something like *yang-men chung*, and I think it is the same thing we call *yak-a-men* in America. Anyway, it consisted of noodles, small pieces of chicken, pork, and one or two other kinds of meat, bamboo, sprouts, mushrooms, and perhaps one or two other things all floating in nice chicken-broth. We could not get any dessert of any kind, so we bought 60 sen (30 cents) worth of Japanese candy and started for the show. Oh, I forgot about the kitchen. It is on the first floor of the place and you can stand there and watch them cook. It is not advisable to do so however! For kneading dough they have a long piece of wood four inches in diameter, fastened at one end so it may be made to swing over the table. The dough is spread out on the table; then a man mounts the free end of the stick, and, riding it like a hobby-horse, goes jumpity-jump back and forth in front of the table where the dough is laid, the big stick jumping up and down and so giving the dough a good pounding.

Now to the show. It was packed like a crowded subway-train. You would not believe it possible to pack a building so. We bought second-best seats. The attendant tried hard to get shoe covers on my big feet. After four or five attempts he gave a gesture of despair, and, telling the boys to wait, he disappeared. In a moment he was back and motioned us to go ahead. He had seen the manager and obtained permission for me to carry my big feet in uncovered. As the last show was just closing, it was not long before we were given permission to squeeze in back of some people already occupying a seat to capacity. All we did was to fold up our feet beneath us and sit. There are no seats of any sort, you know. The floor is divided by little low rails into seat-like compartments. With stiff puttees and heavy boots you may be able to imagine my discomfort, and the discomfort of those next to me. I stuck out in all directions, and could feel one knee in a wee Japanese lady to my right, another in front of me, and my shoes were prodding in both directions. I never knew I was so big until I folded up and sat down in all my stiff foreign clothes in the soft, silky, sinuous, padded crowd about me. I felt all angles.

The first show was an ancient Samurai legend; and the costumes and classical acting I enjoyed greatly. Long speeches—much words, much words! In fact, all the killing, love-making, and heroics of all sorts as far as I could see, were in words. The facial expressions, however, interpret the words, and if action is slow as regards the hands and feet, etc., it is not lacking in the lineaments of the face. Two musicians accompanied the whole performance. One had the instrument I have mentioned before, a kind of mandolin, played in a

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slow, whanging fashion. The other sang and declaimed. I was amazed to see that the sounds they made were prescribed by note, for both followed a text of some sort.

The "singing" it is impossible to describe. It consists of explosive grunts, coughs, wails—oh, such doleful wails—falsetto tones, with rarely a semblance of a minor strain that could be produced in our tonal system. The stage is revolving. When a change of scene is desired, either the stage is revolved or the lights are turned low on the stage and strong lights turned directly into the eyes of the crowd, while the scene-shifters get noisily busy. Then when the big curtain is put down between acts, dozens of the audience rush up and stick their heads behind the curtains to watch the transformations taking place.

The second scene was melodrama; the third, an incident from the life of General Nogi—perhaps the most idolized of present-day heroes; the last show, a melodrama, showing a smart young Japanese girl dressed in foreign clothes. The audience was very noisy all through. At the most critical point in the Samurai drama some would-be wag crowed like a rooster. Of course, many laughed. And every now and then some one would fling a remark at the actors—somewhat Elizabethan in fashion.

The war being over and with it the necessity for utilizing all one's spare time in the mutilation of Huns, the dough-boys who are still on the job are devoting themselves to seeing Europe. Numerous are the letters from these sightseers to the folk at home, telling of their experiences. Such a letter is the following, written by Sergeant Carrol P. Johnson to his mother and giving a description of Rome:

If you can imagine anything more beautiful than a May-day in Rome you have me beat a mile. The foliage is that soft, transparent green as yet unmarred by the dust and scars which will appear a little later on in the season. The air is soft and mild, neither too warm nor too cold. The sunshine makes you glad that you are alive, and the birds, seeming to imbibe something of the general spirit of the place, sing and whistle till you almost think you are in an aviary of the best songsters in the world. Then one must not forget the flowers that greet you wherever you look. I do believe there is no place on earth where there is such a collection of flowering plants as are to be found in Rome. It is wonderful what wisteria and climbing roses can do toward hiding the defects of man-made buildings.

Added to the natural beauty of the place is the historic beauty of history and legend which lends to every building, and every little piece of lane an interest all its own and makes you feel especially privileged that you can live and see and drink in all the wonders about you. Your field need not be limited, for you can go from the cold, overbearing Colosseum to the sprightly, happy, sunshiny Pincho Gardens and get all the contrast your mood of the moment calls for.

Yesterday I went up to one of the old forts that look down on Rome, and the view was simply wonderful. I tell you it makes a fellow wish that he were an artist so he could transfer what he sees to canvas,

and thus keep the memory of it fresh for all time. Words are so inadequate that it is a shame to spoil the impression by trying to describe it, but I'll take the chance, so here goes.

You are several hundred feet above the city proper. Between you and the town are rolling fields of grain, all a fresh, tender green. These fields are studded with large, flat-topped elms. Beginning away over to your left, and winding with long, graceful, ribbon-like curves through these fields, flows the river Tiber. You do not wonder that the early Romans worshiped it, as from a distance all its defects are hidden and only that which is beautiful is seen.

Then comes Rome with its majestic buildings and lovely gardens, appearing from where you stand as a group of various-colored pebbles dumped without any regard to order in this vast, green amphitheater. In the background are the mountains, some of them snow-capped, setting off the picture to perfection. Through one little slit in the distance, a little to your left, you can see the dancing, deep-blue waters of the Mediterranean flecked with silver as the sun strikes a white cap and is reflected back. It does not take much stretch of the imagination to people these rolling, ruin-dotted plains with the legions of Caesar, or the attacking hordes of Hannibal, as your fancy may direct. And can you not see down there where that old bridge spans the river, Horatius with drawn sword defending the city against the invading army from the north? And now see:

"Oh, holy Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's heart, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day;

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

Natural history combined with a wealth of beauty and legend makes Rome and the surrounding country an ever-increasing source of pleasure and instruction to one who will but take the time to connect places and objects with the history associated with them. I have learned more of ancient history in the few months I have been here in Italy than I did in all my school life. One is either a dunce or mighty lazy who does not look up the things he is seeing and file them away for future reference. One thing leads to another in such a way that you do not realize how much you really are absorbing. For instance, some time ago I saw an Egyptian obelisk at the head of the Spanish Steps, and was at once curious to know about it. I found there were seven such obelisks in Rome. After I looked them up, I learned of the separate invasions which brought them here. I learned of the friendship of a long-dead Caesar and an Egyptian prince, that brought one as a gift. These obelisks have not always stood where they are at the present time. I looked up the original sites, thus learning much simply through associating the past with the present. Again, on a chance trip I saw the old aqueduct, and my curiosity got the better of me and made me pay a visit to the library for investigation. I learned that it originally fed the baths of Caracalla. I took a trip out there and saw the place, the luxury of which, in the eyes of some historians, led to the downfall of Roman supremacy by changing a hardy, warlike race into a nation of pleasure-lovers. Association again. You learn and at the same time enjoy yourself in seeing the sights.

CUPID HAS HAD TO PRINT A SET OF RULES FOR THE DOUGH-BOYS IN FRANCE

SO many of the American soldiers in France have married French girls that an official pamphlet has been issued setting out the legal requirements governing marriage in that country. This has cleared up the situation somewhat, at least so far as the soldiers are concerned, and it may have had a salutary effect on the minds of many anxious French mothers who are said to be flooding the mails with letters of inquiry as to the status of their daughters who have been so rash as to enter into matrimonial alliances with the khaki-clad youths from the distant and no doubt barbarous land on the other side of the ocean. Thus one woman wrote, "My daughter is soon to marry an American soldier of the West." Mark that—the wild and unkempt West. "Is it true," inquired she then with fear and trembling, "that still the Sioux Indians are on the border and that my child is in danger in going there?" And another asked, "Is it true that polygamy exists always in the United States and that my son-in-law will have the right to take as many wives as he pleases?"

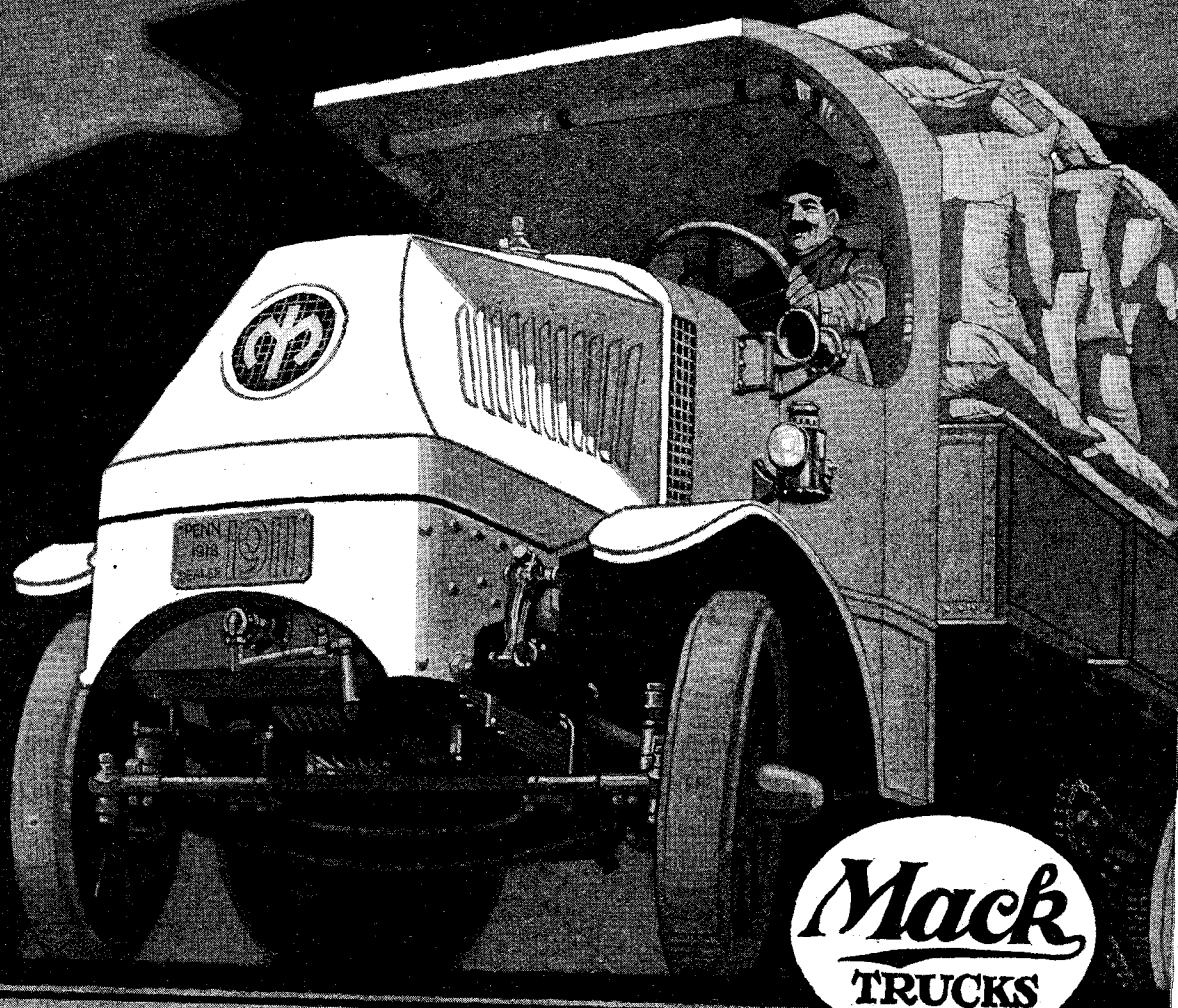
Of course, it would be impossible to publish anything that would answer all the questions that might present themselves to the minds of people as profoundly ignorant regarding America and its ways as such questions would indicate. But questions regarding what the French law requires of a dough-boy about to marry a French girl could very well be answered in a pamphlet, and so Mr. Charles Gerson Loeb, an American prominent in the legal colony in Paris, was selected to draw such a document. Its principal features are set out in the *New York Evening World* as follows:

"Marriage in France is essentially a civil contract. This principle was established by the Constitution of 1791 and has been consecrated ever since by the laws of the French Republic, and the Penal Code at this day forbids any minister or priest of any Church or cult to give a marriage benediction to persons who have not previously justified to them that their marriage has been celebrated by competent civil officers, that is to say, by the mayor of the town or district in which at least one of the parties has resided for a month.

"It follows that in France the religious celebration of a marriage is of no practical importance whatsoever and has no legal force or effect.

"All Americans, whether civilians, officers, or soldiers, forming a part of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, are subject to these same rules when they contract a marriage in France, and it makes no difference whether the bride is of American or foreign nationality. Therefore, in all cases of the marriage of an American in France the ceremony should be carried out in conformity with the French law and by a French mayor. The laws of the United States hold valid a marriage

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contracted in France between two Americans or between an American and a French citizen, or between an American and a foreign citizen of any other country if the marriage is done in accordance with the French law."

There are twenty districts in Paris alone, each having its own mayor, and the American here must, of course, reside in the district for a month, or the girl must have done so.

The pamphlet goes on to say that the test of capacity to marry in France is nationality and domicile, that the person wishing to marry will be governed by the laws of his own country as to age limit, the production of a birth certificate, parental consent, and the publication of bans. In other words, an American marries according to French ceremony and law, but his capacity to do so is governed by the laws of the State from which he comes. As there are forty-eight of these in the United States and each has a difference of marriage laws, the question has its own peculiar possibilities.

Where the French law requires, for instance, that the parties must produce birth certificates, the States in America have no such requirement, and the French require an affidavit from an American as to his birth, attested by the certificate of a lawyer who is accredited at the American Consulate.

"This affidavit," runs the instructions for the newlyweds, "must be in the French language, must be sworn to before a duly qualified American Consul in France, and then legalized by the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and must contain:

"1. The name of the person (full Christian and surname).

"2. Place and date of birth.

"3. The full name of his or her father, and the mention whether or not he is living or deceased.

"4. The full name of his or her mother, and also as to whether living or deceased.

"5. The domicile of the parties and their residence in the United States.

"6. The fact whether he or she has ever been married before, and, if so, the manner of termination of such previous marital relation.

"7. If divorced, full details concerning the divorce; if a widow or widower, full details concerning the first marriage and the date of the decease of first husband or wife.

"8. If naturalized, place and date of completion of naturalization."

The lawyer's certificate to make this hold has to state that the parties are of marrying age in the State where they reside; that no birth certificate is essential; that the consent of parents is not necessary, and that in America it is not required to publish the bans.

One would fancy that all of these details would be enough, but there are some more to face the American who is bringing home a wife.

The landlord or the janitor of the house where the parties live must give them a certificate of domicile showing more than a month's residence in the particular *arrondissement*, or district, and then the mayor may make the pair one.

While one need not publish the bans in America, under the French law they have to be published in France for all marriages. Usually the period is for ten days, but a special dispensation is given soldiers and war-workers by the official who corresponds to the District Attorney in this country.

FRANCE'S OLD TIGER CAN SMILE AS
WELL AS ROAR

PREMIER CLEMENCEAU of France had taken the measure of German diplomacy long before the recent Peace Conference, writes Arthur Lynch in *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London). At the time when the Agadir affair threatened to light the conflagration that was started later by the murder of the Austrian Archduke, the German Ambassador came to see the French statesman, and began to adopt the threatening tone which had served him well with lesser mortals. On this classic occasion, the man who was later to be the outstanding War Premier of France showed that he could smile as effectively as he has since shown that he can roar. In the face of the German potentate's threats, we read—

Mr. Clemenceau did not turn a hair. Exasperated at length, the Ambassador cried that if France did not at once climb down he would leave for Berlin that very day. Leaving for Berlin meant, of course, a declaration of war, and the Ambassador had hinted that war would mean the annihilation of France in three weeks.

The menace was terrible. Mr. Clemenceau, who was seated all the time, did not seem at first rightly to grasp the significance of what the German representative had said to him, for he kept rummaging among a number of old papers on his desk. Finally, he produced the French equivalent of *Bradshaw*, and, opening the pages, conned the time-table deliberately, while the feelings of the Ambassador were displayed throughout all the gamut from fury to amazement. Looking up at length, Mr. Clemenceau replied quietly: "Well, it must be this evening; I see you have missed the morning train already."

The Ambassador felt that his tire was punctured. He changed his tone completely, and Agadir was scored as a victory for French statesmanship.

People who write about Mr. Clemenceau nowadays give him too often the conventional airs that are supposed to "go with" heavy statesmanship just as palms go with Africa. But Mr. Clemenceau is really too big a man for the "pose" and "side" and air of profundity and mystery that are necessary to protect the second-rate diplomat. There is in his nature a vein of waggery, the spirit of *Gavroche* (the Parisian street arab) that has more than once asserted itself on solemn occasion.

At one time, many years ago, Mr. Clemenceau lost his chance of ruling the destinies of France—until the fires of the war proved the true metal—by his frolicsome spirit. An election was pending for President of the Chamber, and the fortunate candidate would at once be in the running for the Presidency of the Republic. The votes of Mr. Clemenceau's party were in the majority, and his supporters were assured of his success.

Now, one of the party was a queer old card, whom we will call Mouffler—a snuffy old gentleman who had hit on an economical plan for getting his lunch. He used to go to the buffet and order a glass of beer, and while waiting for it he would take two or three sandwiches and deftly slip them into the tail-pocket of his long coat, and then, carrying off his beer to a corner, he would quietly enjoy his frugal repast. Mr. Clemenceau knew of this trick, and one day, when he saw Mr. Mouffler slipping the

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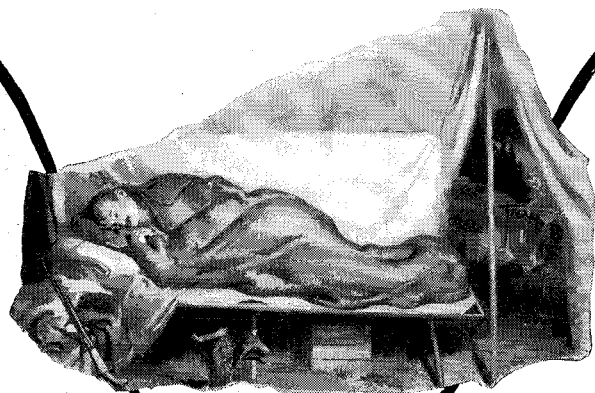
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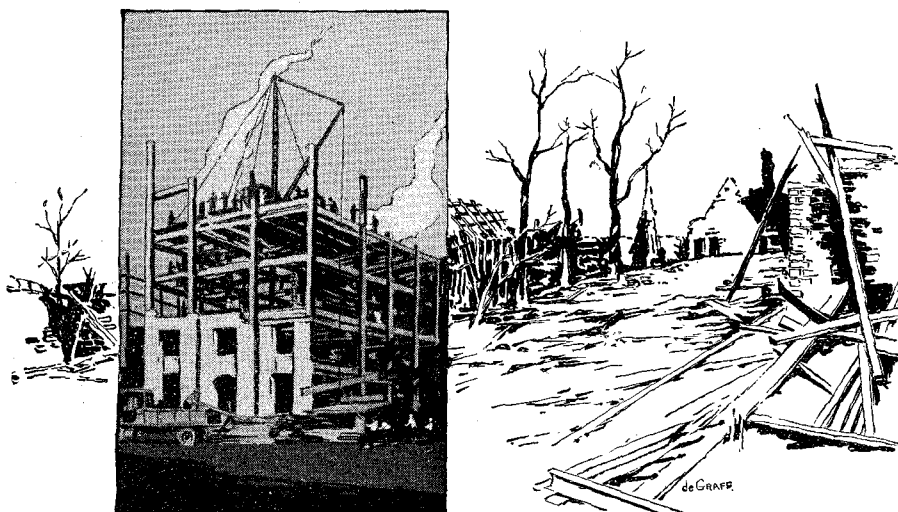
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sandwiches into his tail-pocket he quietly took them out again.

Mr. Mouffler retired to his corner as usual, but when the time came to fish out the sandwiches he was observed searching his pockets with a look of bewilderment. Then he looked up and caught Mr. Clemenceau laughing with three or four friends who had seen the whole maneuver. Mr. Mouffler was furious. When the voting for President of the Chamber took place, Mr. Clemenceau lost by one vote. Mr. Mouffler had turned the scale against him. It was some fifteen years before Mr. Clemenceau was entrusted with power.

Certainly he always had the power of criticism, but there are great ups and downs in the life of a journalist—that is the backbone of Mr. Clemenceau's public character—and there have been times when his various little papers have depended for life on the good will of some long-suffering little printer. Mr. Clemenceau as a journalist is described under a thin disguise in the "Arriviste" of Félicien Champsaur, and the novelist has not missed the jaunty, waggish, democratic side of the great man, with his hat cocked over his ear, his eye, which expresses so many things, not free from drollery, and the offhand, but friendly nod for the *garçon* of the hall.

I do not mean, of course, to imply any lack of responsibility in this leader of men. Mr. Clemenceau is a deep classical scholar, as well as a man of science, but he is not of the type of cricketer who goes out in a test match trembling with the solemnity of the occasion. He is always sure of himself, and he skelps the bowler over the chains with gaiety and abandon. Moreover, during the war he has displayed a Napoleonic capacity for work. He sat on a number of important committees, and gave the right impulsion to all; but he never lost the wit and humor of *Gavroche*. His remark when Cottin was preparing to fire—"He is going to miss me"—was neither one of the heroics of Adelphi melodrama nor the oracular utterances of a hypnotized man; it was simply the shrewd judgment of one who had all his wits about him, and on whom fear had no hold.

SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF KOLCHAK, THE LEADING ANTI- BOLSHEVIK LEADER

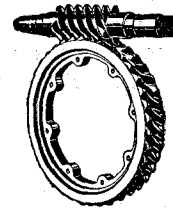
ADMIRAL KOLCHAK, or "General" Kolchak, as he is beginning to be called since he seems definitely to have transferred his martial activities from sea to land, has been threatening for so long to oust the Bolshevik Government and spread the Dictatorship of Omsk over all Russia, that the general lack of personal details about him is surprising. It will even be news to many that he passed through America just before going to Siberia, where he "formed the nucleus from which the new government has sprung." A fellow countryman, Count A. Terep-Spiridovitch, now in England, presents in *The Pall Mall Gazette* this brief account of the Russian leader:

Kolchak, whom I first met at the Imperial Naval School at Petrograd, to which only members of the nobility were admitted, finished his course of study about 1892-1893. Beyond exhibiting a high sense of discipline, coupled with efficiency in his work, there was nothing really remarkable in the present "Supreme Regent" to attract the notice of his colleagues.

Three billion dollars are to be spent

THREE billion dollars are to be spent in building activities suspended during the war. In the associated industries affected by this activity, the truck is an essential instrument. No truck has made so good a record as Pierce-Arrow in the building and contracting business. The reason is its inbuilt dependability. It delivers more work in a given time and always delivers it. Where delays are fatal to profits, Pierce-Arrows are indispensable.

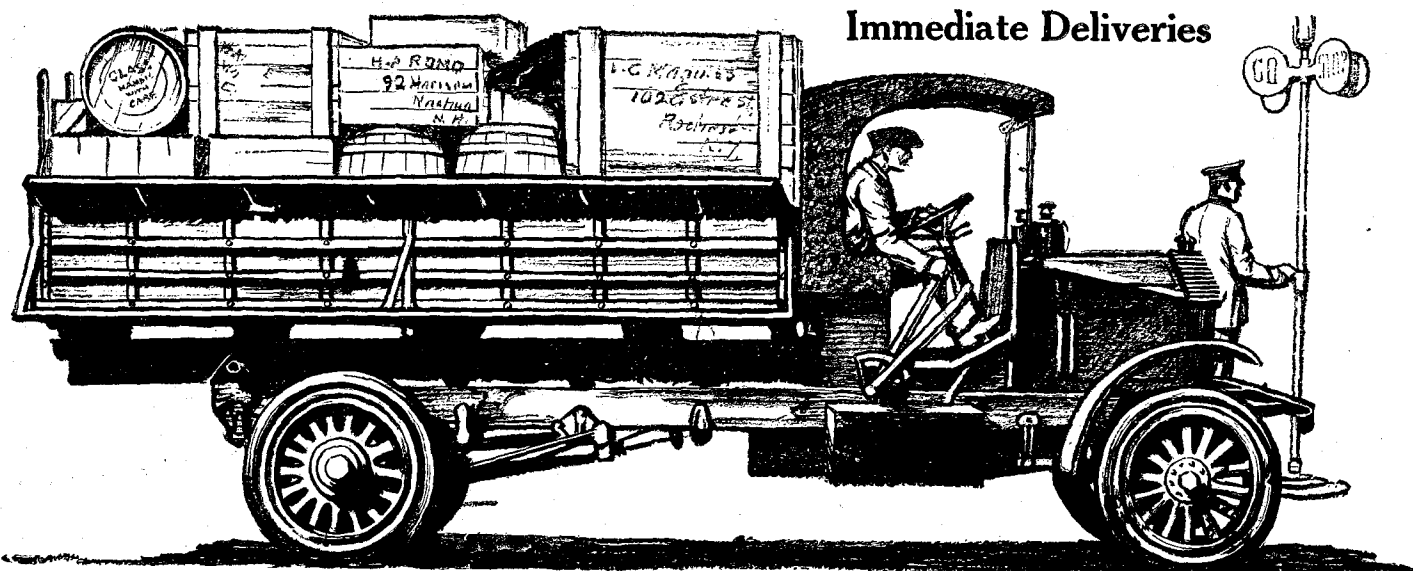
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Delivers more work in a given time;
Loses less time on the job and off the job;
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A New Way to Bake

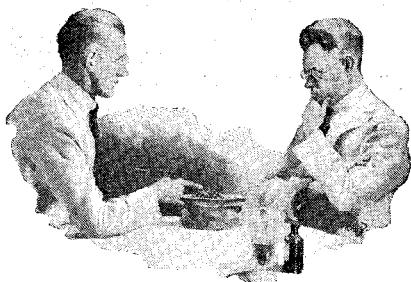
A Most Difficult Dish

Some Years Ago

The scientific cooks in the Van Camp laboratories took up the study of Baked Beans.

These are experts, college trained in culinary science, chemistry and dietetics.

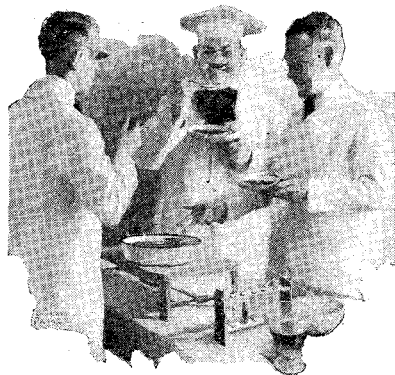
One problem was to make Baked Beans digestible. Another was to make them more likable. It took them four years to solve these problems, and the cost was about \$100,000.



They Studied Beans

First, they studied beans to learn which beans are best. Now all the beans used in Van Camp's are selected by analysis.

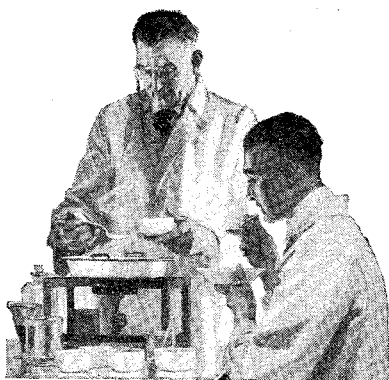
They found that boiling in hard water made beans tough. So all our water is now freed from minerals.



They Studied Baking

Beans baked in old ways were unfit. They were very hard to digest. They were broken and crisped in the baking.

So they devised steam ovens where the beans were baked for hours under pressure at 245 degrees. They came out easy to digest, yet whole and mealy, uncrisped and unbroken.



They Tested Sauces

They made and compared 856 sauces to attain the pinnacle of zest. And they bake that sauce with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares its delightful tang.

Men Are Delighted

Hundreds of men have come to Van Camp's to congratulate these experts on this new-day dish. Thousands of men every day go to lunch at restaurants which serve Van Camp's. And to hundreds of thousands this dish has brought a new conception of Baked Beans.

If you don't know this ideal dish, order a few cans now.

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Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups	Evaporated Milk	Spaghetti	Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne	Catsup	Chili Sauce, etc.	

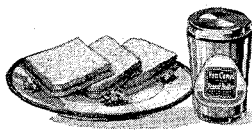
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
18 Kinds



Van Camp's
Spaghetti



Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

A few years later, 1900-1903, he held rank as an assistant commander on the yacht *Zaria* in the polar expedition of Baron Thol. He had served on board the ironclad *Sebastopol* in the Mediterranean prior to joining Thol, to whom, in his eagerness, he offered his services by telegram.

In addition to performing the duties of hydrologist to the expedition, Kolchak wrote a monograph on "polar ices," and supplied the material for a new chart of the northern coast of Siberia. For the monograph he received a prize from the Academy of Science at Petrograd.

Not very tall, dark, with penetrating brown eyes, Admiral Kolchak at this period is remembered for his unusual perseverance, courage, and good judgment. His scientific knowledge was considerably higher than the average attained by his contemporaries.

When, during his second year of polar exploration, Baron Thol was lost, Kolchak led a whale-boat party sent to find him. Bennet Island, three hundred miles north of the New Siberian Islands, was searched in vain for the missing explorer.

In 1905, at the time the Russo-Japanese War was at its height, Lieutenant Kolchak was given command of a destroyer, in which he served until peace was declared. He carried out several daring exploits, and received the St. George Sword from the Emperor. This sword, ornamented by a brilliant gilt handle with the Cross of St. George, was destined to figure in an incident connected with the Bolsheviks.

Following the Japanese War, Kolchak took a degree in naval science at the Naval Academy, and entered the service of the Naval General Staff. Altho he still only ranked as a lieutenant, he carried out some complicated technical work with exceptional ability, and also prepared a ten years' ship-building program for the Duma.

When he had completed his tasks in this direction, he retired from the Naval General Staff, on which he had been offered a very prominent position, and asked for the command of a destroyer in the Baltic Sea. He was then promoted to the rank of commander and placed under Admiral Essen. The latter, on the outbreak of war in 1914, appointed him to his staff, giving him the responsible task of working out the plans of naval action against the enemy.

A friend of mine, who was in command of a squadron of cruisers and came into constant contact with Kolchak, formed the highest appreciation of his former subordinate. "Our free exchange of opinion," he declares, "always gave the best results, and I affirm that the successful work of the Baltic Fleet in the operations against the Germans was largely due to the young officer in question."

After the death of Admiral Essen, Kolchak declined to remain on the staff. He thereupon took over a flotilla of destroyers, which he operated so successfully that it quickly became obvious that he was as well equipped to execute dashing exploits as he was to plan them. He now ranked as a naval captain.

When the first revolution broke out in 1917 he had already reached admiral's rank, and commanded the Black Sea Fleet.

He promptly recognized the Provisional Government, and later carried through the political reforms among the crews of his ships without bloodshed. He succeeded in maintaining discipline and good behavior among all afloat, as well as showing the enemy that the Baltic Fleet was ready to fight.

In spite of Bolshevik propaganda, Kolchak's seamen remained for some time a threat to the Turks and Germans. However, through the evil example of the Baltic Fleet, there was a decline in their morale. They eventually became so unruly, indeed, that Kolchak presented them with an ultimatum, the sense of which was that if they did not recognize him as their chief he would at once resign. No agreement was reached.

The Bolsheviks had voted for the disarming of all officers, and before the Admiral left his ship a deputation requested him to give up his arms. The St. George Sword he had received from the Czar he refused to hand over. There was a scene, in which he defied the sailors and threw the sword into the sea. Other officers were arrested, but his prestige was so great that he was allowed to leave Sebastopol for Petrograd without further molestation.

He was later sent by the Admiralty to America. From America Kolchak went to Siberia, and in due course formed the nucleus from which the new government has sprung.

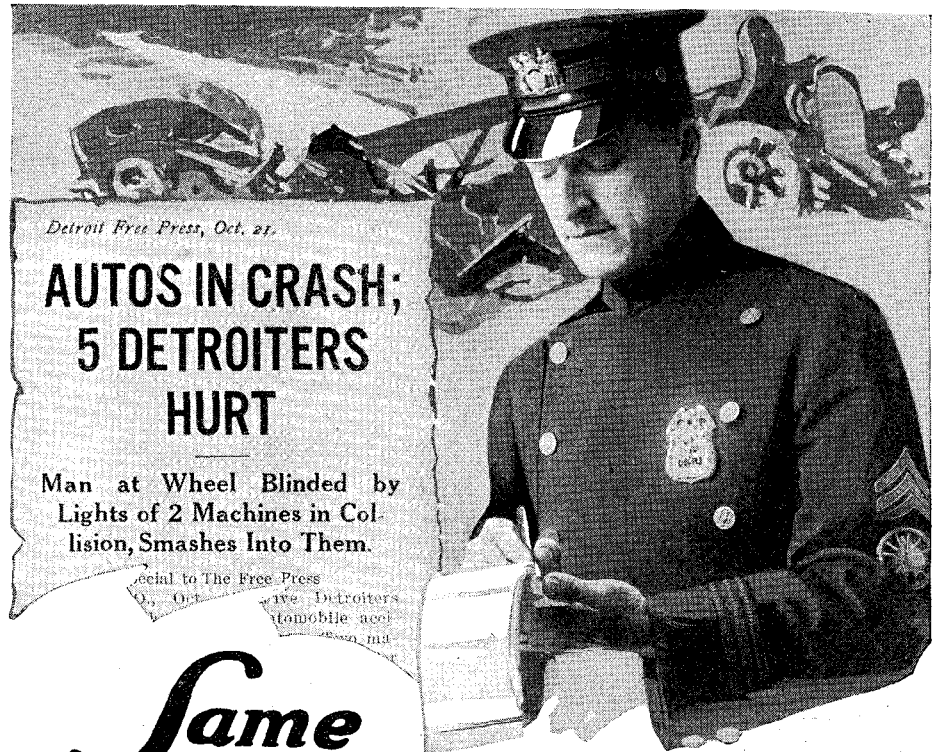
DOUGH-BOYS' FLY-SWATTING SHOCKS THE TEUTONS

NO doubt by way of retaliation for all the mean things said about the Huns during the period of the war, the German newspapers are now publishing stories of atrocious crimes committed by American soldiers in the occupied territory of Germany, says Richard Henry Little in the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Little met a German who had been traveling in the occupied zone, however, and was by him informed that there was no foundation for these stories. The German farmer folk, said this man, in the region where the Americans are located, regard the latter as kind, agreeable beings, albeit lunatics and also millionaires. They complained of no outrages perpetrated by the O. D. boys, but they did mention a few of their funny ways, which are utterly beyond the Teutonic understanding, and hence are viewed, if not with suspicion, at least with astonishment, not unmingled with pity that human beings should permit themselves to get that way. The edifying information furnished Mr. Little by the obliging traveler is set out, in part, as follows:

"The peasants told me," said he, "you might never know an American was mad unless a fly came into the room. When the American sees a fly a strange, hard glitter comes into his eyes. Then you see he is crazy. His mania makes him want to hit the fly. He folds up newspapers and tiptoes over behind the fly and strikes at it with great viciousness. If it does not die, he pursues it, calls in more soldiers, and strikes at the fly."

The traveler said some German farmers who had observed this strange action on the part of American soldiers were willing to make allowances. They said probably in America flies were large and that their bite caused instant death. Therefore, Americans had formed the habit of killing all flies they saw.

The traveler said another proof the farmer in the occupied zone had that Americans were stark, raving mad was because they made them open their



Same Old Story!

(What the officer said)

"GLARING headlights caused the accident—the same old story. Most night accidents are caused by improper lighting—either blinding glare, or diffusion which scatters and reduces the light so a driver can't see ahead.

"You'd think every car owner would realize the vital importance of safe, efficient headlights. Driving at night will be safer than by day when glare is eliminated. But see how the cars increase in number every month and think what havoc a single pair of glaring lights may cause.

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Join the million considerate motorists who safeguard night driving with Conaphores. Notice them as you pass. Then equip your car, for your own safety and comfort. The best accident insurance—and the cheapest—is accident prevention.

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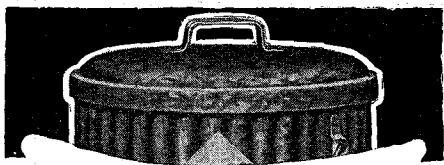
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windows at night and let in the deadly night air, which every German peasant knows is most poisonous.

The German farmer likes to close all windows at night and plug up every key-hole to keep out the deadly night air, but, if the Americans catch them with the windows closed, they haul them into court and fine them.

The peasants say the American soldiers told them it was one of President Wilson's fourteen points that all Germans should have their windows open at night, which is proof to some that Americans want to kill the Germans off with consumption, while others say it shows Wilson is as mad as the rest of the Americans.

WHY A CARTOONIST WOULD RATHER LIVE IN DES MOINES THAN IN NEW YORK

OUT in Des Moines, Iowa, lives J. N.

Darling, the cartoonist, better known as "Ding," as his signature appears on many of his drawings that grace our pages. Of course, Mr. Darling is not the only person in the Iowa capital city. A good Des Moines patriot will inform any inquirer that there are at least 119,999 other citizens in the town. But Darling is one of the best known of all of them. The reason is that his drawings are published daily in sixty-six leading newspapers in this country, circulating among many millions of people, a large majority of whom turn to "Ding's" cartoon the first thing upon receiving their paper. Mr. Darling was brought up in a little town in the north-western part of Iowa. His first job as cartoonist, it is said, was on a Sioux City paper. Later he became connected with the Des Moines *Register*. It was here that his work first began to attract wide attention, and presently it was conceded on all hands that "Ding" was nothing less than a genius and in the very front rank of American cartoonists. By that time, of course, people began to say that he wouldn't stay long in Des Moines, for a well-defined idea prevails in practically every part of our beloved land when a fellow assays more than fourteen-karat ability in any line the only place for him to live and move and have his scintillating being is in the East, by which is meant New York City. So everybody in Iowa was expecting almost any day to see Mr. Darling shake the Des Moines dust off his sandals and beat it for the overgrown town on the island which once sold for the measly sum of twenty-four dollars. But "Ding" stayed right on in Des Moines, drawing cartoons that were a joy to everybody in the Hawkeye State and anybody else outside so fortunate as to get hold of *The Register*. Then one day, without any warning, the long-expected announcement was made that J. N. Darling was severing his Des Moines connections and was going to New York. Everybody was sad, because it had almost come to be understood that he was to remain in Iowa. But to New York went "Ding," and all his native State saw of

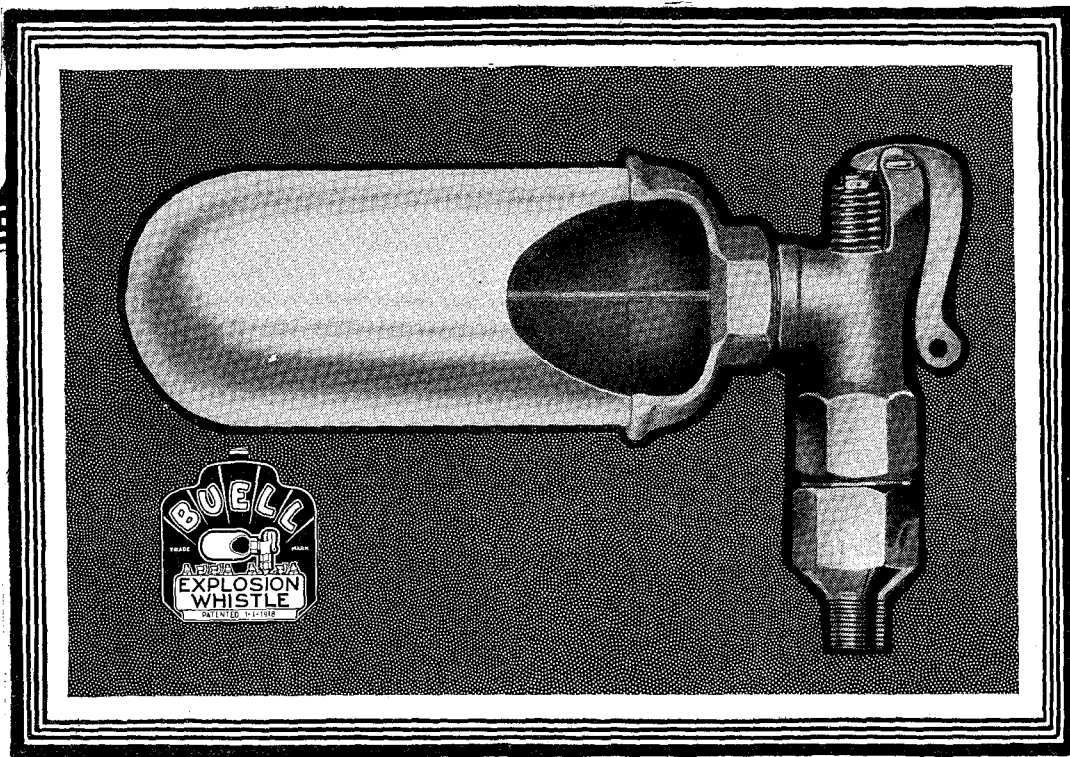
him thereafter was now and then a series of his cartoons carried by some of the papers. Then, all of a sudden, it was reported that "Ding" was coming back. And he did come back. A cartoon appeared in *The Register* representing the cartoonist walking into Iowa with a joyous smile on his face, and the same cartoon showed broad smiles also on the faces of sundry Iowa cows, horses, and "baby beeves," and happy curls in the tails of smiling Iowa hogs. And now in fine rooms on the fourth floor of the new *Register* building "Ding" is happily ensconced, drawing cartoons as contentedly for his sixty-six papers as if such a place as New York City didn't exist on this planet. It has been a matter of some curiosity to Mr. Darling's numerous admirers why he did not stay in New York, and the editor of *The American Magazine* asked him to write an article telling why he preferred to live in Des Moines. The cartoonist responds by stating, in effect, that he can draw cartoons just as well in Des Moines as in New York, and the former is a place where he can cultivate friendships to better advantage and can do fully as good a job of living as in New York. When Mr. Darling occasionally visits New York now he sometimes feels the call to live there once more. He says, however: "Whenever I get the feeling that New York offers the fullest and most complete expression of life, I take the subway out to see my old friend the coyote, and he and I sit down and yearn for home." This coyote friend of his, Mr. Darling explains, lives in the Bronx Zoo. He says of him:

He has a furnished apartment, servants, trained nurses for his children, aristocratic neighborhood, fine view overlooking the park, and the best of meals served from a near-by community kitchen of unquestionable excellence. He even has an iron grill-work entrance which, so I am told, is considered the final mark of social distinction in New York architecture. His is the last cage to the north in the row occupied by the members of the American Wolf family (one of our very oldest families).

But in spite of the pride his mother must feel and his friends back home may have over his exalted station in life, he is bored to distraction. He gazes wistfully hour after hour out through the bars of his cage. I do not know how much coyotes are given to introspection, but I gather from his expression that he wishes he were out on the barren knob of a prairie sand-hill where he could yap and howl to his heart's content, terrifying all the little cotton-tails and field-mice into spasms, and plotting how he might stalk a young and tender grouse for his breakfast.

"Of course," says "Ding," "the case of the coyote and mine are not exactly parallel; for no curator of the greatest zoo in the world ever set a trap for me and tried to drag me, willy-nilly, into the spotlight." Then he explains why people go to New York:

With me, going to New York has been more a matter of "Having passed the examinations in the eighth grade, the folk at home expect, of course, you'll go on



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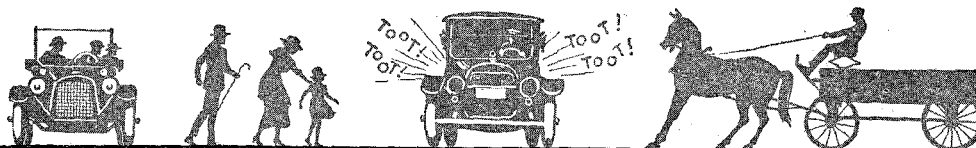
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through high school." You know how it is with the home folk—God bless 'em. I guess every village and hamlet in the country has a cornet soloist in the band who "ought by rights to be playing with Sousa." If it isn't a cornetist, it's the local tenor, who is "just wasting his time around here and really ought to go into grand opera." Or, maybe, it is the star reciter of Marion Willoughby Jones's local College of Dramatic Art, Elocution, and Music, who "has just lots and lots of flattering offers from Belasco to go on the stage."

And such is the nature of "artists" that after the townspeople have talked in that manner long enough they have a way of believing it themselves, and think it is up to them to prove it. So they pack up their things and move to New York. Aside from this little variation in the method of arriving in New York, the parallel of the coyote and the Westerner who goes to live in New York is quite complete.

The cartoonist discusses briefly as follows the matters of working and living with reference to the place where those things are done:

So far as making cartoons is concerned, I can not see that it would make a bit of difference whether I live in New York, Des Moines, or Mozambique. The days when my cartoon "falls" in the baking any place would seem disagreeable—and would be quite a little more disagreeable for my being there, too. And the days when I do "ring the bell" I could be happy anywhere in the world.

So much for working in any place in particular. But when it comes to doing a good job of really living, I can see nothing in dwelling in New York that would tempt me to trade my present surroundings in Des Moines, altho there is nothing gorgeous or unusual about the little quiet by-way off the main-traveled road which John and Mary and "Penny" and I call home.

It isn't so quiet tho, after all, when you come to think of it; for John is digging a "pirate's" cave in the back yard, and yesterday surreptitiously smuggled some of his mother's table silver and her best lunch-cloth into the grimy depths of his cavern to aid in the festivities of a "wienie" roast with the neighbors' boys. This morning four wild ducks flew up and down the creek that skirts our back yard. And while we were at breakfast Kip dropt in to say that he'd be ready to start for the duck slough at four-thirty this afternoon for the evening shoot, a night at the farmhouse, an early breakfast of home-made sausage, and a whole platter of fresh eggs, and then the morning shoot, and home to-morrow in time for the day's work.

There's nothing heroic about all these things, but did any John ever dig a pirate cave in the back yard of a New York apartment? And did any one ever drop in at a sixteen-story apartment on Riverside Drive while you were at your buckwheat cakes and whet your appetite for life with news that the ducks were thick in the slough north of town?

Then Mr. Darling speaks of the lack in New York of what he calls the "drop in" sort of companionship. He says it seems essential to him to live near good friends. This can not be done in New York, he declares. He asks:

What, for instance, do folks in New York do when they wake up in the morning

bursting with the impulse to say "Hello" to somebody? Your most intimate friend probably lives in New Rochelle, while you hole up somewhere between One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street and Montclair, New Jersey. When the uncontrollable desire to be sociable comes on, you write or telephone, and a week from next Tuesday you meet for the avowed purpose of delivering your erstwhile spontaneous outbursts of greetings. It's like opening a bottle of sparkling burgundy to drink week after next.

"Ding" says it isn't that New-Yorkers don't like friends. In his opinion they are starving for good, plain, old-fashioned comradeship, but they are handicapped. They haven't the opportunity to make friends properly. Then he sets out what he thinks is required to promote friendship:

I have a feeling that to make a real friend you must sit up all night with him in a damp cellar feeding his dog lard to keep him from dying of poison; or maybe some one has taken care of children number one and number two while number three was having scarlet fever. Either that, or you must have played on the same old football team together when you were younger, or you must have sung bass to his tenor in the old college quartet, or something that gave you a deeper insight into his being than you are apt to get while drest up in your evening clothes at a seven o'clock dinner.

According to Darling they have all the facilities for developing friendship in Des Moines. He says:

We don't have as many shows and bright lights out here, but we see the same folk often enough to know one another without being introduced all around again every time we meet.

I have often wondered what would happen if a jovial soul should breeze into a New York subway-train some fine morning with a lusty "Hello, everybody. How's everybody this morning?" and slap the subway-guard on the back. His effervescence would be about as acceptable as if he tried to join in the choruses of the Metropolitan Opera from his seat in the parquet. They'd probably have a wagon from the detention hospital waiting for him at the next station. You can say "Good morning" to almost anybody Out West without being suspected of attempting to pick his pockets or to sell a gold brick.

Going to New York to make cartoons reminds "Ding" of the old-fashioned game of "Going to Jerusalem," in which a number of people scramble for chairs on which to sit down, the excitement being furnished by the fact that there is always one less chair than there are participants in the game, and hence one person must remain standing, to his sorrow and disgrace. Says Mr. Darling:

Going to Jerusalem may be all right as a sporting proposition if you can't think of anything else to do; but from the point of view of the man who is looking for a comfortable place to sit down, the next room, where there are plenty of armchairs with Russia leather upholstery and a pillow at your back, has a decided advantage. So leaving my comfortable little nook and going to New York to live and to work

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When a Wisconsin Motor leaves the shop it is *ready for service*. It has already been tested out, run until it operates perfectly. Every part is *performance perfect*.

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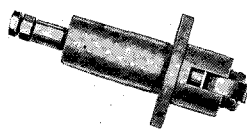
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Station A, Dept. 350

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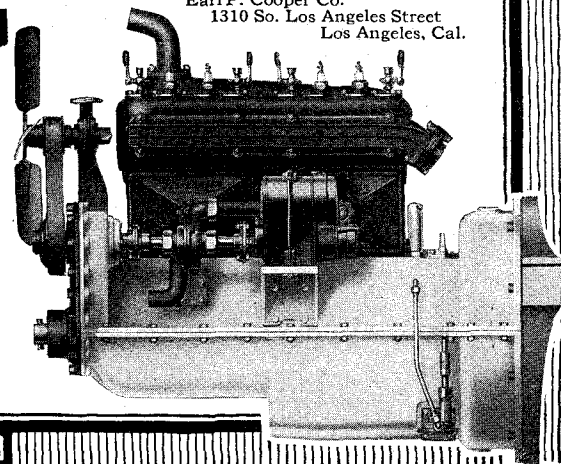
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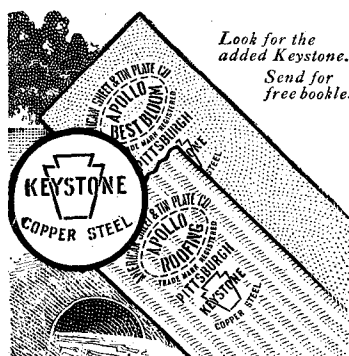


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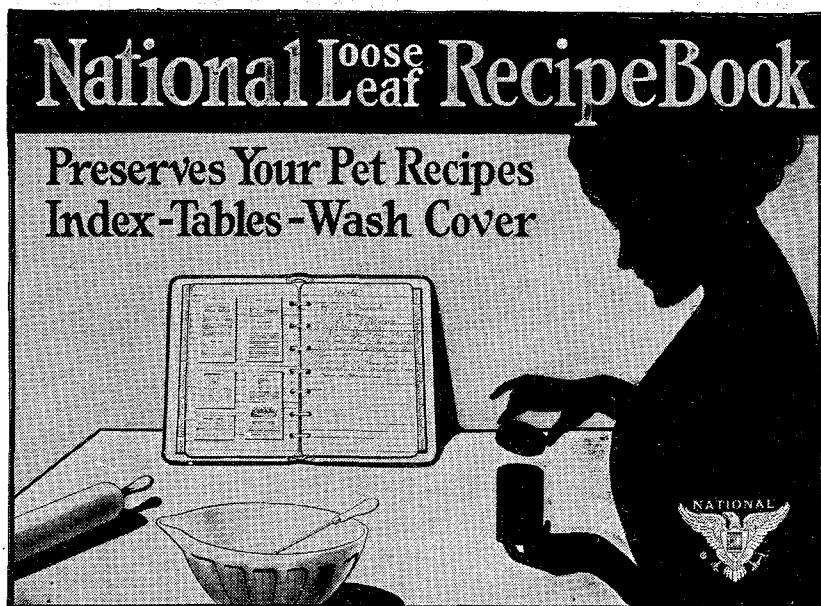
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EVERY housekeeper has her own little method of arranging her recipes and cooking rules. The National Loose Leaf Recipe Book is constructed to meet these personal preferences, having at the same time certain features demanded by all cooks. A sanitary washable cover, comprehensive index, lists of abbreviations, weights and measures, and interchangeable leaves make this the most convenient recipe file obtainable.

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NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY, Holyoke, Mass.
NEW YORK CITY BERTHIERVILLE, P. Q., CANADA LONDON

might add a trifle to my heritage of excitement, but it would have no desirable effect on the making of cartoons. And since my particular job is to make as good a cartoon as possible every day, and not at all to see how many other cartoonists I can beat at the game, I have picked out the most comfortable place I could find, where the only limitation I have to worry about is my own conscience, and I draw as seriously as I can, considering what a comical world it is in which we live.

CROOKED, CUSSSED, CLAIM-JUMPING, GUN-FIGHTING DAYS AT SKAGWAY

HUMAN nature at its crookedest and cusseddest, as well as at its bravest, flourishes in such an out of the way place as was Skagway, Alaska, in the days when the gold rush began. Fred Lockley, pursuing his hobby of turning up choice bits of history and human nature for *The Oregon Journal*, found a man who had known Skagway in the days of its greatest sinfulness, glory, and excitement. On the basis of this acquaintance, Mr. Lockley doth a tale of such crookedness unfold that it would furnish "local color" for any number of "movie" dramas. He writes and quotes:

George R. Dedman used to live at Oregon City, but for twenty-one years past he has lived at Skagway. Recently we were talking of the progress and development of Alaska and its wonderful possibilities for young men with enthusiasm, energy, and intelligence.

"Some of these days some chap will come along," said Mr. Dedman, "and will write the story of Skagway. Talk about your movies—the history of Skagway could be dramatized to make a movie thriller that would run to crowded houses. Away back in 1884 an old British sea-dog named Capt. William Moore took up the site of Skagway. Captain Moore, who had the government contract to take mail in to the placer-miners on the bars of the Yukon, used to see the Stick Indians come out with considerable quantities of coarse gold. He figured that if there was much coarse gold in the Yukon basin, some day there would be extensive mining development there, and that the site of the city of Skagway would be the logical place to build up a settlement on the coast. He took up a town site, a homestead, a mill site, and a trading-post. These various rights gave him about 320 acres. His place was half a mile wide and about a mile long. He built a log cabin near the beach and made it his home.

"When the discovery of gold in the fall of 1896 on the Klondike was heralded to the world, adventurers from all parts flocked to San Francisco and Seattle on their way to the golden north. The stampede really started from Seattle, for the steamer *Portland* reached Seattle in July, 1897, with a large amount of gold-dust aboard. As soon as ships could be secured and provisioned the argonauts started northward. The old Indian trail had been by way of Dyea, and on over the Chilkoot pass, thence to the headwaters of the Yukon. This was the same trail that Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, of Salem, Ore., had taken in his exploring expedition.

"On August 7, 1897, Captain Moore,



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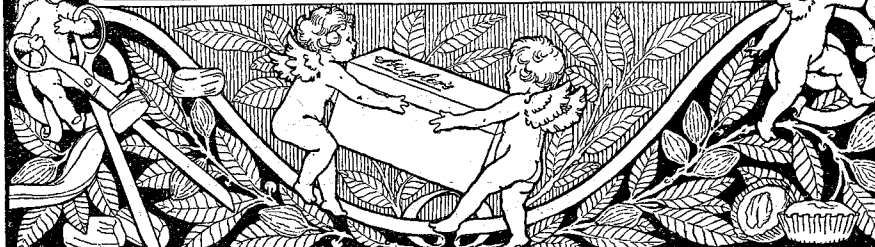
almost everywhere

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NEW YORK

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while on the beach near his cabin, saw a steamer pull in from the south. It seemed about to pass on, but soon it swung around, lowered a boat, and a party came ashore. They told Captain Moore they had seen the smoke from his cabin and had come ashore to ask a few questions. They wanted to know if they were on the road to the Klondike, and where was the best place to go in from. He told them most people went in over the Chilkoot trail, but if they were planning to go in with pack-horses it would be better to go in over the White Pass trail. The spokesman of the party informed him they were planning to go in with packhorses, and asked who owned the land along the beach. He told them he had taken it up thirteen years before, but they were welcome to unload their outfits on the beach and he would do all he could to help them. Some of the gold-seekers came ashore that night. Next morning they began to unload the outfit. There were about two hundred in the party. The passengers held a meeting, the result of which was that a committee came to Captain Moore and said: 'The fact that you have been living here for the past thirteen years and that you say you have taken up this place doesn't interest us. Boats from Seattle and San Francisco will soon be coming up here like a flock of birds and we intend to take up this claim and make a city here. You say you have prior rights. If so, go to it and bring suit to eject us. We are going to jump your claim. We are from Missouri, and if you can put us off you will have to show us.'

"Captain Moore, of course, was helpless. He had all the legal rights on his side, but here were two hundred men who had decided to take possession of his claim, and, as they told him, possession was nine points of the law, and if his legal rights were any satisfaction to him he could fight it out on that line in the courts. Frank H. Reed, a former county official from the Puget Sound country, surveyed the town site of Skagway. They divided it into blocks and lots and parceled the lots out among themselves. The town was surveyed so that Captain Moore's log cabin occupied one of the newly laid out streets. They offered him a lot on which to put his cabin, which he indignantly refused. Eventually a force of men took his cabin away and dumped it in the tide flats. Captain Moore took the matter up in the courts, but decisions in the Alaska courts in those days went to the ones who could pay the most for the decisions. The case dragged its way through the courts, and after four years Captain Moore secured a decision in his favor. Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, notified all trespassers on Captain Moore's claim to vacate. The matter was finally settled in this way: Captain Moore was to receive 25 per cent. of the assessed valuation of all lots. For example, I paid \$800 originally for my lot, and it was now assessed at \$4,000, so I had to pay \$1,000 for a warranty deed to Captain Moore, being 25 per cent. of its assessed valuation.

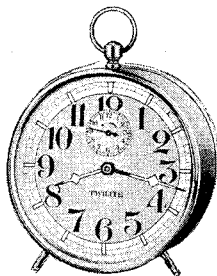
"During the boom days of Skagway Captain Moore would have made a fortune from his claim. In fact, the men who jumped his claim did make fortunes. The jumpers who had laid out the town-site sold lots to the newcomers at good prices. They laid out 3,600 lots. Soon these lots were all sold. Having no more lots to sell, the claim-jumpers worked out a new plan, which they put



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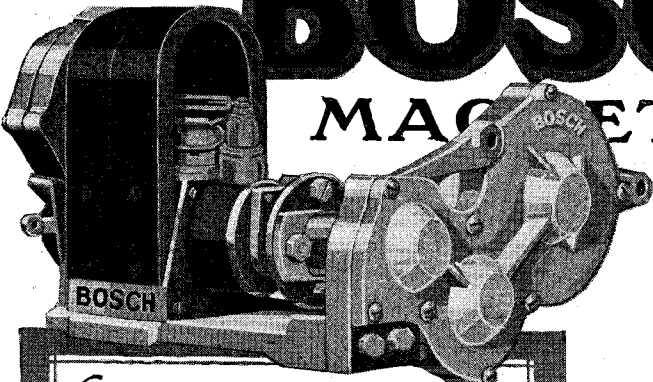
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What does this service cost? About 5 cents for each 50 gallons of hot water! That's far cheaper than you can heat water by other methods. Thousands of home owners now know this.

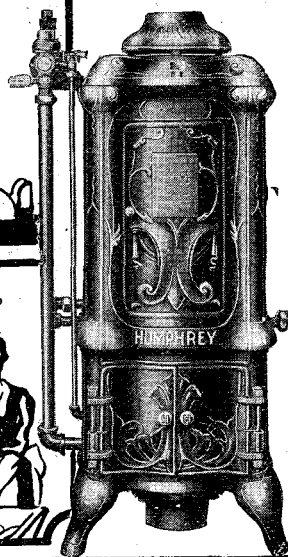
The Humphrey can be readily installed in your cellar—whether your house is new or otherwise. Any gas company or plumber can do it. It is absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction. Behind this guaranty is a concern of 34 years standing—one of the largest makers of water heating appliances in America.

Comfort, convenience, health and economy are the benefits of Humphrey service.

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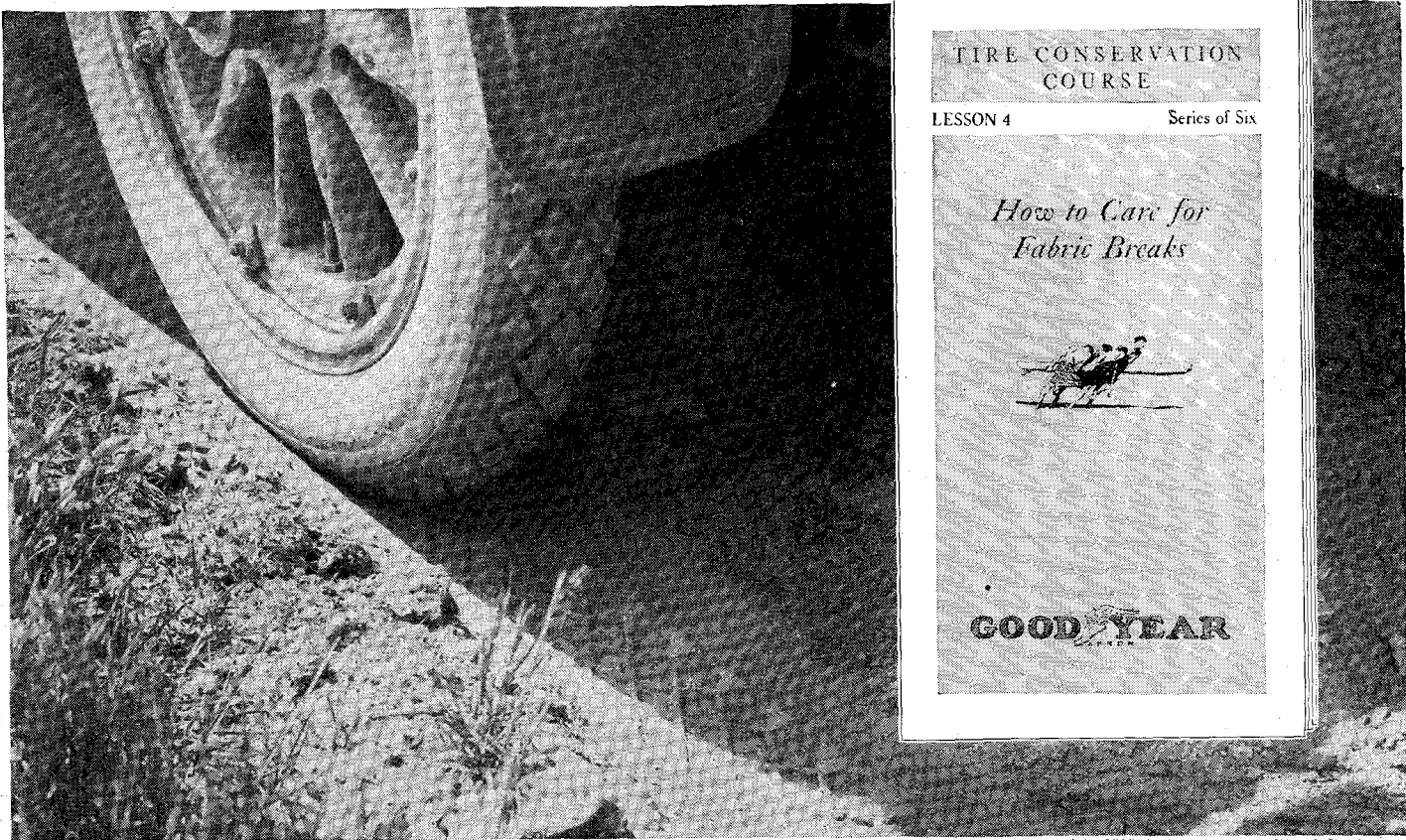
into execution, which was to resell all lots whose owners had gone into the mines or were not in actual possession. This led to strenuous times. A man would buy a lot, build a cabin, put his possessions into it, go over the pass to look for a claim, and when he returned a few weeks or months later he found his outfit thrown out into the street, or gone, and some one else in possession of his cabin. This chaotic condition led to constant fighting. Sometimes the same lot would be sold three or four times, each man having what he supposed was a perfectly valid title."

Crook rule continued to thrive in Skagway. By the fall of 1897, the whole of the district was split into two distinct factions, the skimmers and the skinned. The skimmers were in control, according to Mr. Dedman, whom Mr. Lockley quotes further:

"The skimmers, however, had a better organization and stuck together, so those who were defrauded were unable to obtain redress. Attention was soon diverted from the claim jumpers by a new party organized under the leadership of Jefferson R. Smith, from Denver, Col. Most people know him by his nickname of 'Soapy' Smith. Soapy Smith was a most genial and affable crook. He obtained his nickname by a business he made of traveling throughout the West selling small bars of soap at \$1. He would wrap a \$10 or \$20 bill around one of these small cakes of soap, put an additional wrapper on it, drop it into the pile, and let you pick it out. It was like picking out the rubber ball from under the walnut-shell. To your great surprise, you never were able to pick out the cake of soap around which was wrapped the \$20 bill. Soapy wanted to go on over the pass to Dawson, but the Northwest Mounted Police politely but firmly refused permission.

"It was said that Soapy Smith owned the court, the post-office, and the church at Skagway. You couldn't help liking Soapy. He was the most gentlemanly crook that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.' For example, a preacher came to him for a subscription to build a church. Soapy asked him how much he needed. The minister told him. Soapy said: 'Don't be a piker and go around asking for small amounts. Come out with me and we will raise the whole thing in a couple of hours.' Soapy and the minister went to each saloon, each gambling-house, and each merchant and raised the money within a few hours. Soapy would go in and say, 'We are building a church—you are assessed \$100.' If the saloonkeeper or merchant demurred, Soapy would say: 'Are you going to come through with that \$100 or not? If you don't, it will be apt to cost you ten times that amount in the long run.' They came through, for they knew Soapy would make good his threat. Naturally, after that the preacher was Soapy's friend for life, and couldn't believe that Soapy wasn't a big-hearted Westerner who was greatly misunderstood.

"Soapy's gang had a great contempt for the real-estate crooks. Soapy and his gang won their wealth in legitimate ways, such as gambling, running saloons, and confidence games. I doubt if there was ever a smoother bunko man than Soapy Smith. On July 4, 1898, Soapy was grand marshal of the Fourth of July program at Skagway. He had fifty



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Saving 2,000 Miles

By Repairing Stone Bruises

A GOODYEAR Tire that looked perfectly sound on the outside blew out one day. The owner, Mr. J. G. Jenkins, of 2106 Maryland Avenue, Louisville, took it to a Goodyear Service Station. Examination revealed a fabric bruise on the inside of the tire—probably caused by bumping into a sharp curb. The bruise had been neglected so long that it had developed into a serious fracture whose edges caught and pinched through the tube, causing the blow-out. The Goodyear Service Station Dealer advised the use of a Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch. With it Mr. Jenkins got 2,000 more miles from the tire.

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In such cases the innermost layers of fabric are sometimes stretched beyond their elastic limit and some of the threads have to break.

The tire is weakened at this point, the fracture enlarges, and eventually the tube is pinched by the jaws of the resulting fabric break and a blow-out follows.

Generally such tires can be satisfactorily repaired.

Goodyear Service Station Dealers and many car-owners use the Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch, to temporarily repair such bruises until it is possible to have them permanently vulcanized.

If the tire is too old to be worth vulcanizing, the Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch securely cemented in, makes a permanent repair enabling the tire to deliver a great many additional miles.

This most effective inside boot is so constructed that it will repair any possible injury—a cut through the top—a blow-out in the side, or even a rim-cut.

It gained its name many years ago, before Goodyear improvements had produced tires constructed to eliminate rim-cutting.

For Cord Tires the Goodyear Cord Patch is used in the same manner as the rim-cut patch.

Lesson 4 of the Goodyear Conservation Course tells you how to detect and repair stone bruises—ask your Goodyear Service Station for it, or write to Akron.

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BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE ADVENT OF GENUINE PALM BEACH.

Nowadays, convention has no bone to pick with comfort, for a PALM BEACH Suit is a national form of dress that is on intimate terms with all occasions.

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mounted men in the parade. He offered President McKinley to furnish a company for the Spanish war, but this offer was declined. Soapy and his gang could part a man from his money the most expeditiously and painlessly of any bunch of grafters I ever saw. For example, a man came over the trail one day with a horse. He was going to take the boat that left next day for Seattle. He had a sign on his horse, 'For Sale—\$100.'

He walked up and down the streets of Skagway, leading the horse, looking for a purchaser. One of Soapy's men examined the horse and decided to purchase it. The owner made out a bill of sale. The buyer handed him a \$100 bill. A group of Soapy's men were standing around. One of them said: 'Let me see that bill; I think it's a counterfeit.' He looked at it and said: 'No, it seems to be a good bill after all.' One of the other men said: 'It doesn't look very good to me; let me see it.' The man who purchased the horse led the horse away while the discussion was going on as to the merits and demerits of the bill. The former owner of the horse said: 'Well, I will have to be going. Where is my \$100 bill?' No one knew. It had disappeared. The man put up a terrible holler, but every one laughed at him. Finally they threatened to put him in jail for creating a disturbance if he didn't go aboard the ship and behave himself. The man was nearly frantic. The crowd dispersed. The owner of the horse hadn't the faintest idea which one of them had his bill. Every one he went to with his story of the horse-deal gave him the horse laugh. Finally one of Soapy's gang said: 'If you will go aboard your boat and quit your hollering I will take up a collection for you, tho I greatly doubt your ever having the \$100 bill you claim you had. They took up a collection and raised \$10 or \$15 for him, which settled the matter. He went away feeling grateful to them.

"All of the money secured in this way went into a common pot and was divided among the gang. One of the gang, who helped split the pot told me they had to pay \$500 a week to the owners of the Skagway paper to keep them from publishing anything detrimental to the operation of Soapy Smith and his associates.

"There was considerable jealousy and bad blood between the real-estate grafters and the confidence gang under Soapy Smith. It was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The honest citizens were afraid to criticize either side for fear of getting in bad."

But the villain invariably gets foiled in the last chapter, and so it was in Skagway. However, before the grand falling out of rogues which permitted some honest men at least to get their dues, Soapy Smith and his gang indulged in further "reel" dramatics. As Mr. Lockley quotes the story:

"Soapy Smith led an adventurous life and came to a sudden and spectacular end," said Dedman. "The feud between the two factions in Skagway—the claim-jumpers and Soapy's gang—had been simmering for months. The end of Soapy's reign came with the robbing of a miner named Stewart, who had just come out from the Klondike with a poke of gold dust. He had about \$2,700 in coarse gold. He put up at the Occidental Hotel.

FLATO

One of the clerks at the Occidental was in the pay of Soapy, and at once informed him that this man had placed \$2,700 in dust in the hotel safe. One of the smoothest members of Soapy's gang was a man who looked very much like a minister—a sort of solemn, sad-looking chap, who would inspire confidence in any one. He came to Stewart and said he was on his way in to the gold-mines, but that he had heard so much about its being a fake and there being no gold there that he wanted actually to talk to some one who had been there. He wanted to see Stewart's gold, just to convince himself that there was gold in there. Stewart was very cautious and didn't care to show the gold.

"Finally several friends of the preacher appeared and were introduced to Stewart. They adjourned to a saloon and one after the other congratulated Stewart on his luck, and set up the drinks. Finally one of the men said, after Stewart had accepted hospitality from various members of the gang: 'There is an ugly rumor going around town that you haven't any gold; that you are just faking about it.' Stewart was indignant and offered to go over to the hotel and get his poke of dust to prove that he was no faker. One of the men went with him. The bag of gold dust was brought back to the saloon. They went into the back room to look at it. It was passed from hand to hand and within two minutes it had disappeared. Stewart's new-found friends helped him try to locate it, but it had gone beyond recall. Stewart went out, vowing vengeance. He went to the other gang and told them that if miners were going to be held up in broad daylight he would fill the Seattle papers with the outrage so no one else would come to their town.

"A committee of thirteen was appointed to investigate the loss of Stewart's gold. One of Soapy's gang got cold feet and started for Dyea. Soapy brought him back, pulled a gun from his belt and told the fellow what he thought of him. He kicked him all the way to the saloon used as their headquarters. The man subsided meekly and promised thereafter to obey orders.

"The committee of thirteen met on Sylvester's wharf. Word came to Soapy that they were planning mischief against him and his association. Soapy had been drinking. When the word came to him he said: 'I will go down there and chase the whole bunch into the bay.' Soapy took his rifle and started for the wharf. Frank H. Reed was on guard and told Soapy he couldn't come in. Soapy started for Reed with his rifle. Reed caught the barrel of the rifle and pushed it down just as Soapy fired. The bullet went through Reed's groin. As Reed fell he shot Soapy with his revolver through the heart. Dr. Cornelius, who runs the Cornelius Hotel here at Portland, was one of the men who performed the autopsy over Soapy Smith.

"The death of Reed and Soapy Smith started a clean-up of Skagway. Everyone got a gun. The council of thirteen took charge of the situation and twenty-seven men were deported on a British boat. A gun was poked in the ribs of each of the twenty-seven men and he was asked if he was leaving of his own free will. All assented. They were landed at Vancouver, B. C. Before going aboard the boat at Skagway they were told that if they ever returned to Skagway they would join Soapy Smith. That ended the reign of terror at Skagway and law and order thereafter were enforced."



Charles Cottar's Faith in the .250-3000 Savage

YOU know what the gorilla is—the huge, silent uncanny man-monkey who glides through the dark, tangled African jungle as swiftly and easily as a shadow.

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Why was it that when Charles Cottar, the experienced American big-game hunter, tracked the gorilla through the dense, tropical East African bush, the rifle he deliberately selected from his arsenal for this nerve-straining, hair-raising, desperate work, was his .250-3000 Savage?

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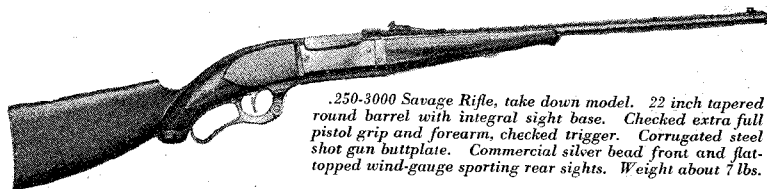
See it at your dealers; get the "feel" of it in your own hands or write us for particulars.

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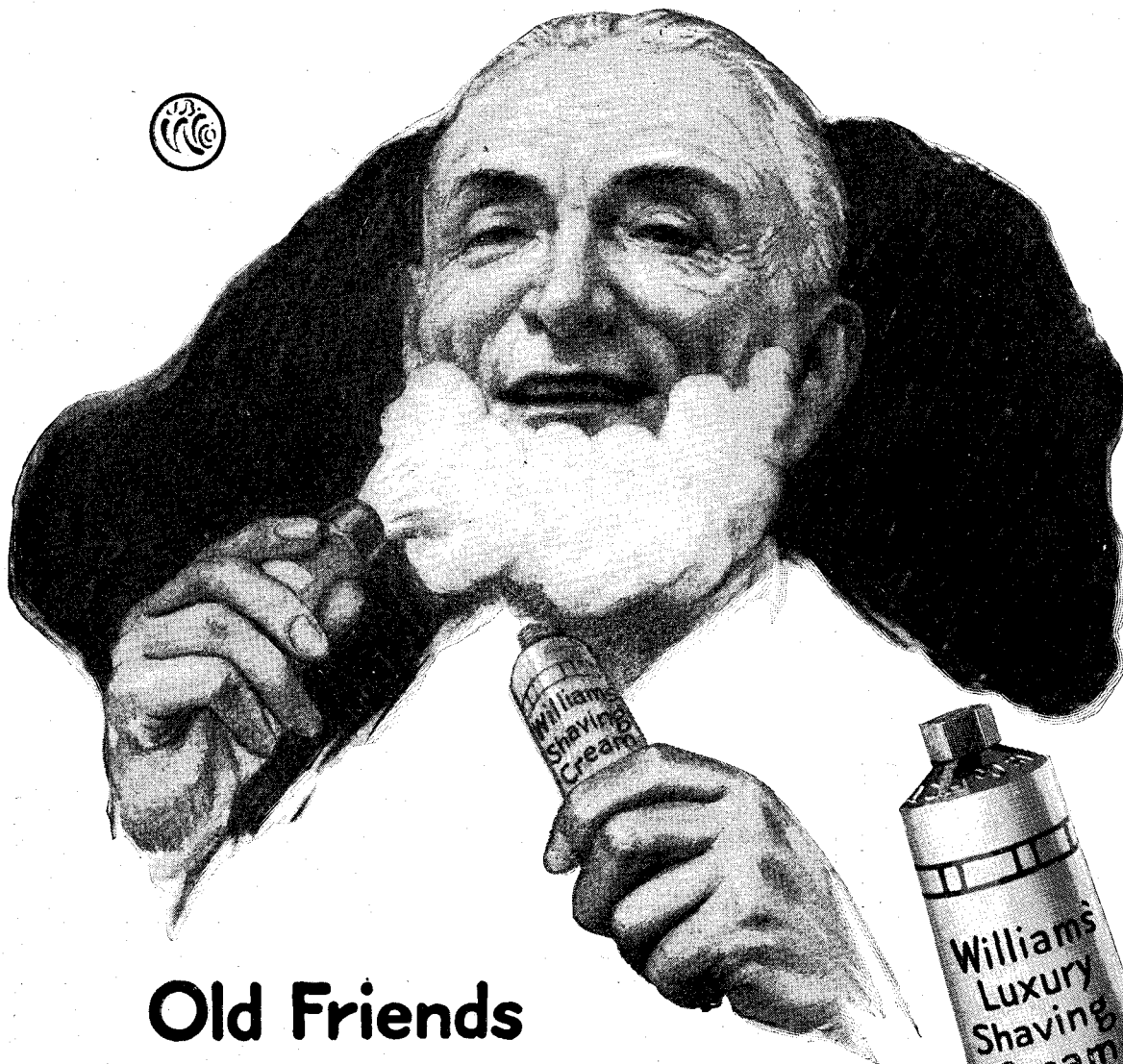
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.250-3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22 inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checkered extra full pistol grip and forearm, checked trigger. Corrugated steel shot gun buttplate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped wind-gauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.



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REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS

Ley, J. W. T. *The Dickens Circle*. A Narrative of the Novelist's Friendships. With portraits and other illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Lovers of Dickens will find a mass of good reading in this book—a veritable anthology of appreciation, showing that the author, one of the officers of the Dickens Fellowship, has read Victorian biography with picturesque eye and discriminating judgment. All of Dickens's friends are disquieted, either in separate chapters or grouped together under the heading of the law, literary editorship, acting, or the studio. In this way there is brought vividly to the reader's attention the fact that the novelist was probably one of the most distinguished figures of his age, rallying around him diversified temperaments; winning, by his warm-hearted sympathy, the respect and enthusiasm of such peculiar figures as Jeffrey and Carlyle; and through his social interest gaining the respect of prime ministers and judges of the bench, who otherwise might have discounted the sentiment of his novel.

We know that it is the fashion these days to depreciate the work of Dickens; even to discount Thackeray—himself one of the Dickens circle. But Mr. Ley's book will awaken the enthusiasm of those who in earlier days found *Pickwick* and *Dombey* and *Copperfield* fascinating figures of fiction. In these new pages there are revived memories of those of Dickens's friends who influenced him, who, through aspects of their character, suggested to him characters in his books. There is also brought to the fore Dickens's love of London, his intimate knowledge of England, made more intimate by the long tramps abroad he used to make with his friends. The jocularity of the man, his tremendous companionableness, brush aside any impression one might retain that he was a snob.

While Dickens was the center of his circle, there were many circles of varying interests. To show Mr. Ley's method of treatment, one must necessarily confine oneself in a review to a single aspect. Take, for example, the illustrators of his novels. The very names recall a host of friends, for no novelist was more closely on terms with his coworkers than Dickens. Cruikshank, the Stones, Cattermole, Mac-laise, Millais, Topham, Frith, Leach, Landseer, Stanfield, and Tenniel—is not this a worthy coterie of names! Each man's personality is adequately treated by Mr. Ley, and of them he has much to say of interest and significance.

In the Cruikshank chapter, for example, besides learning of the circumstances under which the artist illustrated "Sketches by Boz," the "Life of Grimaldi," "Oliver Twist," and a few minor stories, there is a clear-cut analysis of the differences in temperament between the two which kept them from being warm friends. Over "Oliver Twist" there was ill feeling, first, because Cruikshank had to redraw the pictures, which did not come up to Dickens's conception; and, secondly, because Cruikshank probably felt, as he asserted much later in life, that he was the real author of the book. Dickens's biographer, Foster, disclaimed this idea, whereupon the artist wrote the following letter to *The Times* (London):

"When *Bentley's Miscellany* was started, it was arranged that Mr. Dickens should write a serial in it, and which was to be illustrated by me; and in conversation with him as to what the subject should be for the first serial, I suggested to Mr. Dickens that he should write the life of a London boy, and strongly advised him to do this, assuring him that I would furnish him with the subject and supply him with all the characters, which my large experience of London life would enable me to do."

But tho the dispute was interesting, its claim was not well grounded. How serious Cruikshank was about it, however, may be seen further by the statement issued in 1872:

"I, the artist, suggested to the author of those works the original idea, or subject, for them to write out—furnishing, at the same time, the principal characters and the scenes. And then, as the tale had to be produced in monthly parts, the writer, or author, and the artist, had every month to arrange and settle what scenes, or subjects, and characters were to be introduced, and the author had to weave in such scenes as I wished to represent."

It is further revealed that the irritation which grew between Dickens and his first illustrator was due largely to the opposition of the novelist to the artist's teetotal hobby, Dickens objecting to Cruikshank's efforts to rewrite certain fairy-tales as temperance tracts. But notwithstanding these irritations, the two used to dine at each other's house, and Cruikshank was at the dinner which welcomed Dickens back from America, and also was associated with Dickens in many of his amateur theatricals at Miss Kelly's Theater. Miss Kelly, it will be remembered, was one of Charles Lamb's old passions. Frank Stone, whose name is associated with "Nicholas Nickleby," was "one of the leading heavy men" of Dickens's troupe. It was he who submitted a rough sketch of *Milly* in "The Haunted Man," which elicited this from Dickens:

"We are unanimous.

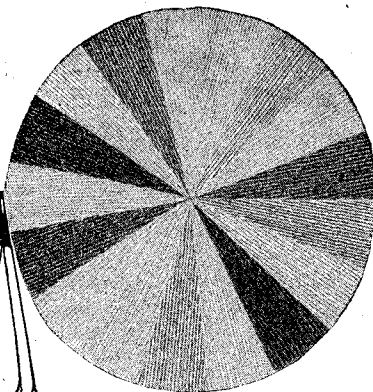
"The drawing of *Milly* on the chair is charming. I can not tell you how much the little composition and expression please me. Do that, by all means

"I am delighted to hear that you have your eye on her in the students' room. You will really, pictorially, make the little woman whom I love."

This shows the close attention given by Dickens to the pictures for his book. It was Marcus Stone, the son, who illustrated "A Child's History of England," and who helped to give flavor to "American Notes," "Great Expectations," and "Little Dorrit." His tribute to Dickens is thus reported:

"He was quite the best man I ever knew. . . . He was such a good man that you put his greatness in the second place when you knew him. He occupied himself daily in some sort of work for somebody. The amount of work that he did, the amount of money that he took out of his pocket, was perfectly amazing. . . . He was the most compassionate creature that ever lived."

Dickens dropt "Phiz" (Browne) as an illustrator, for Marcus Stone. Browne did "Pickwick," Thackeray having been the intermediary between the two at the first. If the author and artist were not



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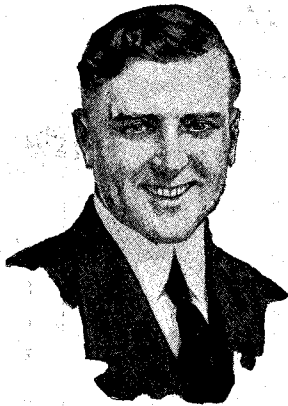
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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



You Must Remove the Film

Your teeth are not rightly cleaned if they discolor or decay, if tartar forms or pyorrhea starts.

You may brush them twice daily, but the great tooth wrecker—a slimy film—is not being ended by it.

The cause of most tooth troubles is an ever-present film. You feel it with your tongue. That is what discolors—not your teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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merely food debris, which the tooth brush must combat.

The tooth brush alone is inadequate. The film is clinging. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. The old methods of teeth cleaning fail to dissolve it.

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on intimate terms it was because of Browne's shyness. But gradually the barrier was broken down, and on a trip taken together by "Phiz" and "Boz," Dickens got his first local color for Dotheboys Hall, in "Nickleby." Browne was illustrating "A Tale of Two Cities" at the time of Dickens's domestic troubles, and he refused to take the side of the author. This may have had something to do with the break which finally came, but when Frank Stone died it was more than likely that Dickens's sincere grief made him lean toward the son of his dead friend.

Cattermole, illustrator of "Master Humphrey's Clock," was distantly related to Dickens by marriage. Their artistic association, which began with this story, was to extend to the pages of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." Here is how Dickens began association with one of his illustrators: He starts, in his letter to Cattermole, by describing his weekly part publication, and continues:

"Now, among other improvements I have turned my attention to the illustrations, meaning to have woodcuts dropt into the text and no separate plates. I want to know whether you would object to make me a little sketch for a woodcut—in Indian ink would be quite sufficient—about the size of the enclosed scrap; the subject, an old, quaint room with antique Elizabethan furniture, and in the chimney-corner an extraordinary old clock—the clock belonging to Master Humphrey, in fact, and no figures."

Perhaps the most prized of Dickens's artist associates was Daniel Maclise, who, besides being connected with the initial success of "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," made pictures of Dickens, Mrs. Dickens, and the children. His "Nickleby" portrait is too well known to need describing. Their friendship was so close, Maclise's manner so cheery, Dickens's appreciation so warm that nothing ever came between them to darken their happy association.

These few quotations will suggest the wealth of material which Mr. Ley has put into "The Dickens Circle." Nothing could be more interesting than the chapters on Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Francis Jeffrey, Talford, Landor, and others too numerous to mention. In other words, the book renews the reader's acquaintance with the leading figures of the Victorian era, and the generous use of autobiography and biography makes this single volume a treasure-house "Dickens anthology." One can not close a review of this book without commenting also upon the excellent illustrations which help to vivify the text.

While Mr. Ley, as a Dickens enthusiast, shows the warmth of the appreciator for his subject, he is eminently fair in his estimates. And oftentimes his style is vivid. The book is a goodly "Who's Who," well worth the reading.

JOHN REDMOND'S LIFE

Wells, Warre B. *The Life of John Redmond*. 8vo. pp. 282. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The life of the second greatest modern leader of the Irish cause—if indeed he were really second to Parnell—is of interest not merely to Irish patriots everywhere, but to all who lead in a hostile parliament those who contend for an unpopular cause. Believing firmly in the justice of Ireland's case, he yet held to vindication of its claims by persuasion and parliamentary measures. His political activities covered almost exactly the period during which



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INLAND

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the cause of Ireland won and gained respectful hearing, while successive acts of reparation and justice made the lot of her sons progressively brighter. They began almost with Gladstone's first bill for the relief of Irish disabilities. Before they ended Redmond saw the powers of the House of Lords, the seat of irreconcilable hostility to Ireland's claims, restricted within a circumscribed period of delay and obstruction.

People in the United States are for the most part incapacitated for judging the difficulties that beset the Irish question. A single illustrative factor is the hostility between Catholics and Protestants. For example, hardly in a lifetime here does one meet that concentration of bitterness which is distilled in the epithet "papist," a word frequently (one might almost say constantly) heard both in Great Britain and Ireland. Even those who still "twist the lion's tail" because of 1776 and 1812 only faintly reflect the venom which the memory of "bloody Queen Mary" still has power to call up in England. And yet only by an inkling of this can one approach comprehension of the antagonism between Ulster and the rest of Ireland. The Irish question involves both race and religion—a combination that is vividly illustrated by the Semitic problem in various areas of Europe. Fully to appreciate Redmond's labors, this difficult factor must be kept in mind. And a "Life of Redmond" involves a review of Irish politics since at least 1880.

The Introduction briefly sums up Irish history since 1494 ("Poyning's Law" under Henry VII.), stressing events from 1782 ("Grattan's Parliament"). Chapter I, "The Leader and the Man," is a résumé of Redmond's life-work, including his lieutenantcy under Parnell—with whom indeed he was not a favorite. The next, on "Ancestry and Youth," locates the family among the "squireens" of Roman Catholic faith. John Redmond was educated at the Jesuit College of Clongowes, in Kildare, and at Trinity College, Dublin. To the influences of the latter was due the moderation in attitude toward Protestants which characterized Redmond's public life. In 1881 he entered Parliament for New Ross. He was already a finished orator, and deliberately gave up excellent prospects at the bar for devotion to the Irish cause. His policy was against radical and violent measures, yielding only in so far as efforts to maintain unity among the various Irish factions seemed to make necessary. An example of this was his condemnation of the Phoenix Park murder of Cavendish in May, 1882. He traveled widely in behalf of Irish unity in all lands—in America, Australia, New South Wales, etc. In 1888 under Balfour he was imprisoned on a charge of intimidation. In 1889 came O'Shea's suit for divorce, charging Parnell as corespondent. After Parnell's death in 1891 Redmond became leader of the Parnell faction of the Irish party. One result of this was his assertion of the purity of the Irish cause while working ever toward a completer realization of it. In 1900 a reunion of the various Irish "parties" was largely the result of his labors.

To follow Mr. Wells's story of John Redmond further is to read the story of progressive gains, with setbacks interspersed here and there, from 1900 till Redmond's death. Time and again Redmond had to act as conciliator in issues that arose both within the Nationalists' ranks and between them and the English parliamentary leaders. His policy often looked like opportunism, taking advantage of dissidences among the English. But

behind it all was an ever-clearing conception of possibilities, each advance making possible a further revelation of the ultimate purpose hitherto kept out of explicit expression. Indeed, the book is not so much a biography of John Redmond as a chronicle of the steps by which the lot of the Irish at home has been improved so far that matters of social and economic import have given way largely to the outlook for complete political independence. One must remember, indeed, that the author's point of view throughout is that of a moderate Irishman. There is no weak-kneed truckling to England, nevertheless the completely pro-Irish standpoint is not that of the Sinn-Féiner or fiery revolutionist. As a summary of Irish efforts for relief and the forcing of a policy of betterment in Irish affairs the book has chief and permanent significance.

ROAD-BOOKS FOR MOTORISTS

Automobile Blue Books, 1919. Vol. I, New York State and Canada. Vol. II, New England States and Maritime Provinces. Vol. III, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, District of Columbia. New York: Automobile Blue Book Publishing Company.

This is the nineteenth year of these standard road guides, and they have been improved and enlarged from year to year until the wealth of information they contain is little short of marvelous. The highways of the country have been mapped in minute detail, and routes laid out from point to point so clearly that it is almost impossible to go astray. The traveler is told the character of the roads before him—brick, concrete, macadam, clay, dirt, gravel—the grades, easy or steep, the dangerous curves or crossings, the points of historic interest, the hotels and garages, the ferries (with tolls), the mileage from point to point, with total for the route, and is given a wealth of maps that make mistakes practically impossible. For example, in driving north from New York City the motorist comes to five corners. Here is a puzzle. What is to be done? The Blue Book says: "Five corners, police-box on left and small yellow church in depression over to left; turn left on Dyckman Street, leaving trolley. Keep to right of church. Follow Dyckman Street across N. Y. C. tracks." Nothing could be more explicit. Here is another example, out in rural Pennsylvania: "Fork, keep left. Cross R.R.'s . . . End of road; turn right. . . Left-hand road, turn left. . . Right-hand diagonal road; bear right with poles. Pass church and cemetery on right. Cross switch. . . Turn left with trolley and take right-hand road immediately beyond," etc., etc. It is as if a guide were along pointing the way with unerring finger. The Blue Books do not go as far as the European guide-books that tell frankly which are the first-, second-, and third-rate hotels, but the hotels themselves volunteer a large amount of information in descriptive and pictorial advertising that is useful to the discriminating tourist. At the present rates of railway-fare, family motoring is often the most economical mode of travel, and a book which shows clearly the shortest and best way to go, where to stop, and where to get repairs and supplies, is doing a public service and deserves the success it apparently enjoys.

Liberal Papa.—"Yes," said the young wife proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."
"So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.—*London Blighly.*



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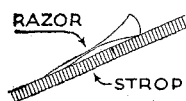
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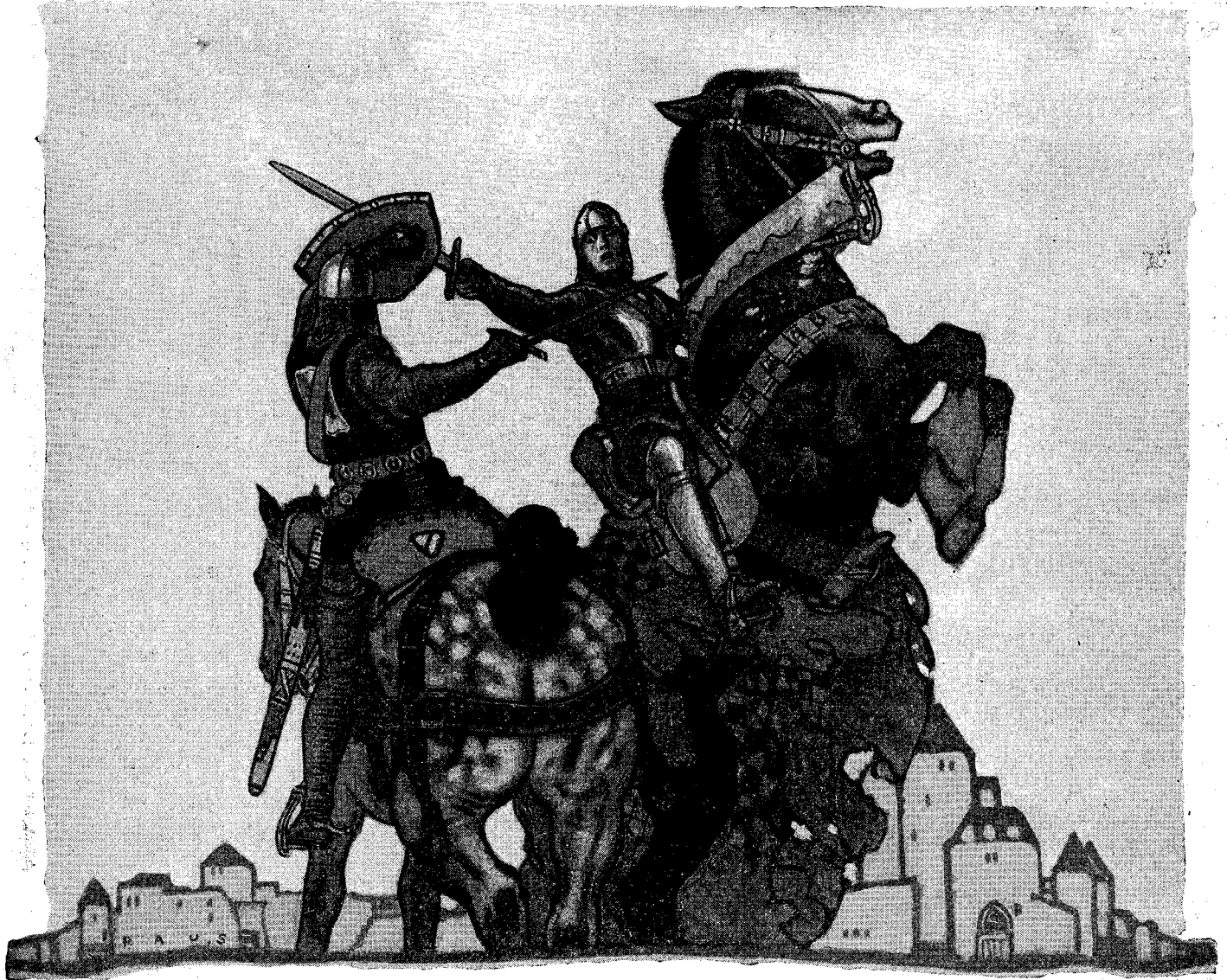


Have you ever stropped a blade scientifically designed to strop? A blade made with a broad, firm back, hollow ground, and swelling into a slight bulge to give backbone to the edge? Our razor can be stropped by you as easily as by your barber. Its blade meets the strop at just the correct angle to assure a perfect shaving edge.

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RAZORS



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

TRAINS PURPOSELY DERAILED

A LARGE proportion—probably nine-tenths—of the attempts to derail trains are not criminal, but are made by the railroads themselves, in an effort to prevent more serious accidents. So-called “derailing devices,” or “derails,” are a common feature of modern railway construction. They may be used wherever the derailment would be the alternative to a disaster. For instance, the opening of a drawbridge may automatically throw a switch leading to a derail. If an engineer disregards the signals telling him that the bridge is open, and proceeds on his way, his train, instead of plunging into the water, leaves the main track and runs into a sand-bank of gradually increasing depth, which brings it harmlessly to a stop. The author of a comprehensive study of different types of derails, with the conditions governing their use, enumerates in *The Railway Age* (New York, June 6) various different uses of the device, as gathered for the paper just named from forty-eight representative railroads of the United States and Canada. Derailing devices, it appears, may be used on passing or connecting tracks, on those leading to turntables, on “industry tracks,” at drawbridges, at sidings that are on down grades or at points where high winds may cause obstructions. Uses and methods of installation differ, but the desirability of the derail as a safety device seems to be generally acknowledged. Says the writer, at the end of his article:

“In view of the very general use of derails as exprest above, the general opinion of the railroads is that the derail is a desirable safety device and while many of the roads have had no recent occurrences showing the worth of their application, derails have, however, demonstrated their value in the past. The installation of derails on the roads has prevented cars from moving out of sidings due to wind or grade or because the brakes were not properly set, or at locations where cars were moved by outside parties as at coal-mines and like industries. The value perceived in protecting traffic and preventing damage in the past makes their use fully justified, in the opinion of a number of the roads.

“Many of the roads report instances having occurred as demonstrating the value of derail installations. The Delaware & Hudson has recently had four instances where cars started to move out of sidings because the brakes were not properly set and the cars were derailed, preventing more serious damage occurring. Many instances have happened on the Rock Island where the use of derails has demonstrated the wisdom of their application, while other accidents have occurred where the failure to put derails on certain tracks has shown the necessity for such a device. On the Northern Pacific derails have quite often prevented the main track from being fouled by cars, while the Canadian Pacific reports that many instances have occurred where the lack of derails has proved their necessity. Cases have occurred on the

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis where cars have been started out of sidings from various causes and were derailed before causing trouble, while the Minneapolis & St. Louis in the last several years has had cars blown out of the side tracks by windstorms which have run for some distance on the main track. Derails are felt to be an effective safeguard in such occurrences.

“There is a tendency on some lines to extend or make more general the use of derails. . . . It is the intention of the New York Central to install derails on all connections of side tracks and main tracks, while the tendency of the Baltimore & Ohio is toward their general use to prevent the fouling of main tracks, runaways down steep grades, overrunning into open draws and to some extent into pits, such as turntable pits, etc. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Boston & Maine, in connection with recent construction work, equip all new tracks with derails. . . . The number of derails in service is increasing each year on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, but no recent instances have occurred demonstrating the wisdom of their application. This road reports daily derailments having occurred due to the installation of derails which would not happen if the tracks were not protected with them. However, the damage done by such derailments is generally not great and greater damage could result were the derails omitted at such points. The tendency of the Rock Island is to have all tracks leading to the main line on which cars are placed properly equipped with derails, while the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis is extending their use and feels that their application on industrial tracks to prevent shippers from pushing cars beyond the clearance point alone justifies their use.”

STEEL-MAKING BY TELAUTOGRAPH

AN objection to the telephone is that it makes no record. For purposes where accuracy and a written record are required, the telautograph, which gives electrically, at any distance, an exact facsimile of writing or drawing done at the transmitting station, is being substituted in many commercial and industrial plants. How it now serves a valuable purpose in great steel-mills is described by a contributor to *The Iron Age* (New York, June 12). These mills, we are told, have had to resort to messengers for carrying and distributing messages and analyses. The use of the telautograph does away with this unsatisfactory and dilatory service and reduces cost as well as increases the speed of distribution. We read in the magazine named above:

“Whatever the saving in dollars by eliminating the messengers’ salaries, after all is far less than the indirect saving accomplished through the quicker delivery of analyses to the points where the progress of the work is dependent upon them. This is particularly and strikingly true at the open-hearth furnace. Before the telautographs were installed, in one plant, one hour elapsed between the time a sample was taken of the heat of steel from the open-hearth bath and the time the messenger came back from the laboratory with the analysis. All this time the steel was oxidizing and changing its constituency

Bumpers that Cost You Nothing!



“IGNORANCE is the only excuse for not equipping a car with bumpers front and rear.”

JEM COE
The Traffic Cop

IN damage prevented, they show you a profit before you have them a season! It takes so slight a collision to cause \$25.00

damage or more—to lamps and fenders in front, to fenders and gas tank in rear.

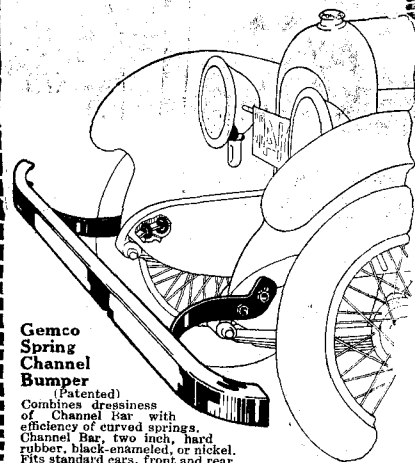
One “jam” would cost you much more than a set of



Collision-Proof Bumpers

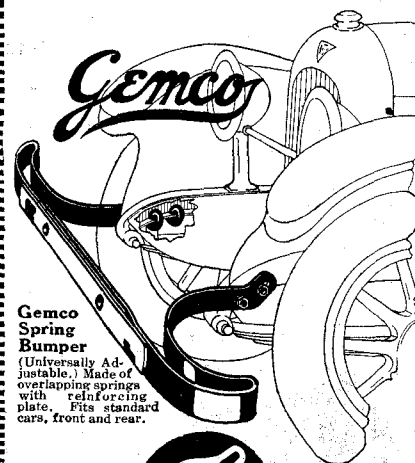
Curved steel springs make blows, even severe ones, harmless to both car and bumper. Unlike old-style bumpers, these are not injured themselves in protecting the car. Easily attached. Never rattle. Your dealer can supply you. If not in stock, write for illustrated catalog.

GEMCO MANUFACTURING CO.
785 So. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Gemco Spring Channel Bumper

(Patented) Combines dressiness of Channel Bar with efficiency of curved springs. Channel Bar, two inch, hard rubber, black-enameled, or nickel. Fits standard cars, front and rear.



Gemco Spring Bumper

(Universally Adjustable.) Made of overlapping springs with reinforcing plate. Fits standard cars, front and rear.

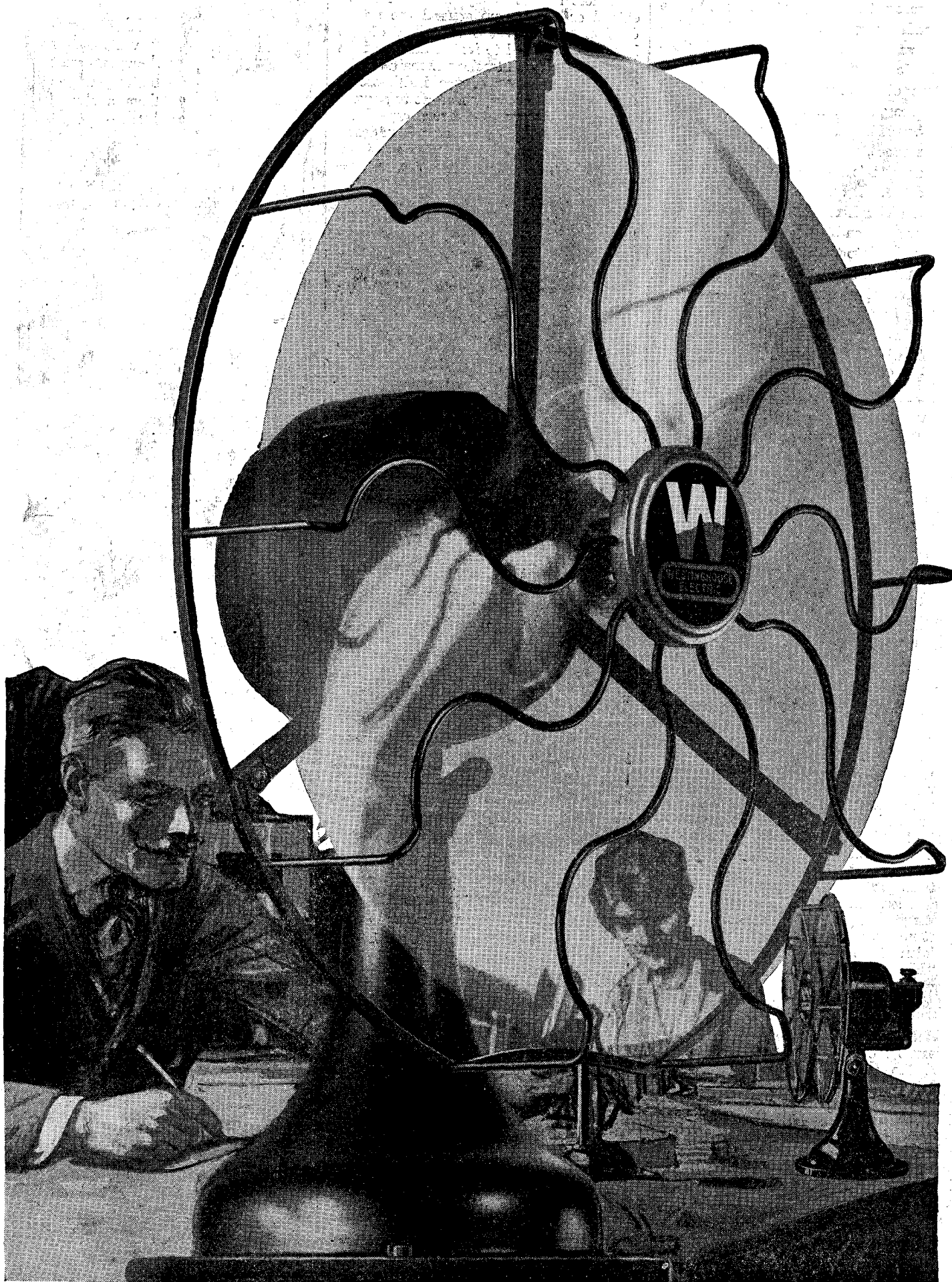


Gemco Fender Pan Bumper
For those who prefer enclosed spring brackets. Easily attached—doesn't interfere with splash pan or fender.

A Curved Spring Absorbs the Bumps

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS



Westinghouse

RESIDENCE - AND - COMMERCIAL FANS

Cool Breezes for Clear Brains

What isn't it worth to keep your brain on the job these hot summer days?

What isn't it worth to insure not only your own straight thinking but your employees'?

A lot more, surely, than the cost of a Westinghouse Electric Fan or a dozen Westinghouse Fans and all of the little current they consume.

Cool Homes for Better Health

What isn't it worth to the wife and family to have a cool pleasant home when the temperature soars and to you to know that their health and comfort are safeguarded against the heat?

Certainly the price of a Westinghouse Fan or two for the home doesn't begin to measure the value of such insurance.

Because the comfort to be derived from the use of electric fans is so marked, many persons, perhaps you yourself, fail to appreciate how important they are to keeping fit in mind and body.

Torrid heat is an arch foe of good health. Westinghouse Electric Fans go a long ways to protect you against it.

WESTINGHOUSE Fans are attractive in appearance. They consume an almost negligible amount of current. They're dependable. They're quiet running. Any Westinghouse Fan will run for years and give unfailing service without attention other than an oiling once a season. Sold by light and power companies, electrical and hardware stores. The Whirlwind Fan sells for \$10.50 (slightly more in West, South, and Canada). Other styles, oscillating and non-oscillating, 10-, 12- and 16-inch, up to \$37.50.

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

and the work of the plant was halted. With the use of telautographs this period of waiting has been reduced to about one-half hour, and therefore the melter at the open hearth is able to perform his duties more skilfully and more effectively.

"In the blast-furnace department the chief gain also is not in money saved through the employment of less labor, but through increased efficiency obtained by getting laboratory reports quicker, and thereby enabling the mixers and furnaces to handle their work with precision.

"In the blooming-mill it is impossible to say just how many dollars and cents are saved by the telautograph through the elimination of mixing of heats which results in the shipment of wrong qualities of steel to the various customers. It is not possible to estimate how many mistakes would be made and how costly they would be if the telautographs were not used to keep things straight. Very often ingots have been rolled into billets, cut into required lengths, and loaded on flat cars for shipment when it was discovered that the steel had probably been mixed, making it necessary for a chemist to enter the car and drill a sample of every billet for analysis. Also frequently errors in mixing are not discovered until shipments have been received by a customer, and the plant officials were not aware of the fact until they received the complaint.

"The telautograph is not limited to the sending of words only, but it can transmit numerals, signs, symbols, sketches, or anything else that is written at the transmitting end and accurately reproduce them at the receiving station or stations. Furthermore, it can send messages to a single point or simultaneously to any number.

"Practically all orders for iron and steel contain specifications describing just the quantities of carbon, silicon, sulfur, phosphorus, and manganese that the material to be delivered on the orders should contain. Each order is given a heat number to identify it throughout the plant, and copies of the order with specifications and heat number are sent to the laboratories, blast-furnaces, open-hearth and Bessemer mixers, soaking pits of the blooming-mill, chief recorder of the blooming-mill, hydraulic shears, billet and bar-mill, breaking-down mills and bloom yard office or other place where lies the control of final assignment to orders of heats or blows of steel."

The manufacture of all steel starts with the blast furnaces and the mixers. A sample of each heat from the blast furnace is sent to the laboratory for analysis and the results are written simultaneously to telautograph stations at the blowers and the mixers. This enables the blowers to know just what kind of iron they are making and whether they are approaching the specifications, while by obtaining this information in advance the mixer is able to prepare for handling the ladles when they arrive. This same plan runs through all the other operations in the mill. In addition the telautographs are employed at the billet-mill and at the shears to notify the chief recorder when any breakdown occurs and how long it will take to repair

the damage. This enables him to plan a redistribution of the work. To quote further:

"According to the geographical layout of the mills the need of various special telautograph services develops in different mills. In some they make good use of a telautograph line between the tube-mill and the tube-mill shipping-office for the shipping-office to report the names, numbers, and weights of freight-cars they have loaded together with the net weight of material in the cars. In other plants a telautograph line may be useful between blooming-mill and general office for reporting hourly on the progress of the work going through the blooming-mill and for answering inquiries made by the general office. Another steel plant uses a line between the blooming-mill office and the track scales for reporting net weights of steel loaded on cars."

A NEW METHOD OF PAYING LABOR

PIECE-RATES are not liked by the workingman. There is, says a recent writer "instinctive and latent hostility" to them. They lessen the responsibility of employers, and hence have been widely in favor. It is therefore a matter of interest to find Mr. Harrington Emerson, the high priest of efficiency, on the workman's side in condemning the piece system altogether. Whether the workman will like what he wants to substitute for it is another question. He would replace it by the schedule plan, which he compares to the selling of goods by weight. It results, he says, in "an exact relation between pay and delivery." By the schedule method a man is paid by time, but his pay goes up or down according to the amount of work that he accomplishes. How this differs from other methods of payment may be gathered from Mr. Emerson's illustrations in an article contributed to *Industrial Management* (New York, June), some of which we quote below. He begins by asserting that all American industrial life is overequipped and undersupervised—too much material, too much equipment, too many workers—all loosely and carelessly and inadequately handled and directed. He then goes on:

"Piece-rates increase the supervision by the workers, and in this respect they were a step in the right direction; but in so far as they lessen the responsibility by and supervision of conditions by executives, they are a step backward. Of course, we all gratefully admit that piece-rates were an attempt to correct the great evil of unplanned, unscheduled, and unsupervised or dispatched day-work left to the dishonest instincts of shirking foreigners.

"A few weeks ago I watched a gang of this kind. They were using wheelbarrows to move gravel sixty feet, from a pile in the street to a concrete-mixer on a lawn. A ton-mile a day, or one hundred pounds on man back twenty miles in a day, is a full day's work done daily by millions of workers. With a wheelbarrow, running on planks to carry the load, the delivery ought to be more than a ton-mile a day. On account of frequent loading, I would cut the distance to ten miles, of which five miles would be with empty barrows.

"A very elementary and lenient time and motion study shows:

	Time in Minutes.
To walk 60 feet.....	0.5
To dump barrow.....	0.5
To return empty.....	0.5
To load barrow.....	1
For rest.....	0.5
Total.....	3.0

20 trips per hour; 160 trips per day of 8 hours.

"These foreign friends of mine, whose wages were \$0.50 an hour, made two round trips an hour instead of twenty. The labor cost per barrow load was \$0.25 instead of \$0.025. The man efficiency on this easy schedule was ten per cent. In fact, the whole of the work was unnecessary, since the gravel could have been dumped without difficulty at the mixer.

"Between times these 'workers' sat on their barrows, smoked, gossiped, joked, laughed, and when they did shovel or walk they moved at a rate so slow as to be an effort, altho it was early in the day.

"We photographed them as a proof of loafing, but they actually delightedly posed and asked for prints.

"A piece-rate based on \$0.70 an hour to the men would have been a gain over the day-rate plan.

"If piece-rates have so manifest an advantage over day-rates through standardizing both costs and operations and through increasing responsibility and automatic planning, scheduling, and dispatching, why are they opposed by nearly all modern industrial specialists?

"They are often better than day-work, yet they are so inferior to the better plan of time schedules that we have found them (pieces-rates) the most serious barrier to the introduction of better methods whose immediate result is both to lower costs, to increase output, and to increase individual compensation.

"I shall try to illustrate, if I can, the difference between day-work, piece-rates, and time schedules. When a boy in a country, now nameless, whose regulations were strict and where robbing orchards was not a condoned privilege of boyhood, I used to pay a fixed sum, \$0.25, for permission to enter a plum-orchard and eat all I could, more or less. No connection between pay and consumption except my individual whim. An improvement in this plan is to sell eggs by the dozen, therefore by the piece. But this is, after all, crude, since there is a great difference between bantam and cochin eggs. Some hen's eggs I recently bought were scarcely larger than pigeon size. An improvement on the piece plan is to sell eggs by weight, since then it makes little difference whether pigeon or goose eggs are delivered.

"The day plan establishes no relation between pay and delivery.

"The piece plan establishes a crude relation between pay and delivery.

"The weight or other schedule plan establishes an exact relation between pay and delivery.

"There is, therefore, a better method, a much better method, the time-schedule method, of compensating labor than either day-rates or piece-rates, a method that eliminates a great many wastes, therefore lessens costs. The gain, which is very great, is apportioned to four groups:

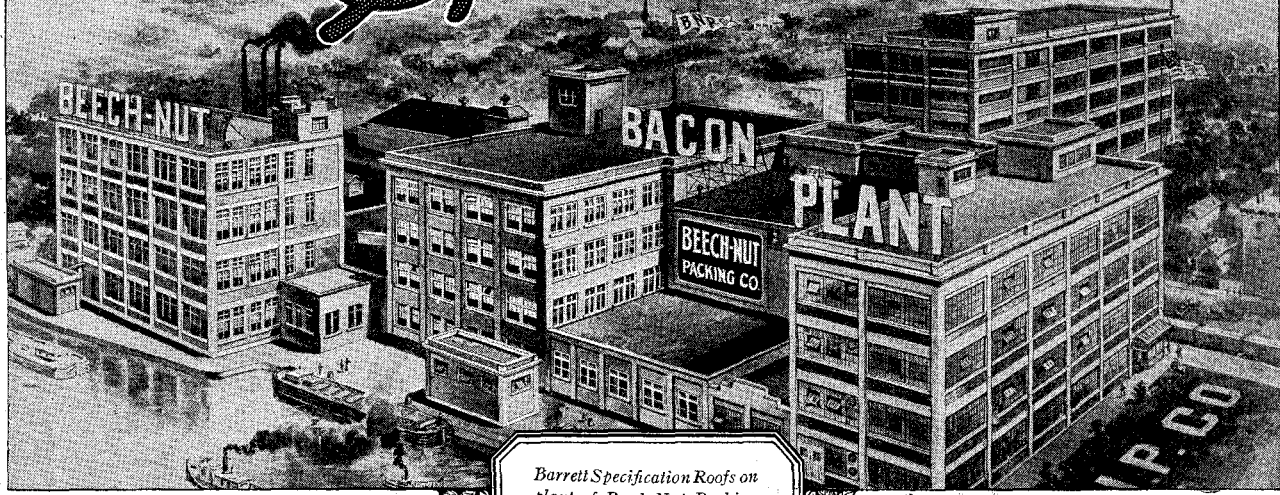
"1. To the public, which, on account of price, buys more, thus further benefiting both worker and manager.

"2. To the workers who receive progressively more per hour as unit costs fall.

"3. To the permanent managers, including financial backers.

"4. To the passing specialists, either

Barrett Specification Roofs



Barrett Specification Roofs on plant of Beech-Nut Packing Co. at Canajoharie, N. Y.

A QUALITY PLANT WITH A QUALITY ROOF

THE Beech-Nut Packing Company started out years ago with the Quality idea in food products.

Covering its first Quality food factory was a Quality roof—a Barrett Specification Roof.

And as the years have passed and the wonderful growth of the Beech-Nut business has demonstrated the soundness of the Quality idea in foods, additions and new buildings have been added to the plant—and they have all been covered with the same Quality roof.

Today the entire plant, illustrated above, is covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

The Quality Idea in Roofs

Many years ago The Barrett Company started to work out a specification that would make it possible for building owners everywhere to obtain through their local contractors a Quality roof based on the best scientific principles of roof construction.

The result was The Barrett Specification. Today Barrett Specification Roofs cover more permanent buildings than any other type.

They take the base rate of insurance; they are guaranteed (under the simple conditions stated below) for a period of 20 years, and, what is perhaps most important of all, *they cost less per year of service than any other type.*

20-Year Guaranty

We offer a 20-Year Surety Bond *guaranteeing* Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us without charge. Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, be strictly followed.

A copy of The Barrett Specification with full information free on request. Address nearest office.

New York
Cleveland
Birmingham
Salt Lake City
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Peoria
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The **Barrett** Company

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Take no chances! Keep away from people who cough! They ought to know that coughing is unnecessary. S. B. Cough Drops relieve it, and often ward off sore throat or cold. Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie
 FAMOUS SINCE 1847

"Four Inches of a 25¢ Cigar"

REMEMBER the many times you threw away the best part of a big cigar because time wouldn't permit you to finish it—those are the times you would have appreciated the small size of In-B-Tween. Shortened to four inches, In-B-Tween makes a great economy cigar, a convenient cigar you've always time to smoke right to the end. And made of the tender baby leaves of the world's finest tobacco, In-B-Tween makes a delicious smoke, a delightful cigar you've always the desire to smoke right to the end.

5 in tin foil, 30c	Box of 10, 60c
Box of 25, \$1.50	Box of 50, \$3.00

If not at your dealer's order direct, mentioning dealer's name.

KRAUS & CO., INC.
 Dept. D
 Baltimore, Md.

IN-B-TWEEN

10 in Tin 60¢

MILD

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

within or without the organization, whose patents or special skill in methods of all kinds puts the better plan into operation.

"The worker ultimately gets it all, since he is also the consumer, since the managing group is recruited from the worker, since patents and other special methods after a while become public property."

AERIAL WAY STATIONS

THAT an aircraft can be brought to a quick and convenient stop in the heart of a large city for the landing of passengers, was demonstrated recently in Cleveland at a meeting of the American Society of Automotive Engineers at the Hotel Statler. An army balloon of the so-called "blimp" type, having made the trip from the Wingfoot Station near Akron, O., landed two passengers on the roof of the hotel and immediately returned to its hangar, fifty miles away, thus making a new record in American aeronautics. A vast throng witnessed the "calling" stop of the balloon, and testified by their cheers that they appreciated the importance of the demonstration. That dirigibles of this type have a commercial future is regarded by army officers as proved by this event. Says *The Aerial Age Weekly* (New York, June 16):

"A new era has been inaugurated in the aeronautic world in the wonderful performance of the first dirigible balloon built for the United States Army during the recent war—the A-4. This big airship, of the type familiarly known as 'blimp,' with Army Civilian Pilot James Shade at the wheel, has just made the trip from the Wingfoot Lake Air Station, near Akron, O., to Cleveland, landing on the roof of the Statler hotel, discharging two passengers and immediately returning to its hangar fifty miles distant. This is the first time in the history of aeronautics in America that any type of aircraft has been brought to a quick and convenient stop in the heart of a large city for the purpose of landing passengers.

"The occasion was the meeting and dinner of the Cleveland section of the Society of Automotive Engineers at this hotel, at which Ralph H. Upson, chief aero engineer of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, and Major C. H. Maranville, commander of the Army Aircraft Detachment at Akron and Wingfoot Lake, were speakers.

"Upson, who is the world's champion balloonist, having won the last great International Balloon Race at Paris, France, with R. A. D. Preston acting as aid, in a wonderful 500-mile flight, conceived the idea of making the trip in a dirigible, and with the full cooperation of the army officers of the dirigible school at Akron, who arranged all details, was able to carry out the project.

"Glenn L. Martin, the noted inventor and pioneer manufacturer of airplanes, and one of the country's noted aviators, was the first to greet and congratulate the two passengers as they stepped from the car.

"To the thousands of interested spectators of this history-making event the

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

conclusion was inevitable that commercial dirigible navigation is almost upon us.

"The performance was not staged as a 'stunt,' but to show the progress that has been made in the development of dirigibles and the skill with which difficult landings can be made by experienced pilots.

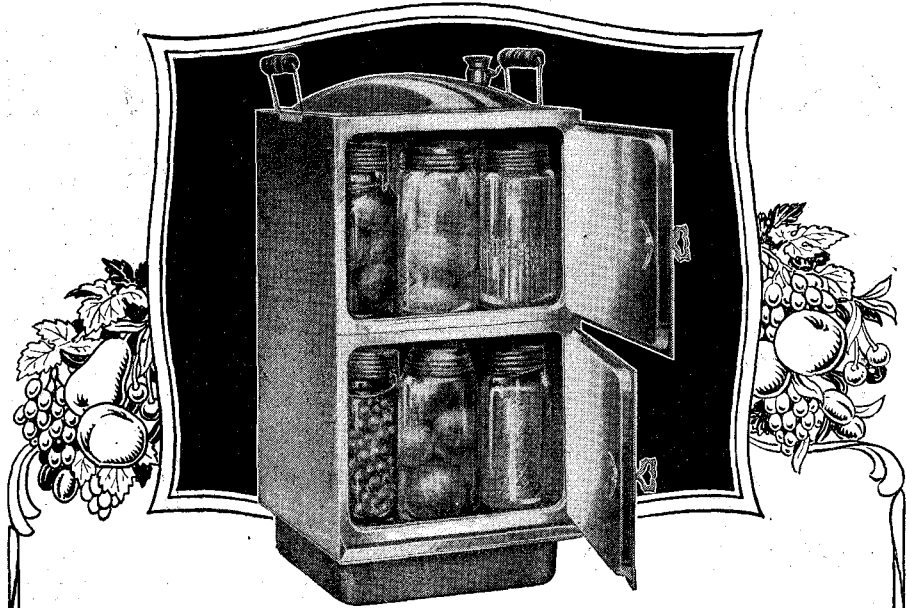
"Army officers are delighted with the success of the undertaking. 'We gladly entered into the spirit of the affair with the view of stimulating enlistments in the army airship-training service at Wingfoot Lake,' declared Major Maranville, who was officially in command of the A-4 on this memorable trip. 'The demonstration proves beyond doubt that the air-ship is practical and that young men that enlist in this service have a wonderful future before them. We were glad to be able to point out that the dirigible has a commercial as well as a military value.'

"The piloting of James F. Shade on this occasion was pronounced by both Army and civilian aeronautical engineers as the most skilful they had ever seen, and stamps him as one of the best dirigible pilots in America. The vast throng that witnessed his work in landing on the hotel roof apparently realized the difficulties he was overcoming in this pioneer effort and broke into tumultuous cheering as he guided the car of the dirigible to the center of the small improvised platform, erected on the electric sign for this purpose."

REMAKING BRITISH INDUSTRY

THAT the world of British industry is being rapidly and thoroughly made over is a statement made by *The Times* (London, April 17), and quoted with approval by Trade Commissioner H. C. Brock in a communication from that city printed in *Commerce Reports* (Washington, May 31). Says this publication:

"From one end of the country to the other munition-factories are being closed, dismantled, and then adapted and refitted for the work of peace, the British manufacturers are silent during the period of transition. The manufacture of Stokes's bombs has given place to the production of plows and spare parts for agricultural machinery; in the southern English counties munition-factories are now turning out dynamos, electric fittings, 'art' bronzes, drop stampings, oil-engines, and even lace; in the north a cast-iron shell-foundry has been refitted for the manufacture of railway material, castings for marine engines, and colliery plant; still another munition-factory is now occupied with the manufacture of wire-rope machinery. One firm has reverted from bombs to railway appliances and signaling apparatus, while bombs made in Yorkshire have given place to gas- and steam-pipes, general shipyard castings, and builders' ironmongery, and shrapnel-shell production to the manufacture of railway wagons. Bottle-making is absorbing another ex-munition firm, and civilian standard clothing has replaced the weaving of khaki cloth; East Midland munition-factories are producing woodworking and agricultural machinery, pumps, sewing-machines, cranes, and electrical plant. In other cases, German industries, such as sugar machinery, boot-laces, paper doilies, and fishplate papers have been under-



Can Plenty of Fruits and Vegetables

Conserve cans 14 quart jars of fruit or vegetables at one time. Conserve cooks an entire meal over one burner of your stove at one time. In canning, a new delicacy of flavor is secured and the rare flavor of fresh fruits and vegetables is retained. Conserve is a practical canning device with no valves or complicated parts to adjust. In cooking, the food

is cooked in its own moisture. No water necessary. Thus saving valuable mineral salts and juices.

Ask About Our Easy Payment Plan

FREE BOOK—"Secrets of Cold Pack Canning" and Conserve Cooking recipes. Mention dealer's name.

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CONSERVO

Conserves Food—Fuel—Time

Laugh at the Hot Days!

Fits Any Faucet



Cooling Joy of the Seaside Right in Your Own Home

Clean running water through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth refreshes and invigorates. You don't know real bath joy until you've tried a



Knickerbocker Shower Bath-Brush

Use it daily—takes only three minutes. It's quick—no waiting for tub to fill. Stimulates circulation. Cleanses the impurities from every pore. Gives you Shower—Shampoo—Massage—Rub-down—ALL IN ONE.

Revitalize with a Daily Massage-Shower

Enjoy the delights of a real tonic bath! It clears the mind—animates every nerve cell in your body. You'll start each day renewed, energetic—fit to carry the load of a strenuous day's work. The only sanitary way to bathe. Does not splash. Saves shampoo expense. Better than expensive overhead showers, costs only a fraction as much. Lasts for years.

Five Sizes: \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, De Luxe Set \$6

Syphon Outfit for Homes Without Running Water, \$4

Don't wait. Get a "Knickerbocker" today at your dealer's or order direct. For sale at all good Drug, Hardware and Dept. stores. Wear fully guaranteed.

Send for FREE Booklet

Interesting booklet free on request. It tells how and when to bathe.

Knickerbocker Mfg. Co.
242 Sigel Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

Unequaled for Shampooing

The staunch, flexible rubber "tubes" of the "Knickerbocker" penetrate the heaviest hair, massage the scalp, and cleaning running water washes away all soap, dirt and dandruff. Promotes growth—in a natural way.

Knickerbocker Mfg. Co.

242 Sigel Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your Free Book, "A Knickerbocker Bath."

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Address.....

City.....



THE first and only practical method of permanently repairing cooling system leaks without solder or welding—and without injury to any part of the cooling system.

One can of "X" Liquid poured into the water finds all leaks—in the radiator, water-jacket, pump, gaskets, connections, etc. It repairs one leak or a hundred in ten minutes. "X" works automatically. It makes a permanent repair that stands 2000 pounds pressure. Kept in the water it prevents future leaks!

The same "X" Liquid that is poured into water to repair leaks—loosens all Rust and Scale. And if "X" is kept in the water it absorbs all the free oxygen and prevents new Rust from forming! "X" also prevents deposits of Scale on the metal walls.

"X" Liquid keeps the water passages clean. IMPROVES COOLING, saves oil and helps the engine perform better!

Not a Radiator Cement!

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with cements or flaxseed meals in powder or liquid form. Be Safe. Get the only scientific process for permanently repairing leaks and improving the cooling system.

STANDARD SIZE \$1.50
Will do a \$25 Repair Job!

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At your dealer's or shipped direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

Write for the story of how one can of "X" Liquid did a \$150.00 Welding Job

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"X" LIQUID makes
water cooling systems
LEAKPROOF·RUSTPROOF·SCALEPROOF

6¢ Buys an Extra Good Cigar The sort you have been paying 10 cents or more for—our Direct-from-Factory Plan gives you this wonderful value. Hand made, draw freely, hold their ash. Over 10,000 smokers say our cigars are great. Send no money—Just order box of 50, specify color. If they are O. K. send us \$3.00, if not, return them. 80 other brands to select from, all prices. Write today. **J. E. Blackburn & Son, Dept. 1508, 115 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

For Porches, Floors and Walls

A beautiful, sanitary surface for floors and walls. Can be scrubbed with soap and water. Try it for the kitchen, laundry, bath-room. Steam won't affect it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.

Boston Cleveland New York

USN DECK PAINT

DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

taken; in the northwest there is abundance of work in connection with ship repairs and general wheelwrighting. One firm has passed from making 13-pounder high-explosive shells to propellers for motor-launches and small steamers, while yet another shell-plant has turned to the manufacture of oil-cake. A certain firm is said to be specializing in brick-making, which is ultimately expected to provide considerable employment, and another is converting left-over fuse cases into ornaments by the simple process of adding three legs and a coat of electrocopper. In the London district a small-arms manufacturer is now producing a hay-and straw-baling press, another has settled down to the manufacture of food machinery, while aircraft companies are trying to develop the industry on commercial lines. In South Wales a firm has adapted machinery associated with the finest precision war-work to the manufacture of micrometer gages of an improved type. In Scotland the progress from war to peace is likewise proceeding at an active pace. One firm is now specializing in the manufacture of internal-combustion engines suitable for fishing-boats, a class of machinery mainly imported before the war. In the northeast a munition-factory has turned to the manufacture of chocolate-making machinery, an industry formerly claimed by Germany, while in Glasgow toy-making has superseded war-material and gives employment to numbers of discharged soldiers."

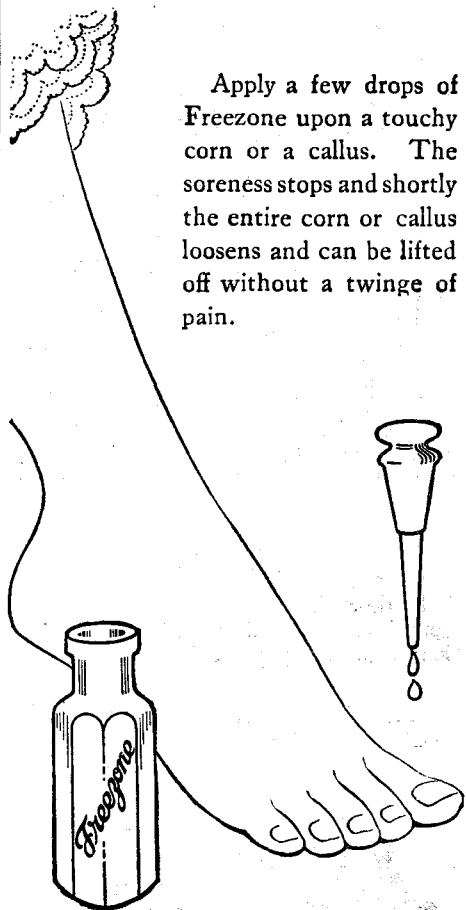
CLOUDS FROM AIRPLANES

THE following extract from a letter written by Capt. Ward F. Wells, 60th Infantry, A. E. F., to his brother Everett D. Wells, of Nashua, Iowa, is communicated by the latter to *The Scientific American* (New York, June 7):

"The first part of October last we spent several days in the Bois de Hess waiting to take over a part of the front line in the Argonne. The shell-holes from the first great Verdun battle were so thick that there were no patches of ground large enough to accommodate even a pup tent, and from any of the war-pictures you can imagine what was left of the trees. There were two or three days of rain, when came a wonderfully clear and beautiful morning, with not a cloud in sight. At the time, some miles ahead, there was going on an especially terrific bombardment. Our attention was first drawn to the sky by the sudden appearance of several strange and startling clouds—long, graceful, looping ribbons of white. These were tapering to a point at one end, and at the other, where they dissolved into nothingness, sixty degrees across the sky, were about as broad as the width of a finger held arm's distance from the eye. On close observation we noticed some distance ahead of each cloud-point the tiny speck of a chasse plane. Apparently the churning of the air was all that was needed to upset the delicately balanced meteorological conditions and precipitate this strange cloud-formation. I had seen ships leave their tracks in the clouds, similar to those of little sea animals in the wet sands at the shore, but never before had I seen a plane writing in white upon the blue slate of the sky."

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents
at drug stores—anywhere

Adv.

SATIN STRIPE SHIRTS



Save \$1.25 on each. Send no money now. Just write. Postcard will do. We will send you these 3 beautiful genuine Satin Stripe Shirts. Don't keep them unless they are the grandest shirt bargain you ever got. This is our greatest GET ACQUAINTED OFFER.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and we will send you the shirts. Made of highest grade shirting with fancy figured and woven backgrounds in plain white with different candy stripes running through and a broad, plain, white satin stripe. Perfect fitting. Fast color. Cut extra full. Plenty of arm length. Accurate sizes. Soft French, turn-back cuffs. Coat front style. Sizes 14 to 17 1-2. Shirts hand-laundered, ready to put right on and wear.

3 for \$5.60 But send no money now. Just say "send me the satin stripe shirts." Be sure to give neck and size. Shirts will be shipped at once, transportation prepaid. You pay only \$5.60 on arrival—no more. If not fully satisfied, return them—money refunded at once. Order now.

Bernard-Hewitt & Company

Desk S. S. 87 430 S. Green Street, CHICAGO

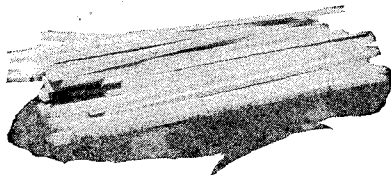
Build Your Own Home

You Will Save:

Contractor's Profit
Middlemen's Profit
Architect's Fees
20% Lumber Waste
30 to 40% on Labor



Read How the ALADDIN System Saves You This Money



Above Lumber from Dealer
Stock Lengths—Average Waste 18%



Above are ALADDIN Joists
Correct Size—No Waste



Attractive Bungalow Design
"Stanhope"

Complete 5-Room House

\$540

All Material
Cut to Fit,
Complete



Why should you buy 1250 feet of lumber when you only need 1000 feet? Why should you pay four profits on the material to build your home when you can pay only one?

This is a straight shot at the "high cost of building." The much talked of high cost is not entirely due to the price of materials—a big part is the high cost of Waste.

Why does your carpenter and lumber dealer agree that it takes 1250 feet of material to cover 1000 feet of space? Ask them. They'll tell you it takes more material for fitting, mitering and working. Of course you have to pay for this "extra" material and after the job is finished it makes up the "waste pile" of firewood that you bought by the thousand feet and at a big price, too. Besides you paid four profits on the material—timber owners, sawmill, lumber jobber and dealer.

Labor One of the Biggest Items in Building a Home—Reduce It 30% to 40%

It doesn't take near as long to nail a cut-to-fit piece of lumber in place as it does to measure, saw, and then nail it. There you have the difference between the Aladdin System and the old-fashioned system of construction. It's not surprising that our customers claim savings up to \$850 on the cost of materials and the cost of building their home. A carpenter's time is valuable. You can't expect to cut down your building cost if you waste his time.

Aladdin Dollar-a-Knot the Strongest Guarantee Offered the Home Buyer

Aladdin materials are the finest obtainable. Every Aladdin Home shipped from our Bay City mills contains clear and knotless inside finish, shingles and siding. The Aladdin Dollar-a-Knot Guarantee is proof of the high quality material included with every Aladdin Home. It is the only bona fide quality guarantee offered the home builder today.

Send for Book "Aladdin Homes"—Save \$200 to \$800

It shows in color over 100 designs—Dwellings, Bungalows, Summer Cottages and Garages—all cut-to-fit—no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box-car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes No. 632."

Send This Coupon NOW

The Aladdin Co., 633 Aladdin Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Enclosed find stamps for which send me the book, "Aladdin Homes No. 632."

Name

Street

City

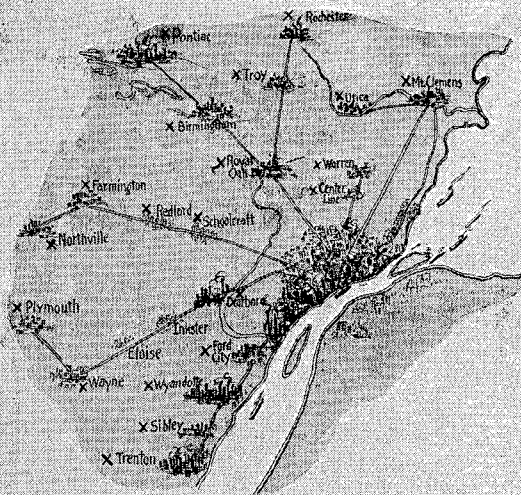
State

The **ALADDIN** Co.

633 Aladdin Ave. Bay City, Mich.

Southern Division: Hattiesburg, Mississippi

Canadian Branch: The Canadian Aladdin Co.,
C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



Suburban Deliveries —OF— Crowley, Milner & Co.

This store has established deliveries *throughout* the cities and on the roads indicated by the above map.

If you live beyond, or near, the cities indicated by crosses, you can arrange for delivery at some point within the city, and you can pick up your packages there, if you wish to do so.

We are glad to make deliveries on the indicated roads, but we cannot, for the present, make deliveries on any other roads. This is because the cost is tremendously increased when the delivery car must leave the paved roads indicated. Our idea is to sell goods as low as we possibly can. A too liberal delivery system is very often a severe tax in increased prices on the customers of a store.

In the case of large purchases of household goods, we will extend the foregoing limits a little, figuring that the size of the purchase takes care of the delivery cost.

Will our Suburban customers please take care that the clerks get their names and addresses correctly—and with as much detail as necessary?

And will you be kind enough to tell your neighbors that we have instituted this service?

Crowley, Milner & Co.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Saturday Night the Men's Department

Modern Merchandising

How Motor Trucks Bring the Big-City Store to the Country

Modern transportation methods are carrying city advantages into the country districts.

The city merchant—through the medium of truck deliveries—now offers the benefits of his big buying power to suburban residents as well.

Federal trucks are carrying the Suburban Deliveries of Crowley, Milner & Co.—one of Detroit's leading department stores—to towns for thirty miles around.

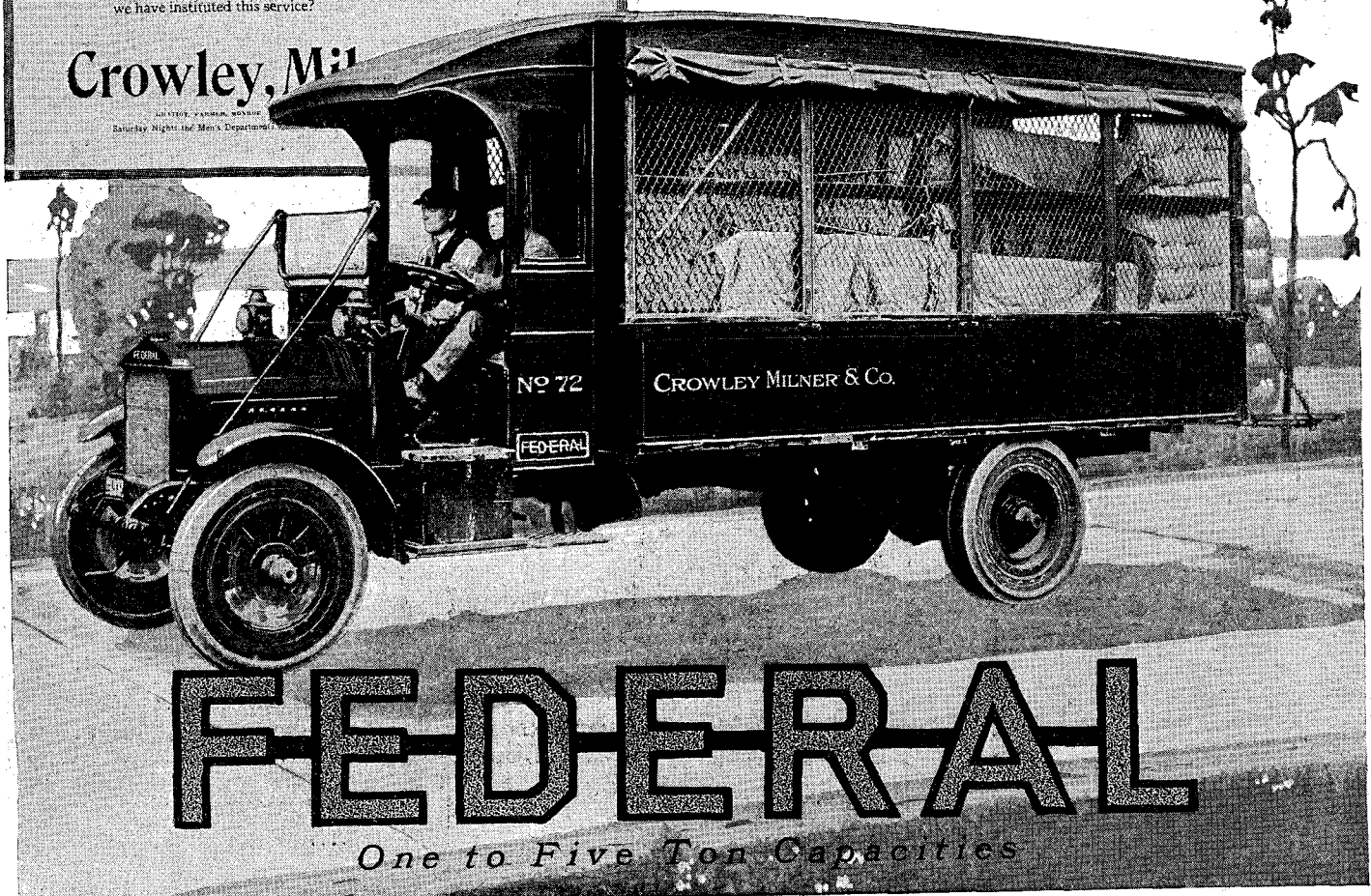
They haul loads of furniture and other household supplies—ensuring punctual delivery even to the outlying points.

A striking example, this, of how motor trucks—Federals in particular—have swept away the barriers of distance, and pushed the city-limits back to the suburbanite's very door.

"Federal Traffic News", a magazine of modern motor haulage, will be sent on request to responsible executives.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*"Shorten the Miles to Market—
Build Better Roads"*



THE SPICE OF LIFE

No Joke for Wilhelm.—The ex-Kaiser's life has become a burden to him. But his greatest trial is yet to come.—*London Opinion.*

One Advantage.—"I like hot weather, don't you?"

"When it gets too blamed hot to work."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Lost Savagery.—A London scientist attributes all human savagery to the iniquitous habit of eating meat. At the present price of meat, savagery probably is on a sharp decline.—*Grand Rapids News.*

Singular.—FORTUNE-TELLER (reading cards)—"You have money coming to you, but no sickness whatever."

CLIENT—"That's singular! I'm the new doctor across the street."—*Boston Transcript.*

His Morals Were Safe.—GOLFER "Aren't you aware that it is very dangerous to allow a child to run about the links alone?"

MAID—"S all right, sir—the poor little feller's stone deaf."—*A. E. Bestall in "London Blighty."*

A Wet Dry.—PATIENT PARENT—"Well, child, what on earth's the matter now?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL (who has been bathing with his bigger brother)—"Willy dropt the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Outside First, However.—"There are two sides to every question," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"There's two sides to a hickory nut," rejoined Farmer Cornlossel; "an outside and an inside, but only one of 'em is worth payin' any attention to."—*Washington Star.*

A Matrimonial Senator.—"What do you think about my engagement to Harold?" asked Gwendolyn.

"I think," replied her father, "that I am getting to be the senatorial branch of this family. My advice and consent are considered only when it's too late for them to make any difference."—*Washington Star.*

Entertaining.—General Pershing was astonished to receive last month from a New York vaudeville manager a five-figure offer to deliver short daily war-talks in the vaudeville houses throughout America.

The General did not reply to this telegram, but a fortnight went by. Then the vaudeville man wired again:

"Have you entertained my proposition?"

"No," General Pershing wired back. "Your proposition has entertained me."—*New York Globe.*

Popular Mechanics.—SCIENTIFIC PARENT (on a stroll)—"You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son." (To the Coster): "My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?"

COSTER—"Cause I ain't a hoss, you old thickhead."—*London Blighty.*

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

June 25.—President Ebert, Premier Bauer, and all the German Ministers issue a proclamation to the German people announcing the conclusion of peace and urging them to bend all efforts to its fulfillment.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg resigns the chief command of the German Army.

Under the plans for the removal of American forces from Germany, the last American troops are to quit the Rhine by July 29.

June 26.—Dr. Hermann Müller, the German Foreign Minister, and Dr. Johannes Bell, Minister of Colonies, are selected to sign the Peace Treaty for the Germans.

The Allied Council replies to the Turkish memorandum, saying that it can not accept the Turkish claim that its territories be restored undiminished.

The sinking of the German Fleet is denounced as a violation of the armistice and a deliberate breach in advance of the conditions of peace, in a note sent Germany by the Allies. The collection of reparation for the loss and the punishment of those guilty of causing the sinking will be insisted upon. Reparation will also be asked for the burning of the French flags which, under the Treaty, Germany was to have returned to France.

The German peace delegation is informed by Premier Clemenceau that the German Government will be held strictly responsible for unofficial support of any movement against Polish authority in the territory given Poland in Posen and in East and West Prussia.

June 27.—President Wilson makes it known that before his departure from Paris he will sign the Treaty carrying out the arrangements whereby the United States and Great Britain will come to the assistance of France in case she is menaced by Germany.

Four breaches of faith by the Germans in connection with the armistice of the Peace Treaty have been noted by the Allied and Associated Powers to date: They are the scuttling of the interned German battle-fleet; the burning of the flags captured from the French in 1870; the plan of the German Government to encourage insurrection in the territory ceded to Poland under the Treaty; secret recruiting of the German Army in the territory occupied by the Allies.

June 28.—War with Germany is formally ended by the signing of the Treaty of Peace by two plenipotentiaries representing Germany on the one hand and by the delegates of twenty-six of the Allied and Associated Governments on the other. The Chinese delegates refuse to sign because their request to be allowed to make reservations regarding Shantung had been refused, and Gen. Jan Christiaan Smuts, representing South Africa, signs the Treaty under protest.

June 29.—The Evangelical Churches of Germany set apart Sunday, July 6, as a day of mourning on account of the Peace Treaty.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, former German Chancellor, formally asks the Allied and Associated Powers to place him on trial instead of the former Emperor, on the ground that he was responsible for the acts of Germany during his period of office.

Following consideration of German perfidy in scuttling the High Seas Fleet, it is stated officially that the admission of Germany to the League of Nations will be deferred indefinitely, if further acts

Do your cigars cost more than you want them to?

Make a change. Just try smoking a really good cigar that won't seem extravagant, that you can enjoy every puff of.

We can sell you this cigar for 7 cents. First let us describe exactly what our El Nelsor is. It is $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. Its filler is all long Havana and Porto Rico tobacco, beautifully blended. And its wrapper is genuine Sumatra leaf.

Also our cigars are all hand-made by experienced workmen in such sanitary factory conditions as you would have your cigars made in.

The reason why we can sell you as good a cigar as this is for 7 cents is because we cut out a couple of profits usually taken between manufacturers and you. We make cigars and sell them to you direct—fresh.

They have a real bouquet, the sort you will like to smell before lighting up.

If you are smoking really good cigars that you feel cost you too much, try this brand without risking a cent. Order a box—50; price, \$3.50, postage prepaid—smoke 10; take 10 days either to pay for the box or return the 40 unsmoked. You smoke those 10 at our expense, if they don't make the remaining 40 seem worth all the money to you.

We can make this offer because our cigars are of good smoking quality. They not only sell, but stay sold.

In ordering please use your business stationery or give reference, and tell us whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

We make many other brands of cigars besides our El Nelsor that you can try on the same liberal terms.

Send for our catalogue

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LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Law-
\$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen volumes Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them now.
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The Motrola
Winds any make or model phonograph electrically. Easily attached without marring woodwork—positive in operation. Simply touch a button to wind your phonograph.

Write us today or ask your dealer.
JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
29 West 35th St. New York 57 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago



When a young lady comes into your office—

—And you're smoking a cigar
—And you lay it down
—And it goes out while you're talking
—And it lies there "dead" for half an hour or so
—And then after a time you light it up again
WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS:
HOW DOES IT TASTE? PLEASANT
—OR UNPLEASANT?

One of the qualities which has made the Girard so famous and so popular is that it can be re-lighted with as much pleasure and enjoyment as it gave in the beginning.

In making the Girard, the excess gums contained in all tobacco are systematically removed. And therefore, unless you let your Girard lie "dead" too long, or unless you moisten the end of it excessively, you can re-light it time and again, and enjoy every puff to the limit.

Furthermore, the removal of the excess tobacco gums from the Girard is the primary reason why it "never gets on your nerves," and why it is the best smoke for *health* as well as *pleasure*. Ask for it at the next cigar counter.

Real Havana 13c for size shown
Other sizes 10c up

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 48 years Philadelphia

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

to frustrate or delay fulfilment of the peace terms are committed.

President Wilson sails for home on the United States transport *George Washington*.

June 30.—A new Council of Four is formed consisting of Stephen Pichon, French Foreign Minister; Robert Lansing, American Secretary of State; Arthur J. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary; and Tommaso Tittoni, the Italian Foreign Minister.

CENTRAL POWERS

June 25.—A number of soldiers are arrested at Weimar on charges of having planned to murder Philipp Scheidemann, the former German Premier.

June 26.—Communists and Spartacides overcome government troops in Hamburg after riots in which 185 persons are killed and the city is plundered. The rebels are in complete control and are making an effort to establish a *Soviet* government.

Philipp Scheidemann, former German Chancellor, is said to have fled to Switzerland owing to his fear of assassination.

June 27.—Owing to the unrest prevailing in Germany, it is said that the Government is adopting strong measures to counteract revolutionary activities, and that about 1,000 revolutionary leaders have been arrested and placed in jail.

A counter-revolutionary movement in Hungary, during which a monitor on the Danube was seized by the anti-government forces, has been put down, according to Vienna advices.

June 28.—Some twenty thousand railway men are on strike in the Berlin district, ignoring an order of Gustav Noske, Minister of Defense, that they return to their jobs. The situation is said to be beyond control of the authorities as the result of Communist propaganda among the workers.

June 29.—Government troops attempting to enter Hamburg are forced to retire by a large mob, including many women. The city is in the control of the Communists.

A state of siege is proclaimed at Breslau, and government troops are occupying the railway-station after a short resistance by the strikers.

July 1.—Four large Rhine provinces, with six million people, headed by Herr Ulrich, notify the Ebert-Bauer Government that they are determined to break with the Prussian central Government and form a republic.

Hamburg is again occupied by government troops after having been in the power of the Communists and Spartacides for a week.

RUSSIA

June 27.—Ukrainian forces reoccupy Odessa and Kherson, according to unofficial advices from Berlin.

June 28.—It is reported that the anti-Bolshevik leaders in the Ukraine are successfully pushing their campaign against the *Soviet* forces. General Petlura is said to have advanced along the entire front and to be within twenty miles of Kiev.

The State Economic Congress, composed of representatives of all the anti-Bolshevik parties, meets at Omsk, with Admiral Kolchak, head of the all-Russian Government, presiding. The function of the congress is to act in an advisory capacity to the Government in industrial matters.

June 30.—Cossacks operating in the bend of the Don River capture 4,000 Bolsheviks and ten guns. Other Cossack forces are reported to have captured

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

NO use arguing about it, or making chin-music in a minor key! If you've got the jimmy-pipe-notion cornered in your smokeappetite, slip it a few liberal loads of Prince Albert! And, you'll sign the longest lease you can hook up to on about the cheerfulest brand of in-and-out-door sport that ever did ramble up Broadway or down Lost Creek trail!

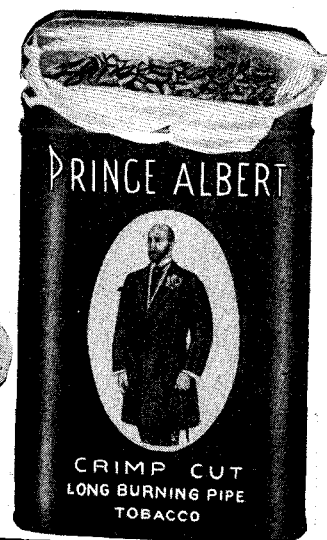
Boiled down to regular old between-us-man-talk, *Prince Albert kicks the "pip" right out of a pipe!* Puts pipe pleasure into the 24-hours-a-day joy'us class! Gives smokers more fun to the square inch than they, or you, ever dug out of a pipe before!

Prince Albert makes a pipe smoke a peace party at both ends and the middle! Just hums and hums the soothingest symphony of smoke content that ever sifted its happy way into a man's system! P. A. is so fragrant, so fascinating in flavor, so refreshing!

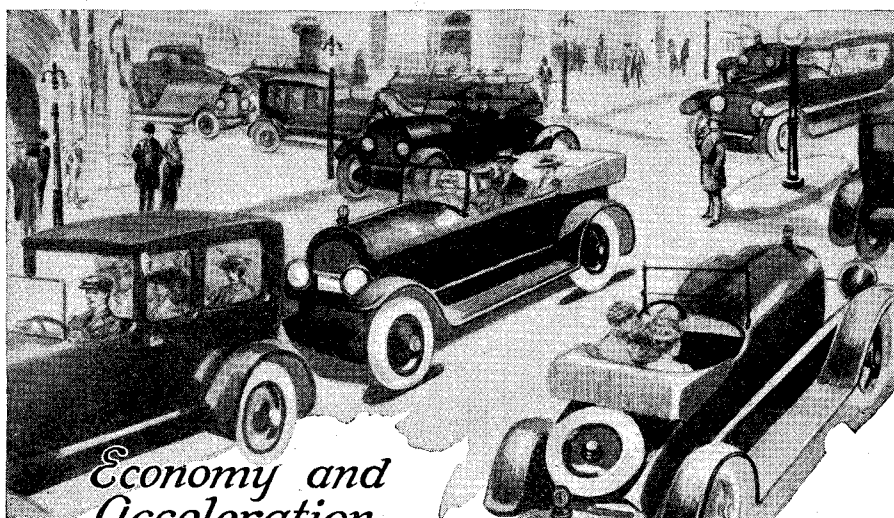
And, you run plumb-fair against the astounding fact that Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat! Because, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch! Why, you can't get orders in fast enough to try to buy up the supply for a long, long spell!

TOPPY red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

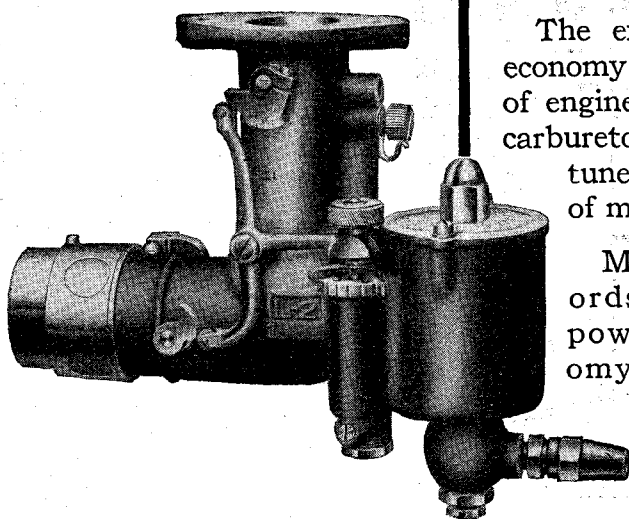
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



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*Economy and
Acceleration
In Traffic.*



THE New Stromberg Carburetor answers demands with a "hair trigger" impulse. In congested traffic when quick action is essential—you get action without hesitation. Just enough—no more. A quick-as-a-flash start. A clean shut-off when you want it. No flooding—no choking—no waste. A rich mixture and the *right* amount for the need.

The extreme of gas economy. The greatest of engine efficiency. A carburetor perfectly attuned to *all* ranges of motor activity.

Many world records for speed, power and economy constitute convincing evidence of Stromberg superiority.

Write for literature. State name, year and model of your car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 713
64 East 25th Street, Chicago, Ill.

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR

1,500 prisoners and three armored trains.

The evacuation of Petrograd by the Bolsheviks is progressing rapidly, according to reports from Helsingfors. It is said that War Minister Trotzk has ordered that the fortress of Cronstadt be blown up before its surrender and that the bridges and railway-station be destroyed.

Lettish troops are said to be within nine miles of Riga and the Germans are reported to be evacuating the city.

FOREIGN

June 25.—The collapse of the general strike which has paralyzed all industry in Winnipeg, Canada, since May 14 and was at one time on the verge of succeeding as a Soviet revolution, was practically a complete surrender, on terms being given the strikers other than the promise of a government commission to settle the dispute underlying the strike.

June 27.—The Irish "Dominion League" issues a manifesto signed by Sir Horace Plunkett and other Irishmen, proposing the establishment of self-government in Ireland within the British Empire. Under this plan Ireland would virtually have the same amount of home rule as if she were an independent republic, but the British connection would be maintained.

The British Labor party votes by majority of nearly a million in favor of a strike to force British military withdrawal from Russia.

June 28.—A new Portuguese cabinet formed, headed by Señor Cardoso as Premier.

June 29.—Serious disorders mark anti-governmental demonstrations in Rome. The demonstrators attempt to reach the residence of Premier Nitti, but are repulsed and driven back.

June 30.—More than a hundred persons are killed and several thousand injured by an earthquake in Tuscany, which reduced two towns to heaps of ruin and caused wide-spread destruction in other towns and villages.

The British dirigible R-34, the largest air-ship of its kind in the world, starts on a voyage across the Atlantic under command of Maj. G. H. Scott.

Lord Rayleigh, one of the foremost physicists in the world, dies at his home in London, at the age of seventy-six. He was noted as the man who discovered argon in 1894.

The Republic of Poland signs a treaty with the Entente Powers and the United States under which she agrees to protect minorities, particularly the Jews against discrimination, to assume payment of such a share of the Russian debt as shall be assigned to her by an inter-Allied commission, and to support the conventions incidental to the establishment of a national standard.

DOMESTIC

June 25.—Beginning July 1, the Government through Julius Barnes, Wheat Director, will exercise strict supervision over the import and export of wheat and wheat-flour. Nobody will be permitted to engage in these activities without first being licensed by the Government.

The United States Senate passes the Army Appropriation Bill carrying \$880,000,000 and providing for an average army of 400,000 men next year.

A new Pacific Fleet is being organized from vessels heretofore forming a part of the Atlantic forces. It will sail for the west by way of the Panama Canal between July 15 and 20.

June 27.—The North Dakota scheme

State industrialism contained in laws passed by the last legislature is approved by a majority of 8,000 votes. As a result the State will proceed immediately to establish a system of grain-elevators and flour-mills and a State bank.

The Judiciary Committee of the House votes 17 to 2 to combine enforcement legislation to back up war-time and Constitutional prohibition after having refused to report separate enforcement bills.

The United States Senate approves an increase in the Shipping Board fund from \$276,000,000 to \$491,000,000 for completion of the Government's authorized ship-building quota.

Senate and House conferees on the Army Appropriation Bill reach an agreement to fix the average size of the 1920 Army at 325,000 officers and men.

June 30.—The entire United States goes dry at midnight. For a time at least brewers may continue to manufacture, and venders to sell, beer with not more than 2.75 per cent. of alcohol at their own risk of prosecution, pending judicial decision.

Additional laws for the enforcement of war-time and Constitutional prohibition are favorably reported to the House. These define as intoxicating any beverage with more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol.

July 1.—In response to threats of reprisals by the Russian Bolshevik government on account of action taken against its representative in this country, the State Department warns the Trotzky government that Americans in Russia must not be molested.

The Chicago Mooney Central Strike Committee calls upon 1,500 labor-unions with a membership of 200,000 to go on a peaceful strike July 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 as a protest against the refusal to grant Mooney and Billings new trials.

The two-cent postage rate for first-class mail is resumed.

Sad Fate of A Ham.—A young man entered the village shop and complained to the owner that a ham he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, sir!" insisted the shopkeeper.

"No; it isn't," insisted the other. "It's bad!"

"How can that be," continued the shopkeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The young man reflected a moment, and then suggested:

"Maybe it's had a relapse."—*London Blighty.*

Where the Pen Beat the Sword.—One day the Germans circulated a rumor in Strasbourg that they had taken one hundred thousand prisoners. A dialog on the subject took place between two market women in Klebert Square.

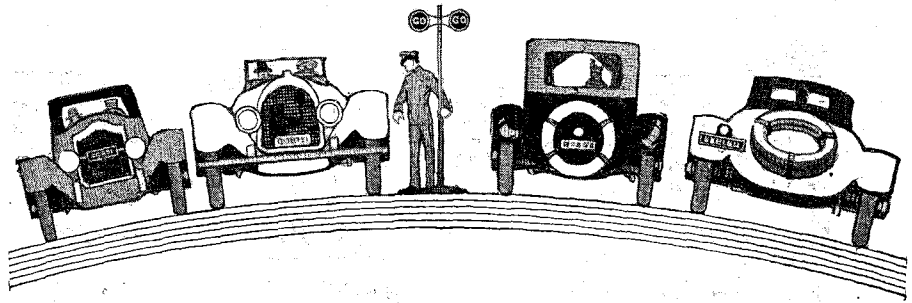
"But where will they put all these prisoners?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied the other, a true daughter of the soil. "They will put them in the newspapers."—*Victory (Franco-American Corporation, New York).*

His Class.—WIFE (examining day's catch)—"Is it true that fish go about in schools?"

HUBBY—"Yes, dear; why?"

WIFE—"Oh, by the size of these, I should think you'd disturbed an infant class."—*London Opinion.*



How True Tire Value is Achieved

THE exceptional popularity of Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires proves that the RACINE ABSORBING SHOCK STRIP is recognized as the big mileage-adding achievement of the tire world.

Development by Racine chemists of the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip has put even greater "mileability" into Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires. It has created a neutral zone, between cord carcass and tread, in which road shock is scientifically absorbed.

Welds Tread and Carcass

That extra strip of blended rubber between tread and carcass is the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip. It equalizes flex of body and tread, and prevents separation.

Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires are anti-skid. Those beveled, criss-crossed ridges hold the road.

You can be sure of true value in Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires and in Racine Rubber Company's fabric tire, the famous Racine "Country Road."

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears the Name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES



Wonderful Development of

A Chapter in Industrial History—How Southern Farmers Learned Diversification of Crops—Reasons Why Elaborate Publicity Campaigns Should Be Conducted in the Southern States

IT is difficult for people outside of the South to understand the mighty change that has taken place there since Southern farmers got away from the one-crop idea—

Cotton.

Up to a very few years ago most Southern farmers raised *practically nothing but cotton*. They traded part of it for everything else they needed, and they got mighty little for it in those days.

What this led to is typically shown in the conditions that surrounded a certain Southern town. The conditions there existed almost everywhere else in the South.

For years cotton had been the *one* crop in that section, and it had been the custom for farmers to borrow to the limit on their future cotton crops. To meet these obligations in the fall they had to sell, regardless of price.

No livestock was raised. All farm and home supplies were brought in by local merchants and sold to the farmers. The farmers even *bought* their flour, corn, lard, meat, canned goods and vegetables instead of producing them as they do today.

In 1909 the boll weevil, which had invaded the United States in 1892, reached the section in question and did *serious* damage. Local cotton compress receipts fell off dreadfully. In 1908 they had been 31,812 bales. In 1909 they fell to 18,178. In 1910 to 8,282. In 1911 to 3,168. Income from cotton was approaching the vanishing point.

There were a few "scrub" cows around, grown on range. When fresh they were milked once a day. But as no market had been created for milk or its products, the *calves did most of the milking*.

Local Creamery Started

A MOVE to establish a local creamery was made in 1910. One was built—a poorly arranged affair. The enterprise failed in a few months. In 1911 it reopened. Again it failed.

At this juncture the United States Department of Agriculture took a "look in" on the problem and in March, 1912, a specialist from the Dairy Division appeared. He found things in a *deplorable* state—cotton business gone, other crops unsuccessful, soil worn out for lack of fertilizing, creamery a failure, the cattle a cross between the long-horned mongrel "scrub" and a poor quality Jersey. Good cows could not *then* be brought in because of the cattle tick.

In spite of the discouraging outlook, the Government man decided to make a fight to save the situation with the *dairy cow*!

He met violent opposition, especially when he advocated construction of *silos*! These were almost unknown in that part of the State. Farmers were skeptical then about feeding silage. They said green feed put up that way wouldn't keep; that if it didn't spoil, cows wouldn't eat it; if they did eat it, it would spoil the milk or cause the cows to give *buttermilk*.

A few farmers in the neighborhood, however, followed the Government agent's instructions. Before the end of the year fifteen silos had been built and stocked. The creamery was remodeled and reopened for business. Meetings were held to create interest in dairying. School children were taught features of the work—milk testing, for instance—and stock feeding problems were made part of their lessons. It was a case of interesting the parent thru the child, and was, *as is usually the result*, successful. Evidence of progress began to multiply.

Many Individual Successes

MANY interesting cases of individual development could be cited. One farmer balked against being, as he expressed it, "*tied to the hind legs of a cow*." But other members of his family overcame his opposition and about July 1, 1912, a few cows on his place were milked. The gross returns for that month were \$12.36. For August they rose to \$37.67. September, \$70.35. In October they increased to \$128.78.

The following year he used twenty cows, and sales of milk brought in \$1,200 net, after paying feed bills, and there was additional revenue from sale of calves.

Today this man is one of the loudest boosters for the dairy cow in the South, and all residents of that section agree that *dairying saved them from industrial destruction*.

Wonderful Change in Ten Years

THE writer well remembers when he represented a batch of Southern papers and solicited advertising for them in the North ten years ago. It did not take long for him to learn it was useless to call on manufacturing concerns that made goods pertaining to livestock raising, such as *cream separators, feed choppers and silos*, for example, because he would be invariably met with the rebuff, "No use advertising our goods in the South; they have no dairy cows down there."

It was very nearly the truth! The Southern farmer had not then realized that his broad stretches of green pasture lands, with their capacity for furnishing feed nearly all the year round, and their heavy yields of legumes and the by-products of cottonseed for stock feeding made the South *ideal territory* for cattle raising.

What a change in ten years! Now there are thousands of head of pure-bred registered cattle—and pure-bred registered hogs, too—in the South, whereas ten years ago there were not even that many "scrubs."

Stock Raising in the South

The splendid work of the pig-club members—all boys and girls—has done much to stimulate the livestock industry thruout the South. These youngsters have taught their daddies a thing or two—one thing, for instance—the great importance of using only pure-bred stock. A few years ago it was hard to get a farmer to pay \$10 for a good hog. Now he'll pay \$50 or \$100, or *even more*, because his boy or girl has shown him it is worth while.

With commendable farsightedness, folks in Dixieland are going into livestock raising on a most elaborate scale. In this they are doing the world a service, for now that the war is over the demand for pure-bred livestock will be tremendous. It is going to *double, triple, quadruple*. The Old World, long since depleted of domestic animals to an alarming degree, will come to us with outstretched hands and plead for new breeding stock—for cows, hogs and sheep.

Livestock Statistics

TO give an idea in *actual* figures of the growth of the animal industry in the Southern States, the following statistics are quoted:

The number of cattle from Mississippi sold on the St. Louis stockyards in 1908 was 8,000; in 1916 it had increased to 162,000.

Four years ago *not a carload* of hogs was shipped from seventeen counties in Southern Alabama. In the year ended April 1, 1918, these seventeen counties shipped 2,352 *carloads*.

In Carroll County, Mississippi, pigs are so plentiful that a Red Cross Pig Club was organized last fall. Some 3,000 farmers agreed to donate a pig each. From the sale of these, \$10,000 was donated to the Red Cross and the remainder of the money went into the purchase of Carroll County's quota of the Fourth Liberty

Loan. Yazoo County, in the same State, sold a carload of pigs last October and gave *the entire proceeds*, more than \$2,000, to the Red Cross.

At the Southeastern Fair held in Atlanta last October there were 2,105 swine entries, and the largest pig-club exhibit ever made in the United States.

On the farms of the Southern States, Jan. 1, 1918, there were more than Fifty-eight Million (58,338,000) head of cattle, sheep and swine—a gain of 1,981,000 (3½%) compared with 1917, and 4,196,000 (7.7%) increase compared with 1915.

The same date there were in the South 6,983,000 dairy cows, an increase of 165,000 (2.4%) in twelve months, and 556,000 (8.6%) more than in 1915.

The increase in hogs was *even greater*. On Jan. 1, 1918, there were 28,072,000 head of swine on the farms of the South, an increase of 1,665,000 (6.3%) compared with 1917, and 2,341,000 (9.1%) compared with 1915.

In a bulletin of the Southern Railway, referring to these statistics on cattle and swine in the South, it was pointed out that Georgia and Alabama had each more hogs than all the New England States and New York, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia combined—a good illustration of *what the South is doing in the stock raising line*.

No farm in the South these days is considered sufficiently efficient unless it has its quota of hogs and cattle.

Manufacturers who seek new markets for their goods are finding the South a most profitable field for cultivation. And the daily newspapers of the South, with their great home circulations and co-operative methods, are proving splendid helpers.

For further information as to circulations, rates, distribution areas, write to the papers direct or consult your advertising agency.

ALABAMA

Birmingham Age-Herald
Birmingham Ledger
Birmingham News
Mobile News-Item
Mobile Register
Montgomery Advertiser
Montgomery Journal

ARKANSAS

Ft. Smith Southwest American
Little Rock Arkansas Gazette

FLORIDA

Jacksonville Florida Metropolis
Tampa Times
Tampa Tribune

GEORGIA

Albany Herald
Athens Herald

GEORGIA—Contd.

Augusta Chronicle
Augusta Herald
Columbus Enquirer-Sun
Macon Telegraph
Savannah Morning News
Savannah Press

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville Citizen
Asheville Times
Charlotte News & Evening Chronicle
Charlotte Observer
Durham Sun
Greensboro News
Raleigh News & Observer
Raleigh Times
Winston-Salem Twin-City Sentinel

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston American

SOUTH CAROLINA—Contd.

Charleston News & Courier
Charleston Post
Columbia Record
Columbia State
Greenville News
Greenville Piedmont
Spartanburg Herald
Spartanburg Journal & Carolina
Spartan

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga News
Knoxville Sentinel
Knoxville Journal & Tribune
Memphis Commercial-Appeal
Memphis Press
Nashville Banner
Nashville Tennessean & Evening
American

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

HOW WAR-CONDITIONS SINCE 1914 HAVE AFFECTED ACTIVE STOCKS IN WALL STREET

THAT the war in Europe had a profound influence on active Wall-Street stocks, both in declines and in advances, most persons would have expected to be true. Actual figures to show these variations were recently compiled, and in *The Wall Street Journal* they have been the subject of an interesting article. The writer inclines to believe there was no more striking demonstration of the effect of the conflict upon the stock market than the rise in Bethlehem Steel from a quotation of 30 on July 30, 1914, to the record price of 700, reached in the height of the war-boom. Even more spectacular was the advance in General Motors from 25 to 850. These sensational movements, according to this writer, "reflected not only the great prosperity which accrued to American industry as a result of war-business, but also the excitement of the first fever of war-speculation."

When the lawlessness of Germany on the high seas at last forced the United States to take sides with the Allies, "stock prices were given opportunity to become adjusted to a basis more nearly measuring their approximate value under the new conditions." After our entrance into the war the effect of Federal taxes on excess profits "became a factor which entered largely into the determination of industrial earnings." And yet, in spite of the big deductions which had to be made for war-imposts, "the net income of many companies whose securities are dealt in on the Stock Exchange held up to a very attractive level."

It was a fact that at the signing of the Peace Treaty stocks of these companies "were selling at levels closely approaching the best records reached during the war-period." It was not alone issues which benefited from munition business that showed big gains over market prices at the outset of the struggle, but companies whose activities were confined exclusively to peace lines, especially the big tobacco concerns, "likewise showed substantial improvement in this direction." Following is a table that gives present prices of a number of issues active on the Stock Exchange, "compared with the levels prevailing the day after the United States declared war and on the day following the outbreak of the war." It also gives the high and low figures reached during the period from the close of the Stock Exchange in December, 1914, to the signing of the Peace Treaty:

		Since				
	Present	Apr. 7, 1917	Dec., 1914	High	Low	July 30, 1914
Tobacco Stocks						
Am. Snuff.....	119½	130	165	80	153	
Am. Tobacco.....	216½	207	252½	123	215	
General Cigar.....	81½	44	87½	30½	40	
P. Lorillard.....	185	200	239½	145¼	160	
Tobacco Products.....	113½	55½	114½	25	146¼	
United Cigar.....	170½	100½	171½	81½	198½	
Motors						
Chandler.....	244½	97	248	56	193	
General Motors.....	236	114½	*850	125	*547½	
Maxwell.....	48½	52	99	14½	*114½	
Maxwell 1st pf.....	76½	68	103½	41½	*141½	
Maxwell 2d pf.....	38½	33½	68½	13	117	
Studebaker.....	105½	93½	195	31½	265½	
Stutz.....	73½	45	79½	31¼	173¼	
Steel and Equipment						
Am. Car & Foundry.....	110½	66	112½	42¼	44½	
Am. Locomotive.....	86½	67	98¼	19	20¼	
Baldwin.....	104½	58	154½	26½	41	
Bethlehem Steel B.....	87½	128	*700	*40	*30	

		Since			
		Apr. 7,	Dec., 1914	July 30,	
<i>Steel and Equipment</i>	<i>Present</i>	<i>1917</i>	<i>High</i>	<i>Low</i>	
Crescent Steel.....	94½	64	109½	12¼	
Lackawanna Steel.....	84½	82½	107	28	
Midvale Steel.....	51½	58½	98½	39½	
Pressed Steel Car.....	85¼	70	88¼	25	
Republic Iron & Steel...	93	78½	96	18	
U. S. Steel.....	108½	110½	136½	38	
<i>Rails</i>					
Atchafalpa.....	100½	102	111¼	75	
Baltimore & Ohio.....	43½	76½	96	38¼	
C. M. & St. Paul.....	42	80½	102½	34½	
New Haven.....	31½	44	89	21½	
Norfolk Pacific.....	97	104½	118½	75	
Norfolk & Western.....	107	125½	147½	92½	
Pennsylvania.....	92	53	61½	40¼	
Reading.....	88½	93	115½	60½	
Southern Pacific.....	106½	94½	115	75¼	
Union Pacific.....	133½	135½	153½	101¼	
<i>Mining and Coppers</i>					
Am. Smelters.....	84½	99¼	123¼	56	
Anaconda.....	74	79¼	105½	24¼	
Chile.....	28¼	22½	39¼	11¼	
Chino.....	47	54½	74	31½	
Inspiration.....	64½	56¼	74¼	15½	
Kennecott.....	41	44	64¼	25	
Miami.....	28	41½	49½	16½	
Nevada.....	19½	22½	34½	10½	
Ray.....	24½	29½	37	15¼	
Utah.....	89½	112¼	130	45½	
<i>Miscellaneous</i>					
American Can.....	57½	46½	68½	22½	
Am. Sugar.....	133	111½	139½	89½	
Am. Woolen.....	120	50¼	130	15½	
Central Leather.....	106	87½	123	32½	
Corn Products.....	81¼	23½	82¼	7¼	
International Paper.....	62½	38½	75½	7	
Marine pf.....	117	84½	128½	3	
Mexican Petroleum.....	184½	86½	205½	51	
U. S. Food Products.....	80½	17	82½	5½	
U. S. Rubber.....	135½	56½	136½	44	

* Old stock.

† Record low, old stock.

‡ Not dealt in at that time; initial sale on the Exchange use.

THE FLOATING DEBT OF THE RAILROADS AND THE OUTLOOK FOR THEIR RETURN TO THEIR OWNERS

Something like \$1,000,000,000 is now the amount of the floating debt of American railroads, as *The Wall Street Journal* understands it. The chief part of this debt consists of capital advances from the Government since January 1, 1918. A proposed general equipment trust will take care of \$400,000,000 of the amount. As for the remainder, Director-General Hines proposes to collect it before the roads finance any new work. An extension of time is thought necessary. The *Journal* writer adds:

"The railroads have their billion dollars of floating debt, exclusive of the money borrowed temporarily on the Director-General's certificates of compensation due from the Government. The latter is likely to be paid back to the banks and the War Finance Corporation when the new \$750,000,000 appropriation to the revolving fund becomes available to the Director-General through President Wilson's signature. The railroads owe the Government approximately \$745,000,000, made up as follows:

Capital expenditures of 1918, in excess of deductions made from compensation.....	\$352,000,000
New Haven loan.....	48,000,000
Advances to railroads on materials and supplies, to enable them to meet current bills.....	100,000,000
Equipment ordered by R. A. not paid for.....	245,000,000
Total.....	\$745,000,000

"At the end of 1918, twenty-six companies which have made their annual reports showed aggregate loans and bills payable, other than sums due the Government, of \$295,000,000. The total for all companies is probably above \$400,000,000, rather than under it. These debts, with the \$745,000,000 to the Government, total \$1,145,000,000. The amount varies from time to time and may be reduced somewhat by payments to the Government by

companies whose capital expenditures this year are less than the margin of their compensation over interest and dividend requirements.

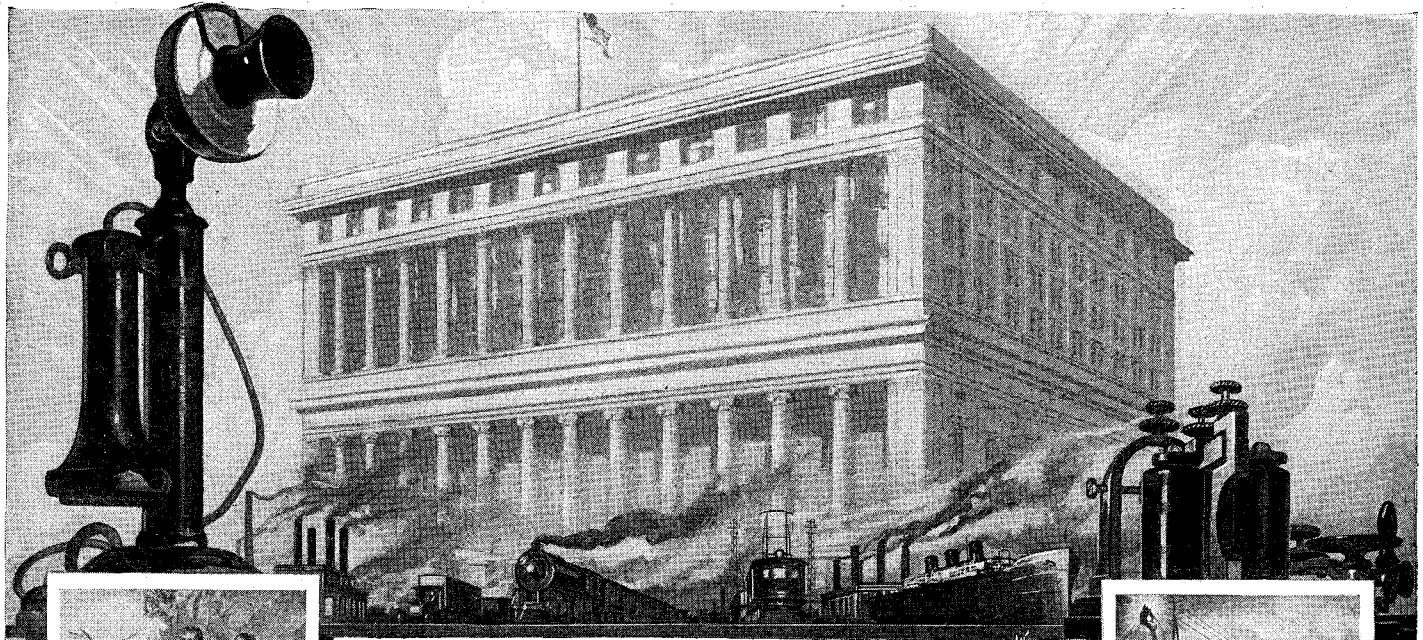
"Nevertheless, the railroads will have to find approximately a billion dollars to get out of the hole they are in, to say nothing of going ahead with new work. Director-General Hines has told the House Appropriations Committee that it was his policy 'to force them (the railroad companies), as far as there is any reasonable basis for it at all, to reimburse the Government what they owe it before they go ahead and make a lot of additional improvements on their properties.'

"The general equipment trust under which it is proposed to issue \$280,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of certificates will pay for all the cars and locomotives ordered by the United States Railroad Administration, whether delivered in 1918 or this year. The total value of the equipment covered will be approximately \$400,000,000, the difference being made up by the accrued charges to operating expenses for equipment depreciation, which the companies will be allowed to apply as a cash payment on the equipment, if the plan is carried out.

"There will then remain \$600,000,000 to \$700,000,000 for the companies to finance in the investment market. If the Director-General pursues the ideas he outlined before the committees of Congress, the first half-billion and more which the companies are able to raise through the sale of securities will have to be turned over to the Government. Mr. Hines set no time limit upon the return of these advances. Railroad men and bankers are inclined to think that Congress will have to permit repayment in instalments over a period of ten to twenty years, unless all railroad improvement is to be halted indefinitely."

In the same paper an opinion has been expressed that the Baltimore & Ohio road, in temporarily withholding dividends on its common stock, acted for the purpose of meeting conditions that have been anticipated as likely to exist with the return of the roads to their owners. Some of the companies expect to be called upon to resume operation at the end of the year "with earnings less than fixed charges." Congress or the Director-General, or both, will therefore have to act to prevent a crisis in transportation affairs, "and neither has yet given any definite assurance of 'prompt and adequate relief.'" Already holders of B. & O. common stock, "who supposed that the Government had given them an assurance against possible evil effects of the war upon their investment, are inquiring 'what it was that struck them.'" They recall that President Wilson said at the time of taking over the roads: "Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after by the Government as they could be by the directors of the several railway systems," and that "nothing will be changed that it is not necessary to change."

Furthermore, they "recall that during the three years ended June 30, 1917, fixed by the Federal control act as the test period for determining the basic compensation of the roads for the war-time use of their property, the B. & O. was able to pay 5 per cent. upon its common stock, with an annual surplus of several millions, and that after providing maintenance charges in operating account." Recently they have learned that the



These are Bond Days

SOON after the signing of the Armistice, as a contribution to current American thought and as a reflection of our confidence in America, we published a series of looking forward advertisements — reproduced on this page.

As a mark of our own confidence we have gone forward in the development of our organization to meet the growing needs of the investors of this country and Canada.

The National City Company now has correspondent offices in more than 50 leading cities, 10,000 miles of private telegraph and telephone wires put every investor, no matter where he may

be, in close touch with the investment center of the country. A telephone call brings one of our carefully schooled representatives to explain National City service. These men know and can discuss with you Government, Municipal, Public Utility and Railroad Bonds, Short Term Notes and Acceptances.

The bonds we offer and sell are bonds we own. Before buying we subject each issue to the scrutiny of nationally recognized experts. Here is a nation-wide service at the elbow of everyone who wishes to invest in securities of the highest character.

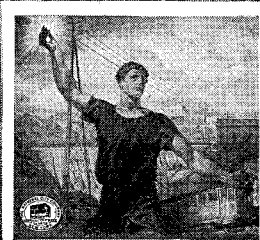


The needs of Young America must go forward!

Of course, the war has had its effect on the young people of America. It has made them more thoughtful, more determined, more patriotic. It has made them more aware of the needs of their country and more willing to contribute to its progress. It has made them more confident of the future of their country and more determined to build a better world for themselves and for their children.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



Forward—into the wonderful future!

Forward—into the wonderful future! The future is a wonderful thing. It is a thing that we can see and feel. It is a thing that we can hope for and strive for. It is a thing that we can build and create. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



Electric America—Forward!

Electric America—Forward! The electric light is a symbol of progress and innovation. It is a thing that we can see and feel. It is a thing that we can hope for and strive for. It is a thing that we can build and create. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



Forward—together!

Forward—together! The future is a wonderful thing. It is a thing that we can see and feel. It is a thing that we can hope for and strive for. It is a thing that we can build and create. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York



Forward—and at a new pace!

Forward—and at a new pace! The future is a wonderful thing. It is a thing that we can see and feel. It is a thing that we can hope for and strive for. It is a thing that we can build and create. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



Forward! No Halting

Forward! No Halting! The future is a wonderful thing. It is a thing that we can see and feel. It is a thing that we can hope for and strive for. It is a thing that we can build and create. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present. It is a thing that we can make our own. It is a thing that we can make better than the present. It is a thing that we can make more beautiful, more peaceful, more just, more free, more happy, more prosperous, more glorious, more wonderful than the present.

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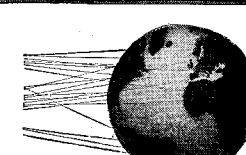


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The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

A Remarkable Record of Earnings

Dividends paid to Preferred Stockholders of Cities Service Company increased from \$521,387.09 in 1911 to \$4,034,274.50 in 1918.

In 1911, Cities Service Company earned requirements for payment of Preferred Dividends 1.77 times over. In 1918 the earnings were $5\frac{1}{4}$ times over the Preferred Dividend requirements.

Cities Service Preferred Stock

at present prices yields $7\frac{1}{2}\%$. Investors receive monthly dividends, and monthly statements of earnings which enable them to keep in close touch with the company's financial progress.

Write for Circular LD-2 describing Cities Service Preferred Stock.

Henry L. Doherty & Company
60 Wall Street, New York

How to Begin to Invest

The easiest way to begin investing is to adopt the Partial Payment Plan.

By this method, you can buy even as little as a \$100 bond or 1 share of stock. You can buy it at once. You make a small initial deposit—\$10 on a \$100 bond—and then pay the balance in small monthly installments.

While you are paying, you receive the interest or dividends. They usually amount to much more than the carrying charges. You invest while you save.

Send for Booklet B-9—
"Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
61 Broadway, N.Y.

7% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

High Class City Loans

Secured by first mortgage on high class City property. Amounts \$500 to \$10,000. Semi-annual Interest. We have loaned \$3,000,000 without loss to investors. Write for literature.

Aurelius-Swanson Co., Inc. Capital \$500,000.00
31 State Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.



For 40 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. Certificates of \$25 and up also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans

A STRONG STEADY LIGHT



"ATTENTION"

Ford Owners

Here's a Scientifically Perfect Device that makes a brilliant, uniform light from the magneto of a Ford at all speeds (no battery necessary).

The Savidge Light Control

Attached to Steering Post—Easy to Install. Price **\$5**

Write for Illustrated Circular
Address Dept. A
WALBRIDGE & CO.
Buffalo N. Y.
(Agents Wanted)

Federal compensation finally fixed, after six or eight months of negotiation, "was sufficient to cover all prior charges and 4 per cent. upon the common, with a surplus of approximately \$1,500,000," and yet they are now called upon "to forego any return upon their investment for an indefinite period." Why this is the case *The Journal* undertakes to make clear:

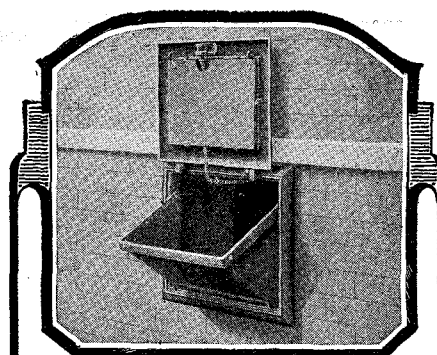
"In a nutshell, the directors have taken a step forward to meet a possible, not to say probable, crisis of the near future—a crisis which unless averted by action of Congress or the Director-General, or both, will by no means involve the B. & O. alone. The company turned over to the Government a system capable of earning the equivalent of 5 to 6 per cent. upon its common stock, despite the fact that the net earnings of the Eastern carriers as early as 1914, in the opinion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, were 'insufficient in the public interest.' At the present time the same system is not earning its operating expenses, yet the President says without any qualification that the roads will be given back to their owners at the end of this year and the Director-General says that an increase in freight-rates must be avoided if operating economies and waiting for traffic to expand will do it.

"The \$35,000,000 bonds which the B. & O. has just sold will pay off all of its outstanding notes and bank loans, but will leave its debt to the Government for the additions and betterments and equipment expenditures since January 1, 1918, unprovided for, except as to about \$5,000,000 of the loans now being funded which were contracted last year and applied to capital account. The equipment allocated to the company amounts to upward of \$20,000,000, but this will presumably be taken care of through the proposed general equipment trust. The remainder of the debt can not be closely calculated, because of numerous offsetting accounts with the Government. The final settlement with the Government may involve a debit of \$10,000,000, more or less.

"Now the Director-General has recently declared his intention of pressing the corporations to use their private credit for the permanent financing of all the addition and betterment expenditures remaining unpaid. Senator Cummins and others have declared that it is incumbent upon the Government to carry this account along indefinitely, until the credit of the railroads has been substantially improved. But the Director-General has as yet given no sign of falling in with such a policy, and there remains at least the uncertainty as to whether the debt will be extended or not.

"Beyond that there is the fact that the B. & O. is compelled to find \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year for inevitable capital expenditures, even with new work reduced to a minimum. These requirements include grade-crossing elimination, necessary replacement of bridges worn out or outgrown, track elevation in cities, and similar work constantly required of every large system. At end of Federal control, therefore, settlement with the Government on the lines laid down by the Director-General might easily leave the company with a deficiency in working capital and the necessity to borrow not only that but the additional \$4,000,000 or more for minimum annual capital expenditures.

"The question was whether the directors should plan, at the time of funding \$30,000,000 past expenditures on the property, to rely upon still further extension of the company's credit under conditions which can not be foreseen or measured, continuing meanwhile to pay out \$6,000,000 a year to the common stockholders, or should resort for the required additional capital to a forced loan without interest from the stockholders. Their decision in favor of the latter course, it may be



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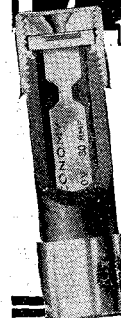
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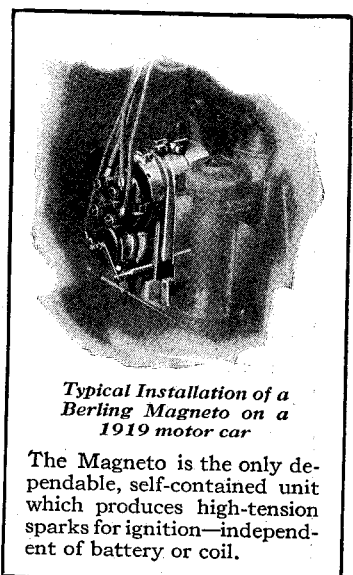
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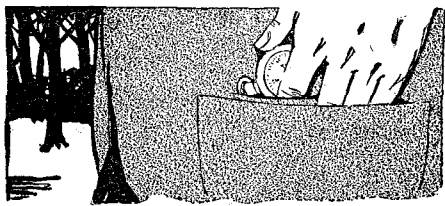
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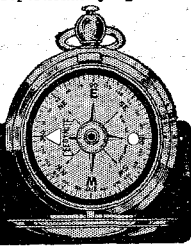
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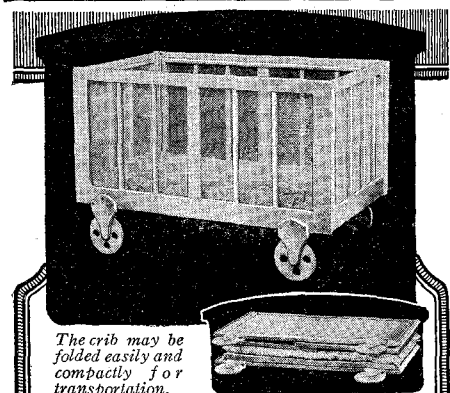


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surmised, was based upon the fact that an enterprise that is not earning its operating expenses, and has no positive assurance that the balance between income and outgo is to be quickly redrest, is in no position to depend upon its credit.

"But the same considerations apply to many other roads, to a majority of them, in fact. In the first four months of 1919 the income for all roads applicable to payment of their Federal compensation, and so applicable to interest charges, war-taxes, and dividends, was \$66,000,000. Their interest charges alone for the same period approximated \$150,000,000, which item is reduced to \$90,000,000 by the application of outside investment income. And, as Mr. Hines remarks, they owe the Government \$775,000,000 which they ought to repay."

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It appears from a recent bulletin, issued by the National City Bank, that the United States is supplying one-half of the articles of manufacture that now enter into international trade. In fact, "all non-manufacturing sections of the whole world are looking to us for a large proportion of their supplies of manufactures." Prior to the war the United States was supplying only about one-sixth of the manufactures entering international trade.

Manufactures entering international trade in prewar years are said by this bulletin to have averaged about \$7,000,000,000 per annum, but with the suspension of exports by certain of the great manufacturing countries, notably Germany, Austria, and Belgium, and the reduction in exports by Great Britain, France, and Italy, the value of manufactures other than war-materials entering international trade was temporarily reduced, until the total value of the manufactures entering world-commerce in the fiscal year 1919 was little more than \$6,500,000,000, of which the United States supplied about one-half. Manufactures exported from the United States in the calendar year 1918 aggregated \$3,395,000,000, exclusive of those sent to our own non-contiguous territories of Hawaii and Porto Rico, which are not included in the figures of foreign trade.

The compilation shows that the exports of manufactures from the United States has averaged \$265,000,000 per month during the ten months of the fiscal year, for which figures are now available, and in the latest month, April, were \$290,000,000, thus justifying an estimate of over \$3,000,000,000 as the record for the fiscal year ending with June, 1919, of which nearly two-thirds is included in the period following the close of the war. Further points in this bulletin are these:

"The 'non-manufacturing' area of the world, which was prior to the war accustomed to draw its manufactures chiefly from Europe and the United States, consists of South America, Africa, Oceania, Asia, except Japan, and all of North America outside the United States. Manufactures formed, prior to the war, about 66 per cent. of our exports to Asia; 85 per cent. of those to South America; 85 per cent. of those to Oceania; 75 per cent. of those to Africa, and 65 per cent. of those to North America. With the fall-off of available manufactures from Europe, our exports to all those areas have enormously increased. Our total exports to Asia increased from \$115,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914 to about \$550,000,000 in the fiscal year ending with June, 1919; to South America, from \$125,000,000 in 1914 to nearly \$400,000,000 in 1919; to Oceania, from \$54,000,000 in the prewar period to

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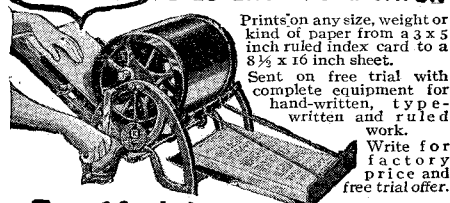
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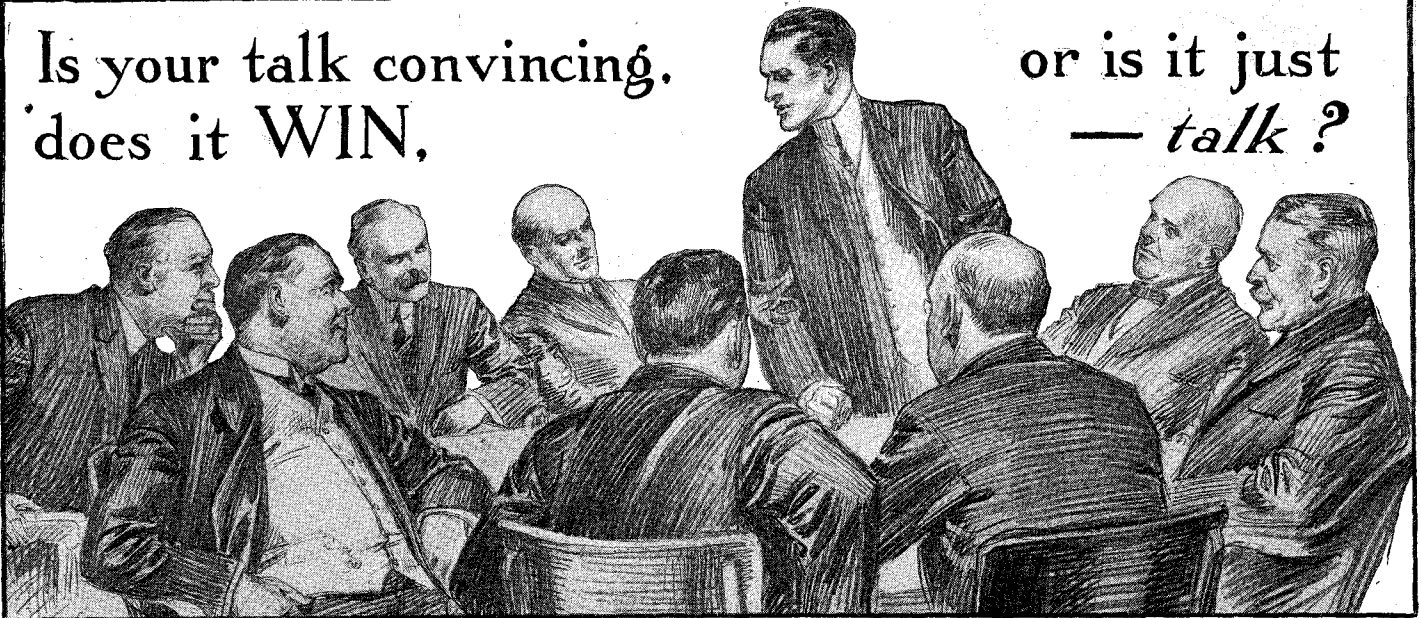
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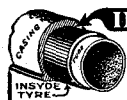


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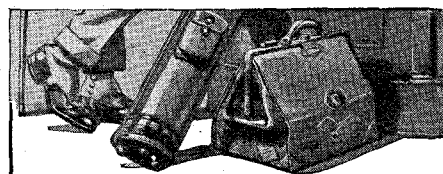
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\$190,000,000 in the current year; to Africa, from \$28,000,000 to \$75,000,000, and to North America, which also takes its manufactures chiefly from the United States, the increase is from \$529,000,000 in 1914 to approximately \$1,275,000,000 in the year which ends with June, and most of these phenomenal gains occur in manufactures. The United States is, in fact, the only manufacturing country of the world, other than Japan, showing an increase in its exports of manufactures during the war-period. Exports of manufactures from Great Britain in 1918 were slightly less in value than those in 1913; those from France show a heavy fall-off, while the other great manufacturing countries of the world, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Belgium, were practically out of overseas trade during the war.

"The total trade of the United States in the fiscal year ending with June will be the highest on record and may cross the \$10,000,000,000 line. For the eleven months ending with May, for which official figures are now available, the grand total is \$9,111,000,000, against \$8,949,000,000 in the full fiscal year 1917, the highest record ever made for an entire fiscal year. Thus the grand total for the eleven months ending with May exceeds that of any full year in the past, and should the June figures equal the monthly average of the eleven months already elapsed, the grand total for the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1919, would be over \$10,000,000,000."

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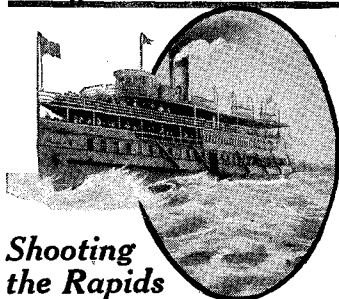
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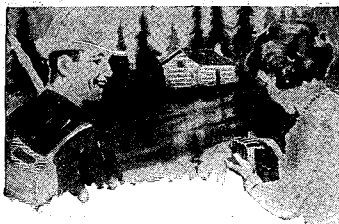
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The United States

In the Twentieth Century

By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu

Translated by H. Addington Bruce. This is the most noteworthy book on America since Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Will "W. F. W.," Dresden, Mo., please note that the LEXICOGRAPHER thanks several correspondents for informing him that James Russell Lowell wrote the following lines "For An Autograph."

"Life is a sheet of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! tho thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

"J. G.," Port Jervis, N. Y.—"On page 882, volume 12, of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the statement is made that Alexander Hamilton wrote Washington's 'Farewell Address.' Is that statement fact?"

The *New International Encyclopedia* (vol. 10, page 624) says: "He (Hamilton) . . . assisted Washington materially in the preparation of his Farewell Address." The *Americana* (vol. 8), under "Hamilton, Alexander," says: "The 'Farewell Address' would have been less perfect as a composition," says Renwick, "had it not passed through the hands of Hamilton." Appleton's *Encyclopedia of American Biography* (vol. iii, p. 58) says that Hamilton took "a large share in the preparation of the 'Farewell Address.'"

"W. M. B.," Peoria, Ill.—"We constantly see a group of three monkeys in wood, paste, etc., of Japan or China origin—See not; hear not; speak not." Kindly give me the name of the group."

The name of the group to which you refer is "koshin baru."

"W. H. S.," Berkeley, Cal.—"Please inform me as to the proper way in which the date should be written, using numerals exclusively. For instance, should August 17, 1916 be written 17-8-16, or 8-17-16?"

In the United States the style followed is to give the month first, then the day of the month, and then the year, as, 8-17-16, which is August 17, 1916.

"H. B. G.," Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Kindly state if the modern usage of the quotation 'Heaping coals of fire on his head' means returning good for evil. If there is another meaning, kindly state what it is."

"H. B. G.'S" interpretation of the quotation is correct. See Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chapter xii, verse 20: "In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Also, see *Proverbs* xxx, verses 21-22. The context shows that the meaning harmonizes with the idea of overcoming evil with good.

"S. T. L.," Savannah, Ga.—"(1) How are *Thessalonica* and *Saloniki* pronounced— (2) What are the leading masterpieces in literature?"

(1) *Thessalonica* is pronounced *thes'a-lo-nai'ka*—*th* as in *this*, *e* as in *get*, *a* as in *final*, *o* as in *obey*, *ai* as in *aisle*, *a* as in *final*. *Saloniki* is pronounced *sa'lo-ni'ki*—*a* as in *art*, *o* as in *obey*, *i*'s as in *police*. (2) The leading masterpieces are (1) the Bible, (2) the Koran, (3) the Talmud, (4) the Vedas.

"N. W. S.," Los Angeles, Cal.—"Please let me know whether the word *expect* as used in the following sentence is correct, or should another word be used instead: 'A camera that we *expect* will be used chiefly by advanced amateurs who understand that in order to obtain, etc.'"

Expect means "to look forward to as probable"; hence the use made of the word is correct. It is as if you had written "we feel assured that it . . . will be used, etc." *Expect* is very widely misused both in England and the United States for *think*, *believe*, *suppose*; also for *suspect*. *Expect* refers to the future, usually with the implication of interest or desire. Yet "I *expect* it is" is very common. *Expect* is sometimes used incorrectly, as in *expect likely* or *expect probably*. In this case it is not the expectancy, but the future event, that is *likely* or *probable*. One may say, "I think it is *likely*," "I think it [the act, event, or the like] *probable*," or "It seems *likely*" or "*probable*." When another person's expectancy is matter of conjecture, one may say, "You *probably expect* to live many years"; i.e., "I think it *probable* that you *expect*," etc.; but "Probably you *expect*," etc., would be better.

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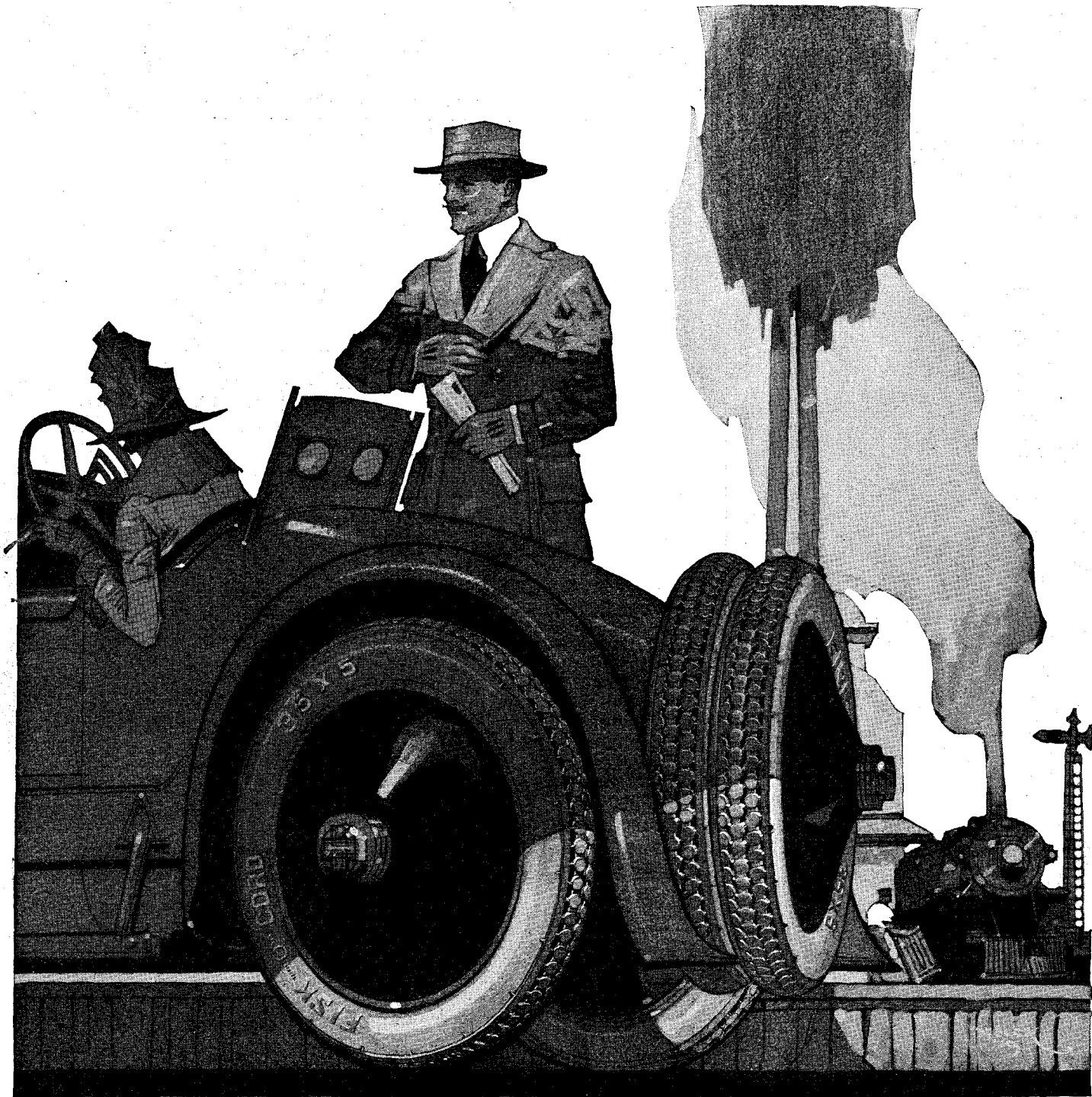
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